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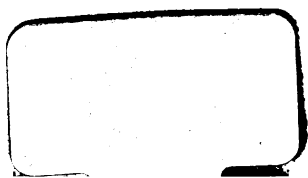
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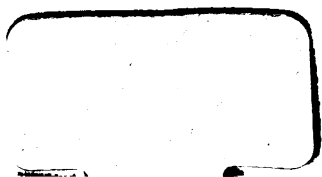
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LETTERS,
DURING A TOUR THROUGH SOME PARTS
OF
FRANCE,
SAVOY, SWITZERLAND, GERMANY, . . .
AND
THE NETHERLANDS,
IN THE SUMMER-OF
1817.

By THOMAS RAFFLES, A. M.

"England, with all thy faults, I love thee still,
"My country! and while yet a nook is left,
"Where English minds and manners may be found,
"Shall be constrained to love thee."

Cooper.

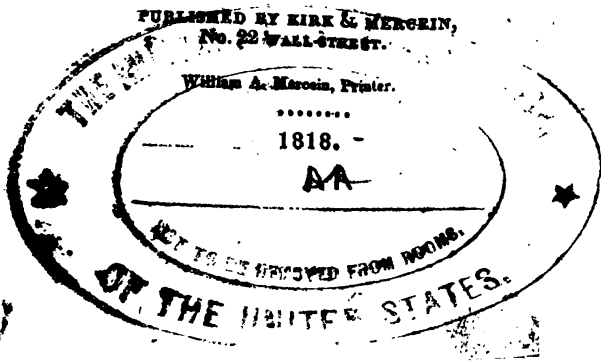
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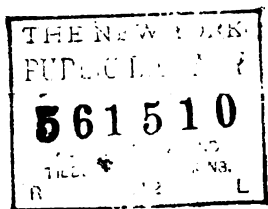
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1818. -

AA





John Watts de Peyster, LL. D.

1887.

Master of Arts, Columbia College of New York, 1872.—Hon. Mem. Clarendon Hist. Soc., Edinburgh, Scotland; of the New Brunswick Hist. Soc., St. John, Canada; of the Hist. Soc. of Minnesota, Montana, New Jersey; of the Military Order of the Loyal Legion of the U. S., &c.; of the N. Y. Burns' Club, &c.; Cor. Mem. of the Quebec Lit. and Hist. Soc., Canada, &c.; Life Mem. Royal Hist. Soc. of Great Britain, London, Eng.; Mem. Maatschappij Nederlandsche Letterkunde, Leyden, Holland.—First Hon. Mem. Third Army Corps (A. of the P.) Union; Hon. Mem. Third Army Corps Gettysburg Battlefield Reunion and Mem. of the Honorary Committee; Mem. Amer. Hist. Association, U. S. A.; of the Holland Society, N. Y.; Associate Mem. Military Institution of the U. S., &c., &c.; Member, Life, Honorary and Corresponding Member of over forty State and Local Historical, Scientific and Literary Societies and Associations, &c., at home and abroad.—Colonel N. Y. S. I., 1846, assigned for "meritorious conduct" to command of 22d Regimental District, M. F. S. N. Y., 1849; Brig.-General for "important service" [first appointment in N. Y. State to that rank, hitherto elective], 1851, M. F. S. N. Y.; Military Agent S. N. Y., in Europe, 1851-53, authorized and endorsed by U. S. A., 1851-3; assisted in organization of present Police, N. Y., and first reported in favor of Paid Fire Department with Fire Escapes and Steam Engines, 1852-3; Adjutant-General S. N. Y., 1855; Brevet Major-General S. N. Y. for "meritorious services," by "Special Act" or "Concurrent Resolution," N. Y. State Legislature, April, 1866, [first and only General officer receiving such an honor (the highest) from S. N. Y., and the only officer thus brevetted (Major-General) in the United States].

TO

THE HONOURABLE

SIR THOS. STAMFORD RAFFLES, Knt.

LIEUT. GOVERNOR OF FORT MARLBRO',

&c. &c. &c.

THESE LETTERS,

DESCRIPTIVE OF SCENES

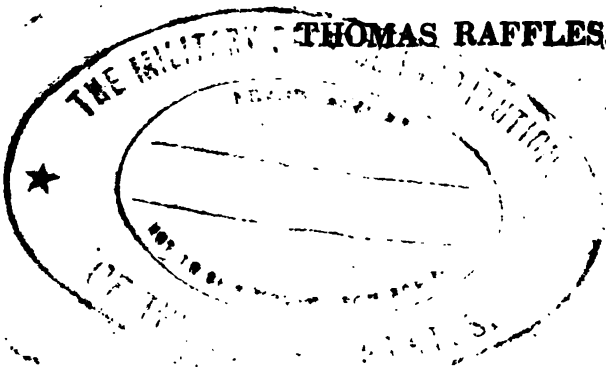
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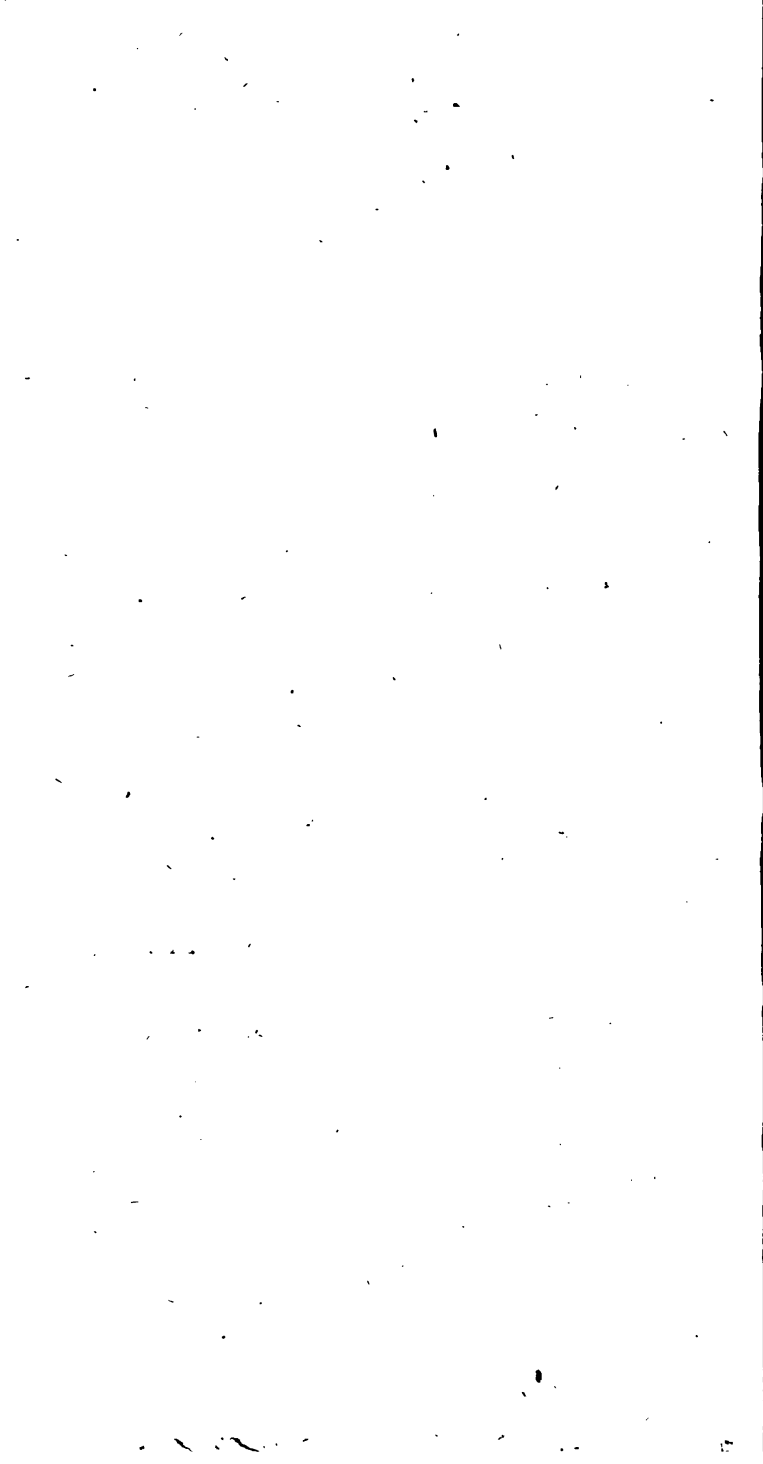
ARE INSCRIBED,

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FRIEND AND COUSIN,

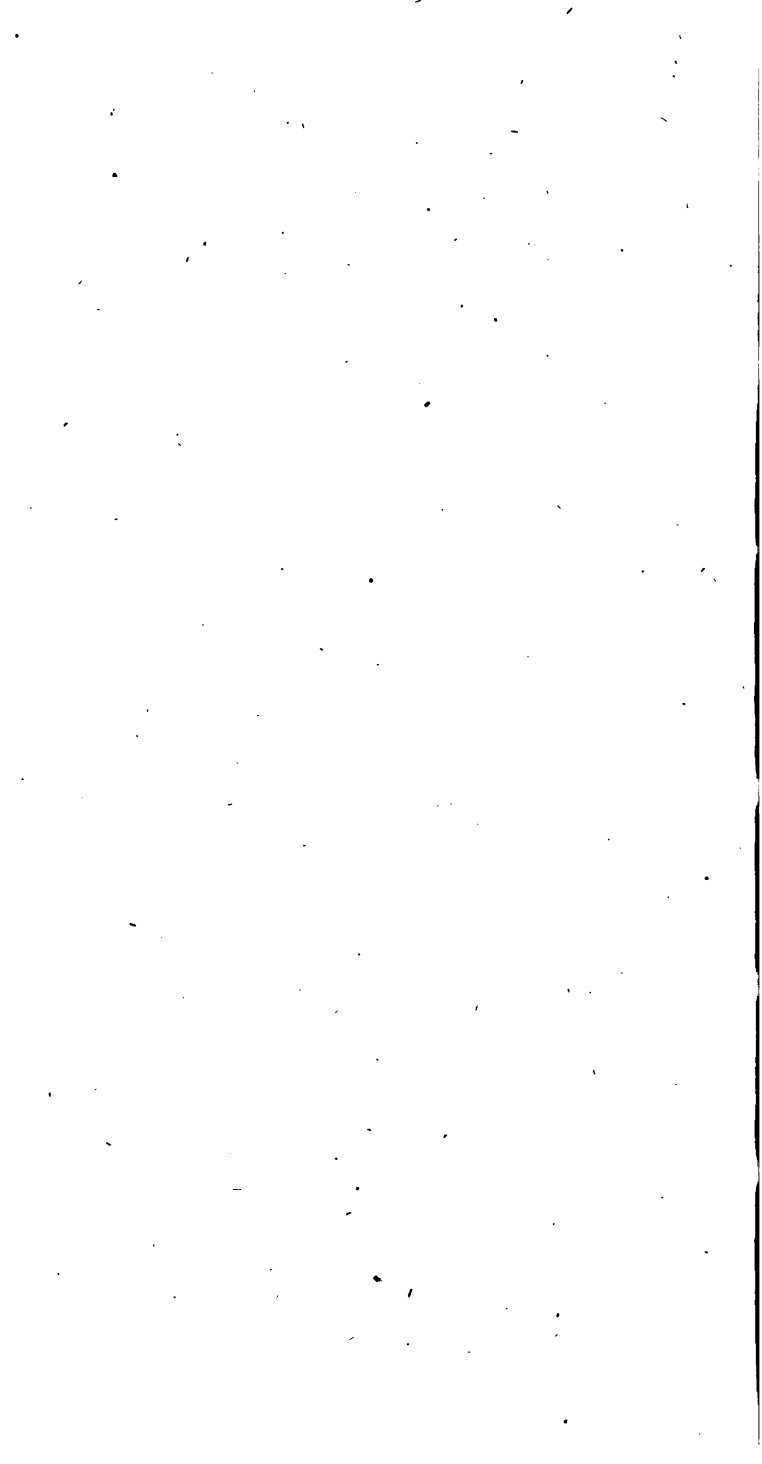
THOMAS RAFFLES.





Advertisement.

If I could have met the wishes of my friends in any other way than by the publication of these Letters, they had never seen the light. But after many attempts and long delay, I found it impracticable, and, therefore, with much hesitation and reluctance, I committed them to the press. My intention at first was merely to *print*, not to *publish* them, hoping thus to escape the charge of obstinacy from my friends, and that of presumption from the public; but I soon perceived that the plan of private circulation would only involve me in innumerable difficulties, and I at length found myself compelled to publish. Thus I am unintentionally and unexpectedly placed in a new character, that of a *tourist*, before the tribunal of the public, a character in which I was never ant-



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LETTER I.

Dieppe.

MY DEAR ———

WE landed at this place this afternoon about three o'clock, in excellent health and spirits, after a remarkably fine passage across the channel.

We sailed from Brighton at one in the morning, but the work of embarkation commenced at eleven the previous night—and an unpleasant and troublesome work it was. As there is no quay at Brighton, the packets cannot get within a considerable distance of the shore. First then we had to scramble through the breakers into a small boat, which conveyed us to a pinnacle that lay a few yards from the land, which was gradually filled by successive boatloads, till with between forty and fifty on board we set sail for the packet. The wind and tide were both unhappily against us—and after vain attempts to stem them during more than an hour and a half, all hope of reaching the vessel that night was nearly abandoned, when the captain, who was with us, suggested the idea of getting a rope from the packet to our vessel, so that the people on board the packet might drag us to them. He accordingly jumped into the smaller boat, with which they were vainly endeavouring to

tow us along, proceeded to the vessel—quickly returned with the rope, and we were soon all safe on board. The process of embarkation must have occupied nearly two hours.—The rolling of the sea—the crowd on board the pinnace—the fretfulness of some—the sickness of others—the drunkenness of a few—together with the darkness of the night, contributed to render it a truly dismal scene—and no very auspicious commencement to our tour, in the glowing anticipations of which, these little difficulties had been overlooked.

Behold us then safely on board—the carriage hoisted on deck—the ladies lodged in their births—Sir S—wrapped in a blanket on the floor of the cabin—and I amidst a motley multitude of various ranks and ages, lying along upon some trunks, with a pillow not of the softest materials for my head, and you will have a tolerably correct idea of the posture of our affairs when we set sail for the port of Dieppe. It was but little that I slept—I rose and hastened upon deck. It was a fine star-light morning. I leaned over the side of the vessel—and where should my thoughts at such a moment linger but amid those dear domestic scenes which I had left behind. Presently the moon arose, and quickly after the dawn appeared. The objects were then extremely grand. The vast expanse of the ocean around us, and the bold promontory of Beachy Head behind—while the full sails, at though inspired with the spirit that animated the crew, stretched their canvass to the wind, impatient for the port.

THE PASSAGE.

It was long before the boats came—
they did rise and come in short, we were
sight of the coast of France. Our
reflections were awakened in my mind of
view of the cliffs as they stretched away to
I shall not attempt to describe. It would
would only be to repeat what numerous
before me—you may well suppose the view
erful and affecting. The sea was a
desired to see—the people with whom
to mingle—the boats and the numbers
contemplated at a distance, were now
The scenes and incidents of war
bloodshed—the horrors of war
rushed through so long a period—the
ing posture which the effort of the
our own time seemed—and all the
concussions, and final struggle of
been harassed and humiliated, and the
anarchy and confusion, and the
to the triumph of death upon the
all rushed upon my mind—and never
passed with greater importance than the
were compelled to spend weeks in
Dieppe, till the rising of the sea
ficient water for our crossing the
the port.

On entering within the port the
arrested our attention were the
there were an abundance of the
officious and presumptuous at

tow us along, proceeded to the vessel—quickly returned with the rope, and we were soon all safe on board. The process of embarkation must have occupied nearly two hours.—The rolling of the sea—the crowd on board the pinnacle—the fretfulness of some—the sickness of others—the drunkenness of a few—together with the darkness of the night, contributed to render it a truly dismal scene—and no very auspicious commencement to our tour, in the glowing anticipations of which, these little difficulties had been overlooked.

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It was long before the ladies arose—and when they did rise and come on deck, we were within sight of the coast of France. What sensations and reflections were awakened in my mind by the first view of the cliffs as they stretched along the horizon, I shall not attempt to describe. To record them would only be to repeat what multitudes have said before me—you may well suppose they were powerful and affecting. The land I had so ardently desired to see—the people with whom I had longed to mingle—the habits and the manners I had often contemplated at a distance, were now before me.—The scenes and transactions of twenty years of bloodshed—the bitterness of national animosity cherished through so long a period—the awfully interesting posture which the affairs of that country had in our own time assumed—and all the wounds, and concussions, and fearful struggles, by which she had been harassed and tormented, from the night when anarchy sat enthroned amid the horrors of the Abbaye, to the triumphs of death upon the plains of Waterloo, all rushed upon my mind—and never was an hour passed with greater impatience than that which we were compelled to spend before the harbour of Dieppe, till the rising of the tide should yield sufficient water for our crossing the bar and entering the port.

On entering within the pier, the first objects that arrested our attention were the women, of whom there were an abundance on the quay, and to whose officious and prompt assistance in towing the vessel

up the harbour we were not a little indebted. Their dress—their language—their manners—their whole appearance, was quite new, and we felt in a moment that we were in a foreign land. It is scarcely conceivable that so few miles and hours should make so vast a difference in one's feelings, and completely excite all that can be conveyed by the word *foreigner* in one's bosom. It was not a little strange to hear a language which we had been accustomed to associate with every idea of polish and of elegance, chattered with amazing volubility by the motley groupe collected on the quay to witness our arrival. There were many military men amongst the crowd, or sauntering, with their arms behind them, up and down the pier. Their appearance, I must confess, did not excite a very favourable impression in my mind of the French military character or costume: Their dress was extremely mean and slovenly—and corresponded most unhappily with the expression of the countenance, in which one looked in vain for that bold and manly air—that dignified and noble independence, which are the usual indications of bravery, and generally associated with the profession of a soldier. Many were clad in brown great coats, certainly not the better for wear, while an immense cocked hat, without a feather, and a belt and a sword, were the only indications of the soldier they could boast. Are these, thought I, the men that have made monarchs tremble on their thrones, and kept the world in awe—were they such men as these that bore the eagles of Napoleon to

the gates of Vienna, and reaped the laurels of France on the fields of Austerlitz and Marengo?—

We soon discovered that we were in a Catholic country, for on the pier is an immense crucifix, on which the image of the Saviour is extended, carved in wood, as large as life, with the Virgin Mary weeping at his feet. At this image our pilot, a hardy, muscular old man, whose robust figure and weather-beaten countenance would form a fine subject for the pencil, crossed himself as he stood at the helm, and the vessel passed along. On reaching the place of landing, an officer of police came on board, and took our passports to be examined at the office established for that purpose. We were then allowed to disembark and take possession of our present quarters, at the Hotel de Londres.

Adieu. Your's, &c.

T. R.

LETTER II.

Dieppe.

MY DEAR——

WE spent the evening in walking about the place—and, notwithstanding the contemptuous terms in which some travellers have spoken of Dieppe, I must say that it is, upon the whole, a fine town. It surrounds a spacious harbour, formed by an opening in the cliff, through which the tide passes, rising at high water into no mean expanse, though at other seasons it leaves the harbour almost entirely dry. The houses are built in part of brick and flint, and have a black and gloomy appearance. The streets are narrow, but the buildings are generally good. There is an air of humble magnificence about them—they look as though they had copied nobler models, and had seen days of greater splendour.

The entrance to our Inn gave us no very pleasing idea of the cleanliness or comfort of a French Hotel. We were conducted through the kitchen, amidst chamber-maids and cooks, up a broad staircase of red tile strewed with sand, into a large apartment, in which it is hard to say, whether the attempt at elegance, or the reality of meanness, was most apparent. The paper with which the walls were hung had been magnificent in its time—but was evidently

much the worse for wear. The chairs were extremely mean, with rush bottoms—the side-boards had once been elegant, but their gilding was gone—while the richness of their carving only served, in their present state of neglect and decay, to render their appearance more wretched and forlorn.

Dieppe is famous for its carvings in ivory and bone, and the principal, I might almost say the only purpose to which the art is here applied, is the making of crucifixes, and virgins, for the churches and private oratories of the devout Catholics. These articles are to be had in great profusion and very cheap. Lots of crucifixes are to be seen cut in bone about the size of your little finger, and strung together like bunches of keys. I bought three of these for a franc, and a Virgin Mary with the infant Jesus in her arms, stuck in a little box, and a larger crucifix, for a franc each. We visited the church of St. Jacques, the principal ecclesiastical edifice in Dieppe. It is a noble structure, and being the first Catholic church I had seen in a Catholic country, I was not a little interested and affected by the various objects that arrested my attention. The church is surrounded by little chapels or confessionals, each of which has its altar, its crucifix, and its picture. The paintings are various, both as it regards their subject and the merit of their execution; the greater part of them referring, I suppose, to some actions in the life of the saint to whom the chapel is consecrated. I was much amused with one of them. It represents the miraculous draught of fishes—but the

fish are all *mackerel*. Now this is a fish for which Dieppe is justly celebrated—we had some of them at dinner, the finest I ever saw—so that while the painting itself was devised in honour of Christ, the choice of the fish was probably intended by the artist as a compliment to his employers. By the high altar are some precious relics preserved with the greatest care. The bones of St. Fabian, and St. Valentine, and of some other Saint, of whom I know as little as of these. Their bones, I suppose, have the power of working miracles, like the blood of St. Januarius at Rome. Here we also saw a Virgin Mary as large as life, with the infant Saviour in her arms, and adorned with a new muslin petticoat trimmed with lace. With these things, however, we were soon wearied, and we left the church, thanking that God who had cast our lot in another land, and taught us better things.

From the church we proceeded to the Boulevards, which are extremely mean, and uninteresting, as a public walk, and had a most forsaken and deplorable appearance. From thence we were shown the dock which Buonaparte had begun, for the improvement of this port. It was designed to receive vessels of 300 tons burden, and would certainly have added greatly to the commercial importance of Dieppe. The work however, has been suspended since his overthrow.

At night the streets and the quays presented a most lively and imposing scene. They were thronged with people—all in motion—while the long windows of the houses, with their folding-doors of glass, for

the most part thrown open, and affording a view of the interior of their several apartments, poured on the moving and variegated groupes below a flood of light, that gave the whole town the gay and brilliant air of a fête or carnival.

Your's, &c.

LETTER III.

Rouen.

MY DEAR ———

WE left Dieppe this morning, and reached Rouen, 42 miles, about 3 P. M. Before leaving Dieppe we took another ramble round the town. It was market day, and we were much pleased with the appearance of the people, especially the women. I never saw such beautiful women any where as in Dieppe; and the neatness of their dress is beyond praise. Their high caps of white linen, white as the driven snow—their cheerful and good-humoured countenances, and the native elegance and gracefulness of their manners, cannot fail most deeply to interest a stranger. The same, however, cannot be said of the men. There is a meanness, and slovenliness, and an air of wretchedness and misery about them which exceedingly disgusts. I can truly say, that I did not see a single man in Dieppe that had, to my English eyes at least, the appearance of a gentleman.

I was not a little amused at the ceremony which took place at the office of police at the granting of our passport. Sir S. — was the only one of our party closely examined and described. He was surveyed from head to foot—his look—his height—his

dress—his age—the colour of his eyes—his complexion—all were most accurately ascertained and minutely described by the clerk in office—who was, withal, an extremely civil and obliging man, and whose manner of performing it tended greatly to diminish the disagreeable effect of the scrutiny he was obliged to institute.

The road from Dieppe to Rouen affords some pleasing views, and must interest the traveller, from the highly cultivated state of the country through which it passes. The soil of Normandy is extremely rich—nor did we see a single spot of which the cultivator had not made the most. Here and there the prospect was enlivened and diversified by gentle hills and extensive woods. The only appearance of desolation and neglect was in the chateaux. We passed many of them, but the greater part seemed to have been deserted by their tenants, and abandoned by their owners to decay. The windows covered with boards, and the gardens and orchards overgrown with weeds, had a melancholy appearance, and could not fail to suggest, to the reflecting mind, the bitter curse and dreadful consequences of war. To this source of miseries and crimes may be traced much of the desertion which we noticed. Many of the owners of these mansions had probably fallen in battle—while some, it may be, had fled their native land, and the inheritance of their fathers at the time of the revolution, never to return. Nor was there any thing remarkably neat or pleasing in those which were inhabited. Nothing of the com-

compactness, and neatness, and snugness, and comfort, of our country retreats, nor of the taste and magnificence of the mansions of our nobility. We saw no park or extensive pleasure-ground—no well-arranged plantations, and smooth-shaven lawns—no graceful serpentine walks, neatly gravelled, and shaded from the sun.—But every thing in the appearance and arrangement of the houses and grounds was coarse, and stiff, and formal, and dirty.—How unlike the chateaux, and enchanted castles of romance—such as the writers of novels and tales have painted them! They seemed to say, “we are foreign—we are not to *your* taste;” I took the hint, and passed them unenvied by.

The approach to Rouen is extremely pleasing.—The windings of the Seine through a fertile valley, and amongst populous villages, and well-built and extensive manufactories, present a variety of enchanting pictures to the traveller’s eye. For the factories are not here, as in the North of England, a deformity to the landscape covered with smoke, and surrounded by black roads—dirty cottages—and rude and filthy inhabitants—but being generally white and remarkably clean, they harmonize with the verdure of the country, and, besides being ornamental, afford animation and variety to the picture. For about a mile before entering Rouen the road is lined on either side with stately trees, which nearly meeting in the centre overhead, afford a most cool and refreshing shelter from the heat of the noon-day sun. Lamps are suspended over the middle of the road by ropes and pulleys from the branches of the trees.

We have taken up our quarters at the Hotel des Princes, in the *place* Pucelle D'Orleans. In the centre is the statue of this famous personage, erected upon the spot where she was burnt. The house in which she was tried and condemned is close by.

We have already witnessed, in this city, the Roman Catholic worship in all its pomp. We were at the Cathedral this evening, and heard the vespers. To-morrow is one of the greatest festivals of the Romish church, the *Fête Dieu*, and the most magnificent procession in honour of it is to take place. The Cardinal Archbishop of Rouen is to grace it with his presence. The people are lining their houses with carpets, sheets and tapestry,—and strewing the streets through which it is to pass with flowers. It is to move at four o'clock in the afternoon. Adieu,

Your's, &c,

LETTER IV.

Rouen.

MY DEAR —

THIS city was formerly the capital of Normandy, and is now the first city of the department of the Lower Seine. It has six suburbs, and is said to be seven miles in circumference. The houses are chiefly built of wood, and the streets are narrow and crooked. It is at present famous for its manufactories of cotton, &c. and is to France, almost what Manchester is to England. It contains about 80,000 inhabitants, and is delightfully situated on the northern bank of the river Seine, over which there is a bridge of boats, that rises and falls with the tide. This bridge being esteemed a curiosity, of course we went to see it; but it by no means equalled our expectation as to its appearance. Its utility, however, must be obvious, as the tide rises so high, and runs with such rapidity, that no other bridge has ever been able to resist its force.

Pursuing our ramble through the city on Saturday, and suddenly emerging from one of its dark and narrow streets, we burst in a moment upon the sublime and stupendous front of the cathedral. The effect produced by the instantaneous and unexpected developement of so much magnificence, may be more

easily conceived than described. We were riveted for some minutes in silent admiration to the spot. The front of the cathedral is equal, if not superior, to any thing I ever saw, not excepting even York Minster. The workmanship of it is most exquisite. One can scarcely imagine it possible that stone can be wrought so highly, rivalling, as it does, the delicacy of paper and the fineness of lace.

It has two towers—that to the north is most ancient, and is Saxon in its architecture. The whole of the front, with this exception, is Gothic, and perhaps one of the purest and richest specimens of this style of architecture in Europe. The spire is remarkably lofty. It is built of wood covered with lead. It was burnt down about fifty years ago, and is now eighty feet lower than it was previous to that conflagration. Its great defect is, that it does not harmonize with the rest of the edifice, it being Grecian. We were informed that it is 420 feet in height—but the correctness of this information I am inclined to doubt: for that would make it higher than St. Paul's in London. It is certainly, however, a very lofty and elegant spire.

The church of St. Ouen is also a most magnificent edifice. In some respects it is superior to the cathedral; for though its front is less highly wrought, and not perhaps so vast in its dimensions—yet it has greater uniformity, and the building, as a whole, is more solemn and majestic. The first view of the interior, on entering the great western door, is extremely grand and imposing. There is nothing to interrupt the sight—but clusters of gothic pillars,

towering to an amazing elevation, stretch, in prolonged perspective, on either side to the eastern window, which is the richest exhibition of painted glass I have yet beheld. There is an air of gloomy grandeur about this building that strikes one with awe; and combined with the pomp and splendour of Catholic worship—the voices of the chanters—the pealing of the organ—the chorus of hundreds and thousands suddenly rising till every arch and every pillar rings with the sound—and then sinking into the softest and tenderest notes again, captivates the senses and absorbs the soul.

Yesterday morning we repaired first to the Cathedral. High Mass was performing when we entered. The church, spacious as it is, was crowded in every part—the body of it was entirely filled with the military. The attire of the priests was most splendid. Those of a superior order wore a magnificent mantle, richly embroidered with flowers of various colours on a ground of gold. We were present at the elevation of the host, when all in the cathedral fell upon their knees, and, the censers being thrown aloft, the richest odours were diffused throughout the edifice. We remarked that none of the military were uncovered during this most solemn ceremony of their religion. We were told they would not. While these rites were performing in the chancel of the church, a venerable old man, in the attire of a priest, came through the crowd with a basket full of bread broken into small pieces, which he distributed amongst the people. This is the bread of charity.

Loaves are presented by individuals to the priest, who breaks them and blesses them, and then they are thus dispersed to all who choose to take. I observed one soldier who took a piece—smelt at it, and then turned up his nose most contemptuously before he ate it.

From the Cathedral we went to the Protestant Church, and heard a good sermon, as far as it went. The church is large, and has been magnificent; but it is sadly neglected and gone to decay. The congregation was small, but serious and attentive, and the whole service was conducted with great decorum and solemnity. A clerk read from a sort of desk, at the opening of the service, select portions of the scriptures, including the ten commandments—and also the apostles creed. They sung the psalms of David. The Minister used a form of prayer in part, and in part prayed extempore. There seemed to be much elegance in the composition of the sermon—and it was gracefully delivered. I regret that this is the highest eulogium it merited.

In the afternoon we saw the procession of the *Fête Dieu*. The host was borne under a magnificent canopy through the streets, which, in honour of the procession, were strewed with flowers; while the fronts of the houses were hung with carpets, tapestry, and linen. Every body was out of doors—and as they proceeded to elevate the sacred wafer at the various altars which pious individuals had raised before their houses in those streets through which it was to pass, the people with one accord fell upon

their knees, while the ascending censers filled the air with perfume. Solemn music—a long train of military, and a vast number of priests of various orders and in splendid robes, attended and made up the pageant.

From witnessing this procession we proceeded to a convent, and saw the ceremony of the repose of the host. The altar was extremely splendid, and one blaze of light, from the many tapers that burned upon it. On one side of the altar was the Chapel of the Nuns. We saw the Lady Abbess and one of the Sisters, by pressing close to the railing of the altar; the rest were concealed from our view. The chanting of the nuns, in the vespers, was most thrilling, and the responses of the female choir in the organ loft not less captivating. At one period I was wrapped in a delirium of delight, and could scarcely deem it earthly music, so superior was it to any thing I had ever heard, or conceived, of the power of human voice before. We were to have seen the convent, which is also a school for young ladies, but it being a day of such extraordinary solemnity, the nuns continued at their devotions in the chapel during the whole of it. There are several English girls in the school, and we were introduced into a gallery hung round with specimens of their work.

Before the revolution there were forty-two convents and thirty-three churches in this city. There are at present but five convents and twenty churches. Thirteen of the convents are converted into ware-

houses, and post-houses, and are thus rendered much more serviceable to the public. The monastery of St. Ouen, attached to the church of that name, is converted into a library, which contains 70,000 volumes, a museum for paintings, and public offices of various kinds. Near the last-mentioned church lived that notorious infidel Voltaire. His house is at present occupied by an attorney. I must not omit to remind you that this city was the birth-place of William the Conqueror; and that the heart of Richard *Cœur-de-Lion* is in the cathedral. But I shall weary you of Rouen—I have only to add, that there is a man here to be guillotined in the course of the week, for cutting off his wife's head a few days after their marriage, because she had carotty hair—and also a man to be tried for pretending to be the Dauphin of France, and heir to the throne.

Your's, &c.

LETTER V.

Paris.

MY DEAR ———

WE left Rouen early yesterday morning, and reached Paris, between 90 and 100 miles, by nine o'clock last night. You would have supposed, however, had you seen our cattle and harness at starting, that we should have been two or three days, at least, performing the journey.—The horses are taken, just as they happen to be wanted, from the field, the cart, or the plough, and yoked to your carriage, with ropes fastened to their backs with wretched straps, that altogether cut a worse appearance than the most miserable hawker's cart in the streets of London. Nor does the postillion make a less extraordinary figure than his horses. His enormous boots, weighing from 5 to 7 pounds each, in which there is room for two legs of ordinary size—his powdered hair and long pigtail—his enormous whip, in the smacking of which he makes the most wonderful evolutions over his head, and the most terrible noise that can be imagined, and by the regulation of which, on principles known to themselves, he apprizes the postmaster as he enters a town or village, whether the travellers be French or English, and whether they pay well or ill—together make up so grotesque a figure, that, though often described, I could not deny myself the pleasure of sketching its

outline. With all these disadvantages, however, the road is in your favour, being generally straight and level—kept in excellent repair—soft on either side, with pavement in the centre—and usually lined with trees, sometimes in double rows.

About four miles from Rouen, looking back from the summit of a hill, is seen one of the finest views in France. In the foreground is the Seine, winding through a luxuriant valley, and studded with a variety of little islands crowned with the richest woods. Rouen, with its towers and spires, appears in the distance, and all around an almost boundless extent of country rich in cornfields and exquisite in beauty. Indeed, nothing can exceed the height to which cultivation is carried every where in Normandy. The land does not appear to be, as it is with us, in the hands of mighty Lords and wealthy Commoners, nor let out in immense farms of many hundred acres—but rather occupied by humble cultivators of the soil, who have no more than enough to maintain their families, and must, therefore, make the most of what they have. Hence arises one circumstance which, in some parts, certainly injures the picturesque appearance of the country. The land is cultivated in little formal patches, and straight lines; here a stripe of clover, and there a stripe of wheat, and then of potatoes, and so on—this is by no means pleasing to the eye, and gives the sides of the distant hills the appearance of a tailor's pattern book unfolded. But the industry and prudence it indicates sufficiently atone to the lover of mankind, for the loss that is sustained by the lover of the picturesque.

About forty miles from Rouen we first saw vineyards, and I must confess I was greatly disappointed in them. One of our hop gardens, when the hop is in blossom, is a far more beautiful object. They were in their infancy it is true—the plants were young—and they will attain a greater height and luxuriance. But they never suffer them to grow many feet from the ground, but bend them over from stick to stick, at the height of about three feet from the surface. At present they have a curious appearance up the sides of the hills, for as yet little more than the sticks are seen, so that they look more like fields of broomsticks stunted in their growth than vineyards. But we shall probably see more of them, and my opinion may be altered by a better acquaintance.

We passed two Chateaux, near each other, on opposite sides of the road—one of them the residence of Marshal Suchet, the other of Marshal Victor. They were neither of them distinguished by elegance or grandeur, and would pass for nothing more than good country houses in England. We also passed Rigney, formerly the seat of the great Duke of Sully, and now the country residence of Talleyrand. We dined at Nantes, a town of some importance upon the Seine, with a magnificent church.

At Saint Germain en Laye we stopped to take a view of the Palace. It is a gloomy structure, built of a dark-coloured brick, and has more the appearance of a prison than a palace. It was the retreat of the fugitive James II. of England; and here, worn with vexation and grief, he expired. It was

originally designed by its founder, Francis I. as a hunting seat for the kings of France, when they enjoyed the diversion of the chase in the adjoining forest of Laye. It has been much neglected of late, however, and has greatly suffered from the Prussian soldiers, by whom it was occupied as barracks during the late war. From the terrace is a very extensive prospect, and Paris is distinctly seen in the distance. The city of St. Germain is chiefly built of stone—the streets are wide—the houses, generally, are on a grand scale, and there is an air of magnificence about the whole. The approach to it by a spacious avenue through the forest is extremely fine. In this forest Napoleon took great delight, and there he used frequently to hunt.

About half way between St. Germain and Paris, we passed, on the right, Malmaison, the favourite country retreat of Buonaparte. The gardens seemed to be very rich and extensive, but the appearance of the house was mean.

The entrance into Paris, by this route, is truly magnificent, and excites in the breast of a stranger the highest expectations of the metropolis he is about to visit. An immense avenue of trees, upwards of two miles in length, and down a gentle declivity, conducts you to the triumphal arch erected by Napoleon, but not yet completed. Round it the road forms a circle, and passing through the Barriere de Neuilly, formed by two temples, in the finest style of architecture, enters the Champs Elysees.—There the eye, wearied with the monotony of a level country and a dusty road, is relieved by the

richness of the foliage—the depth of the shade, and the variegated groupes, and numerous equipages, that move in the animated scenes around—till in the Place Louis Quinze, where it terminates, all the magnificence of Paris seems to burst in a moment on the enraptured sight. Immediately before you is the great gate of the gardens of the Thuilleries, with the grand avenue leading to the chateau—to the left is the Palace of Louis the Fifteenth, a majestic pile, of the Corinthian order—on the right, over the Seine, which is there crossed by a handsome bridge, (Pont Louis XV.) the Palais de Bourbon, a most chaste and classical structure, now the Hall of the Chamber of Deputies—and beyond, the gilded dome of the Hotel des Invalides—all these buildings are in the highest style of magnificence—and it seems as if architecture had done her utmost in emulating the grandeur of former times to adorn this favoured spot.—The square, from the centre of which these objects are beheld, is immense, and you may judge what must have been their effect, when contemplated for the first time, and glowing amid the splendour of the setting sun. The grandeur of the buildings—the elegance and number of the equipages—the variegated groupes of people—the richness of the woods and gardens—the softness of the air—the serenity of the sky—and above all, the thoughts and reflections that crowded on my mind, on entering this most interesting city, absolutely overwhelmed me, and I was glad to find repose in the refreshment and retirement of a comfortable hotel.

Your's, &c.

LETTER VI.

Paris.

MY DEAR ———

You will not expect from me any thing like a close and accurate description of the various objects which attract the notice of strangers in Paris. They are far too rapidly surveyed, and blended too much together, for that minuteness of observation or distinctness of impression which such a task would require. Where every object is vast, and includes within itself a variety of individuals, each attracting in its kind, and presenting its own peculiar claims upon your attention and regard, you are rather confused than delighted with the rapid survey which a visiter obtains; and the review of the day, when you sit down calmly to retrace its scenes, is more pregnant, perhaps, with vexation than with pleasure. So much has been omitted, which you wish you had observed—so many inquiries have been forgotten, or did not occur at the moment, which you might have made—the effect of each object has been so much weakened by the rapidity with which it succeeded its predecessor—and the whole impression on the mind is so mingled and confused—that all you have heard, and seen, and felt, has scarcely the air of reality, but seems more like the rapid incidents of a vivid and recent dream.

You will not, therefore, form too high an expectation of the length or minuteness of the descriptions I shall give you during my stay in Paris. They must be but sketches. The filling of them up by conversation, or from books, will be a pleasant employment for hours of future leisure. In the mean time I shall be happy if, from so rude an outline, you can form any thing like a correct conception of the original.

We are comfortably settled in our Hotel, (Hotel Mirabeau,) which we understand is one of the best in Paris, and which promises to justify the good character it has obtained. It is in the Rue de la Paix—perhaps the broadest, cleanest, and most elegant street in the city. Some, it may be, will except the Rue Royale, which runs parallel with it, and connects the termination of the Boulevard Madeleine with the Place Louis Quinze. The Rue de la Paix connects the Boulevard Capucines with the Place Vendome, and is continued on the opposite side of the Place Vendome by the Rue de Castiglione, a street of equal breadth, to the gardens of the Thuilleries. We are, therefore, in the centre of every thing, and the Thuilleries—the Louvre—the Palais Royal—the Boulevards—the Champs Elisées—the Bridges—the Institute, and the University, are all within a few minutes walk.

The Rue de la Paix was called, in Buonaparte's time, the Rue de Napoleon—and, in the centre of the Place Vendome, is the famous triumphal pillar, which he caused to be erected to commemorate the successes of his arms in Germany. It is in imita-

tion of the pillar of Trajan at Rome. It is surrounded with bas-reliefs representing his various victories, and composed of the cannon taken from the vanquished. The figures are three feet high, in groupes of as many feet in length, and pursue a spiral direction round the pillar from the base to the entablature. It is said there are 2000 figures on the column. They depict, in chronological order, the principal actions of the campaign of 1805, from the departure of the troops from Bologne to the battle of Austerlitz. A band is raised from the pillar separating each range of bas-reliefs, and bearing on it the record of the action each cluster represents. On the summit is a gallery, which is approached by a staircase within, and the whole was surmounted by the statue of their, then victorious, leader. This offensive object has, however, been removed by the present possessor of the throne; and the pillar itself would have shared a similar fate, had not its extraordinary strength baffled every effort to displace it. The pillar is 133 feet high, and 12 in diameter, which is the exact measurement of its model. The pillar is the combined production of *M. M. Lepere* and *Gondouin*, architects—*Denon*, the sculptor, and *Bergeret*, who designed the bas-reliefs. The whole expense of its erection was 1,500,000 francs. It is a truly magnificent object, and stands, in spite of themselves, I had almost said, an imperishable monument to the French nation, of the greatness from which they have fallen. At present the white flag waves upon its summit.

Your's, &c.

LETTER VII.

Paris.

MY DEAR ———

WE began our survey of the public edifices of Paris, as you may well suppose, with the Louvre. No description can do ample justice to this Palace of the Arts. There they seem to reign in all their glory, in pomp and magnificence, of which their admirers may well be proud. The edifice itself is the most immense pile of building in Paris, where every thing is on a grand scale, and one part of it, when completed, will rival, in magnificence and beauty, the finest specimens of modern architecture in the world. I allude to the Court of the Louvre, in which all the graces of architecture, simplicity, symmetry, and elegance, seem to be combined.

The early history of the Louvre is involved in great obscurity. The name of its founder, and the period of its erection, are alike unknown. Its original design embraced but a portion of the present edifice, and for a long while it was separated from the Thuilleries, at a considerable distance, by the walls of the city. It was enlarged and beautified, however, by the taste and munificence of the kings of France, who from Charles IX, to Henry IV. made it their principal residence. From the last-mentioned monarch, whose assassinated body was

dragged bleeding through its apartments, and there treated with indignity and neglect, it became the seat of several academies and scientific bodies. At length the proud and magnificent Louis XIV. resolved to complete the palace, by finishing the court, of which a part only was erected, and the grand gallery along the banks of the Seine, which was begun by Henry IV. for the purpose of connecting the Louvre with the Thuilleries. For this purpose, his Minister, Colbert, sent for the famous architect *Bernin* from Rome. But, though a man of unquestionable genius, and justly celebrated for the many beautiful buildings he had designed, all his plans were finally rejected : while the honour of completing this great national edifice was reserved for *Claude Perrault*, who, though bred as a physician, excelled as an architect, and has immortalized his name by this lasting memorial of his skill. "The facade of the Louvre, which was designed by him," says *Voltaire*, "is one of the most august monuments of architecture in the world. We sometimes go a great way in search of what we have at home. There is not one of the palaces at Rome whose entrance is comparable to this of the Louvre; for which we are obliged to Perrault, whom *Boileau* has attempted to turn into ridicule." The gallery is nearly a quarter of a mile in length, and, for the grandeur of its design—the immensity of its extent—the beauty of its architecture—and the richness of its contents, is unparalleled by any edifice in modern Europe. This gallery, the court above described, and the palace of the Thuilleries, already form three

sides of an immense parallelogram, which Buonaparte had intended to complete, by carrying out a line of building uniform with the gallery from the opposite extremity of the Thuilleries to the other side of the court of the Louvre. The work, indeed, is considerably advanced, and many of the houses formerly occupying the intermediate space are taken down. The area thus laid open is called the Carousal. It was at the termination of one of the streets leading into the Carousal, that the attempt was once made upon Napoleon's life, by setting fire to some barrels of gunpowder, placed there for the purpose, as his carriage passed along. An iron railing runs across the Carousal, to form the courtyard of the Thuilleries, and in the centre, before the principal pavilion of the Palace, is the triumphal arch, on which he placed the four bronze horses, so universally admired, taken originally from Corinth to Constantinople—thence to Venice, where, for many centuries, they adorned the *place* of St. Mark, and thence transferred to Paris, to swell the spoils of the Corsican conqueror.

Part of the ground floor of the Louvre is devoted to the specimens of ancient sculpture, of which there is an immense collection—many of them most exquisite, and some of colossal size. There is something awfully sublime, in the impression produced upon a contemplative mind, passing from hall to hall, and gallery to gallery, filled with these noblest efforts of the human genius, wrested from the oblivion of long departed years. As you enter every apartment, a new era in the history of the world seems to dawn

upon you—and you find yourself surrounded with the most illustrious beings, by whose genius and whose actions it was distinguished and adorned. Centuries there dwindle into hours and minutes—you pass from age to age as you move from room to room, and, in the lounge of a morning, you seem to have communed with the greatest characters that have appeared upon the busy theatre of the ancient world. Instead of days—months and years might be devoted to the examination of these most interesting objects; and, after all, the eye of the connoisseur, and the mind of the christian philosopher, would discover new beauties, and suggest fresh trains of thought.

The number of apartments devoted to sculpture is in all fifteen, including the Vestibule and Corridor. Their names are chiefly derived from the nature of the subjects they contain. The halls are extremely spacious, and the finishing of the interior most appropriate. The arrangement of the statues and sculptures, and the distribution of the light, have been objected to as injudicious—but the objection did not occur to me when upon the spot. Every thing seemed well to accord with the character of the exhibition and to heighten its effect. The number of articles is at present three hundred and fifty-five, and ample information respecting them is contained in the catalogue, composed by the Chevalier Visconti, Member of the Institute and Keeper of the Statues, which is sold for two francs, at the doors.

Ascending from the sculptures by a most magnificent, and what might almost be denominated a colossal staircase, you enter the rooms devoted to the

works of *modern* artists. This collection is extremely fine and very extensive. Our Somerset House is not to be compared with these anti-chambers of the Louvre. But when you enter a gallery nearly a quarter of a mile in length, hung on either side with the finest works of all the celebrated masters that have ever flourished, you can scarcely conceive the scene a reality. It is like some splendid effort of enchantment—the mind is overwhelmed and bewildered by such sublime combinations of art—the eye is lost in the vast and original perspective—and it is long ere you can recover from the impression of so much grandeur to fix your attention on any individual portion of the stupendous whole. As you advance, the genius of every age and every nation of modern Europe appears to instruct, entertain, and delight you—you cease to regret the loss of men who were the boast of their country, and the glory of their times, for here they survive, immortal in their works—while, by their magic power, the events of remotest ages and their illustrious dead, rise to meet your enraptured gaze, and look intently on you from the canvass they have made to live.

The gallery is divided into nine compartments—the first three comprise the works of the French school—the second three the German, Flemish, and Dutch—and the last three the different schools of Italy. The number of pictures in the gallery is eleven hundred and one. They are many of them of immense dimensions, and, for the most part, in a high state of preservation.

Imposing, however, as these wonderful collections

of the Louvre always must be, a connoisseur would tell you that they are shorn of their brightest glories, and that the Louvre now has but few attractions, compared with those which invested it when the spoils of subjugated Europe were deposited within its walls. 'Tis well for Europe, however, that these attractions are no more.—If, with the eagles of Napoleon, the glory has departed from the Louvre, a milder genius and a happier emblem has succeeded—the dove, with her olive branch, has visited the fields of Europe, over which his ill-omened bird had hovered through so many years of oppression and of terror—and liberty has dawned upon the nations he enslaved. The Louvre as it is, then, must be an interesting object to the lover of mankind, while the best feelings of the heart triumph in a loss, which taste and genius may be permitted for a moment to deplore. But I am not a connoisseur—my pleasure, therefore, was, in this respect, unmingled—and I enjoyed these wonderful collections as much as if the Laocoon, and the Apollo, and the Venus, which have returned to their respective countries, had been there. Berlin and Vienna—Venice and Rome—Cologne and Brussels, have claimed and received their own. I could not but exult, as I surveyed the places they had occupied, that my own country had nothing to claim !

But, to a contemplative mind, a visit to the Louvre must be always pregnant with the deepest interest, connected, as that edifice has been, with some of the most important and affecting scenes in the history of France, and some of her greatest and

most celebrated men. Nor could I forget, as I passed through its apartments, that round the walls of that very palace, now the peaceful retreat of genius, and the consecrated asylum of the arts, the groans of the dying protestants arose to heaven for vengeance, through five successive days of massacre and blood—while “kill, kill, kill,” was the incessant cry of the accursed Charles IX, who stood at the windows, a demon in a human form—to animate his ruffians when weary of their work, and fire upon the miserable fugitives that came within his reach. This carnival of death began 24th of August, 1572, but the stain of it is indelible upon the cause that engendered and the name that patronised it!

But the subject and the time alike admonish me to close my letter. I have made too free with the latter for your patience—and should write too warmly, perhaps, on the former for my own reputation as to meekness and prudence.

Your's, &c.

LETTER VIII.

Paris.

MY, DEAR ———

To-day we have visited the *Jardin des Plantes*, the Botanical Garden of Paris. It requires not the eye of a botanist to be interested with this delightful place. The precision and formality of science are relieved by the judicious grouping of the plants, and the graceful distribution of the walks and lawns. Every region of the globe is here presented in miniature, rich in its own productions, and with such embellishments as harmonize with the scene and heighten its effect. The menagerie and aviary are rich and well worthy attention; but the galleries of the museum, devoted to the specimens in Zoology, Entomology, Mineralogy, &c. astonish, while they delight.—The extent of the collections—the rarity and richness of many of the specimens—the high state of preservation in which they all appear to be—and the perfect classification and skilful arrangement of the whole, as they surpass conception, so they are beyond all praise. Sir S. — was surprised to find the productions of Java and the Eastern Islands, with which he is so well acquainted, but which, to the generality of Europe, have been little known, all in this wonderful collection.—Scarcely a creature exists—not a stone—or a metal—or an earth—or a crystal, in any of its forms

or combinations, that has not its example here; while the different compartments of the garden are made to harmonize with the respective countries whose productions they contain, and thus, in this extraordinary place, you seem surrounded with the varieties of every region, and, in the course of an hour or two, to make the tour of the globe.

The *Jardin des Plantes* should certainly be visited immediately after the palace of the Louvre: for the former must have a tendency to correct any undue impression of the greatness and the power of man, which may have been excited by a survey of the latter. Here the builders of palaces, and the masters of the chisel and the pencil sink into insignificance before the grandeur—the symmetry—the beauty—the variety of HIS works, who built all things, and is infinitely excellent in all he made. The humming-bird and the butterfly, the topaz and the sapphire, throw a dimness and a coarseness over the delicate touches of a Titian, and the rich colouring of a Claude: while the haughty Louis might see the splendour of his coronation robes eclipsed by many a simple flower that blooms within these fair retreats.—“Oh! Lord, how excellent are thy works, in wisdom hast thou made them all.”

This garden owes its origin to La Brosse, physician to Louis XIII. who, in 1636, induced that prince to found an establishment for the cultivation and study of medicinal plants. It was afterwards enriched by the voyages of Tournefort in the Levant—by the botanical labours of Jussieu and Vailant—but is indebted for the present consummation

of its glory to the munificence of Louis XV. and the genius of Buffon.

There are two gardens, the upper and the lower—in the former is an artificial hill, the ascent to which is by a winding path—and on whose summit is a neat pavilion. There the visiter may repose himself after the fatigues of the morning, and survey, at leisure, the enchanting scenes immediately beneath—or the majestic edifices and busy streets of the capital all around him.

After our morning's ramble, a hint was dropped by Sir S. — which was eagerly caught by the whole party, and has issued in a determination, with which I, you may be sure, am unspeakably gratified, that is—to make the best use of our time here, and instead of lounging about Paris, to proceed, as soon as we shall have seen the cream of its interesting objects, immediately to Geneva—and thence to the glaciers of Savoy—across the country to Basle, and down the Rhine to the Netherlands. Thus my most ardent wishes will be gratified—and, wearied in this place, as I soon shall be, with the works of men, I shall have the long desired opportunity afforded me of seeing some of the sublimest works of God. We are already amply furnished, through the kindness of our friends, with letters for such a tour; and our banker, Mons. Barillion, a most intelligent and obliging man, assures us of its perfect practicability within the period we propose. We might even take Lyons on our way, but I rather think we shall choose the nearest road, by Dijon,

that we may have more leisure when amongst the Alps.

Our party are at the Theatre. They are gone to hear themselves laughed at, for I understand the play announced is "*Les Anglais pour rire.*"—Having myself no taste that way, I devoted the evening to a ramble—and strolled across the Place Louis XV. over the Pont Louis Seize, and along the banks of the Seine, to the esplanade of the Hotel des Invalides. I stopped in the centre of the Place Louis Quinze, to recall the mingled associations connected with that dreadful spot. There stood the guillotine, by which the unfortunate Louis suffered, with a majesty that became him as a monarch, and a meekness worthy of a saint. As you wish to participate with me in the emotions and reflections excited by the objects that interest me, I need make no apology for awakening your recollections of that tragical scene by a quotation from the simple and affecting narrative of the Abbé Edgeworth, which now lies before me.

"The carriage proceeded thus in silence to the Place de Louis XV. (called the Place de la Revolution during the reign of terror), and stopped in the middle of a large space that had been left round the scaffold; this place was surrounded with cannon, and beyond an armed multitude extended as far as the eye could reach. As soon as the king perceived that the carriage stopped, he turned and whispered to me, 'We are arrived if I mistake not.' My silence answered that we were. One of the guards came to open the carriage door, and the gens

d'armes would have jumped out, but the king stopped them, and leaning his arm on my knee, 'Gentlemen,' said he with the tone of majesty, 'I recommend to you this good man; take care that after my death no insult be offered to him. I charge you to prevent it.' The two men answered not a word; the king was continuing in a louder tone, but one of them stopped him, saying, 'Yes, yes, we will take care, leave him to us;' and I ought to add, that these words were spoken in a tone of voice that must have overwhelmed me, if, at such a moment, it had been possible for me to have thought of myself. As soon as the king had left the carriage, three guards surrounded him, and would have taken off his clothes, but he repulsed them with haughtiness: he undressed himself, untied his neckcloth, opened his shirt, and arranged it himself. The guards, whom the determined countenance of the king had, for a moment, disconcerted, seemed to recover their audacity.— They surrounded him again, and would have seized his hands. 'What are you attempting?' said the king, drawing back his hands, 'To bind you,' answered the wretches. 'To bind me,' said the king, with an indignant air, 'No! I shall never consent to that; do what you have been ordered to do, but you shall never bind me.' The guards insisted, they raised their voices, and seemed to wish to call on others to assist them.

"Perhaps this was the most terrible moment of this most dreadful morning. Another instant and this best of kings would have received, from his rebellious subjects, indignities too horrid to mention—

indignities that would have been to him more insupportable than death. Such was the feeling expressed on his countenance. Turning towards me, he looked at me steadily, as if to ask my advice. Alas! it was impossible for me to give any, and I only answered by silence; but as he continued this fixed look of inquiry, I replied—‘Sire, in this new insult, I only see another trace of resemblance between your majesty and the Saviour who is about to recompense you;’ at these words he raised his eyes to heaven with an expression that can never be described. ‘You are right,’ said he, ‘nothing less than his example should make me submit to such a degradation.’ Then, turning to the guards, ‘Do what you will, I will drink of the cup even to the dregs.’

“The path leading to the scaffold was extremely rough and difficult to pass; the king was obliged to lean on my arm, and from the slowness with which he proceeded, I feared, for a moment, that his courage might fail; but what was my astonishment when arrived at the last step, I felt that he suddenly let go my arm, and I saw him cross, with a firm foot, the breadth of the whole scaffold: silenced, by his look alone, fifteen or twenty drums that were placed opposite to him; and, in a voice so loud that it must have been heard at the Pont Tournant, I heard him pronounce distinctly these memorable words, ‘I die innocent of all the crimes laid to my charge; I pardon those who have occasioned my death; and I pray to God, the blood you are now going to shed may never be visited on France.’

“He was proceeding, when a man on horseback,

in the national uniform, waved his sword, and, with a ferocious cry, ordered the drums to beat. Many voices were at the same time heard encouraging the executioners. They seemed reanimated themselves, and seizing with violence the most virtuous of kings, they dragged him under the axe of the guillotine, which, with one stroke, severed his head from his body. All this passed in a moment."

I remember, Dr. Moore relates, that the Abbé kneeled with his face near to that of the king, and, as the blow was about to be struck, pronounced aloud, "*Child of St. Louis, ascend to Heaven!*"—The face of the confessor was sprinkled with the monarch's blood.*

In the review, and on the theatre of such scenes as these, every feeling abandons us but that of pity and of horror. The foibles of the man, and the errors of the monarch, are lost in the remembrance of his agonies—the sympathies of our common nature stir within our bosoms, and a thrilling sensation of awe is excited, while standing on the spot which drank his blood.

There must be some bitter emotions in the breasts

* The Abbé Edgeworth was the son of an Irish gentleman, who became a convert to the Roman Catholic religion, and settled, with a part of his family, at Thoulouse. The Abbé was bred to the church, and having received orders, commenced his labours in the city of Paris. He resided in the seminary of *Les Missions Etrangères*, and soon distinguished himself by his virtues, his talents, and his eminent services in the church. He was at length recommended, by the superior of that establishment, as confessor to the Princess Elizabeth, and by this means became known to the Royal Family, and so prominent a figure in the closing scene of the king's life.

of the present family, especially the amiable Dutchess d'Angoulême, when, from the palace whence he was dragged, they look out upon the place where a father, an uncle, and a brother suffered. The grand avenue of the Thuilleries perpetually presents it to their view—while the beautiful woods of the Champs Elisées, in which the prospect from the windows of the palace terminate, must lose much of their loveliness, as imagination and memory ever interpose the headless trunk of their unhappy predecessor. Moreover, it seems to me, that the consciousness that they sit upon a precarious throne, and, probably, are only sheltered by the bayonets of foreigners from a similar fate, must be another bitter ingredient in their cup of royalty.—Who, that values his repose of mind, would wish to share it with them!——

But 'tis time to change the scene and abandon these reflections. Here, in this immense area, *TE DEUM* was sung, for the triumph of the Allies, and the restoration of the Bourbons, when the principal Monarchs of Europe were present at the ceremony. This must have been a most sublime and imposing spectacle. No place can be conceived more suited to such a purpose. The buildings and the gardens that surround it are in the highest style of classic elegance and grandeur, while the recollections of the spot at once marked it as appropriate, and must have contributed greatly to the effect, and enthusiasm of the ceremony.—But the Place Louis XV. is now all life and gayety. It appears to be a favourite resort of the Parisians. Those recollections,

if, indeed, they occur at all, seem by no means to diminish the pleasure which the beauty and the bustle of the scene impart.—No stranger to their history, that pauses, and observes the gay and animated groupes that pass across it now, would imagine that, in the memory of many of them, it had been a theatre of horror and of blood, and that, but yesterday, a foreign army had encamped in the adjacent woods. But the history of Paris, for the last thirty years, has been like the ebbing and the flowing of the sea—the impressions of one revolution, however deep, have been rapidly effaced by the quick succession of another—and whether the tide has ceased its dreadful alternations, is, with some, a doubtful question, but one by which the majority of the people are, perhaps, but little troubled.—Let them have their amusements and their pleasures, and it is enough for them—the Theatre—the Palais Royal—and the Boulevards, absorb and captivate them.—The dice or the amour afford sufficient occupation for the mind—and with pursuits like these they are content and happy, if, indeed, the artificial gayety which they awaken can deserve the name of happiness, till the voice of some commanding intellect arouse them, and they turn from their pleasures to abet the schemes of his ambition, or to follow in his career of blood.

Your's, &c.

LETTER IX.

Paris.

MY DEAR——

WE have been much gratified this morning with a visit to the Luxembourg, the most perfect and beautiful of all the palaces in Paris. I shall not weary you with its description—suffice it to say—that it is distinguished by the boldness of its design, and the symmetry of its proportions: more uniform than the Thuilleries, and more finished than the Louvre—its general aspect is extremely chaste and elegant. It is built upon the model of the Palace de Pitti at Florence, by *DeMosses*, an Italian architect. Its name was derived from the Duke of Luxembourg, who had an hotel upon the spot, and from whom the land was purchased by Maria de Medicis, the founder of the present edifice. It became the property of Louis XIV. by purchase from the Dutchess of Guise, and was given by the unfortunate Louis XVI. to Monsieur, his brother, the present monarch. Like most of the royal edifices of this city, the scenes of revolutionary fury have disgraced it. It was used as a prison during the reign of terror, and the Senate held their sittings within its walls.

Within this palace is the Chamber of Peers. The throne on which Napoleon sat is still standing—but a most ridiculous and contemptible metamorphose

has been made on a grand emblematical painting which covers nearly one side of the hall. The figure of Buonaparte formerly appeared in it as the Genius of France; the head of the Ex-Emperor, however, has been taken away, and that of Henry the Fourth put in its place. You may well imagine how ridiculous the head of the Bourbon looks upon the Corsican's shoulders.—Surely there is a childishness in this which must excite the pity and contempt of surrounding nations. If the image of the usurper was an offensive object to the present monarch, viewed from that very throne on which he sat during so many of his years of exile, why did he not remove the piece immediately from the hall. But if his vanity was flattered by the possession of so fine a production of the pencil, why, in the eyes of an observant and susceptible nation, betray that weakness, and suspicion, and doubt, which such a measure as the displacing of the head of Buonaparte indicates; as though the demon of anarchy still haunted his troubled mind, and he feared lest the usurper should exceed the former miracle of his uninterrupted march from the coast to the capital, and start from the very canvass, again to dispossess him of his throne.

The apartments of the Luxembourg are most superb, and the paintings in the galleries extremely fine. They have been considerably thinned of late, of the works of the old masters, to supply the deficiencies in the Louvre. The living artists are doing their utmost to fill up the vacancies which thus occur. There are already many pictures from the

pencil of David—whose works are universally and deservedly admired. His subjects are, chiefly, classical, and his figures and draperies exceedingly appropriate—while there is a sobriety in his colouring, which is well adapted to the antiquity and majesty of the scenes and transactions he delineates. It struck me, however, that there was too much stateliness in his figures, and that the effect would, in many cases, have been much finer, if a little more ease had been given to the form, and a little less formality to the drapery. But you will suppose that the air of Paris has had the same effect upon me, as upon many of my countrymen, who were quite as unpromising subjects for such a change, and that I am actually turning connoisseur—but, if I am, the *métamorphose* is still far from complete, and I fear that you will smile at the awkwardness of my first attempt in so new and different a character.

There is one picture, however, in the Luxembourg, which has haunted me ever since I saw it, and the impression of which I shall not easily lose. Its subject is the flight of Cain. There is a terrible sublimity throughout the piece, which transfixes the spectator, in astonishment and horror, before it. Every expression of terror—of remorse, and of anguish, is thrown into the murderer's countenance, and there is agony in every muscle of his distracted frame. Every living thing seems to recoil before him as he flies—and all nature is terribly illumined by the lightnings of Almighty vengeance that flash upon the wretched fugitive.

The gardens of the palace are spacious, and laid

out with the accustomed formality of broad straight avenues and square parterres. We thought of the ill-fated Marshal Ney, who escaped the arrows of death in so many well-fought fields and arduous campaigns, to pay the forfeit of his adherence to the hopeless fortunes of his exiled master, by an ignominious death in a retired part of these gardens.

In our way from the Luxembourg to the Palais Royal, we met with a curious specimen of French politeness. We stopped at a celebrated patissier's, in order to refresh ourselves with some ices, in which the confectioners of Paris undoubtedly excel.—They had none; and we were all turning to leave the place, when every one in the room—the mistress, the waiters, and her customers together, burst into a loud laugh at our disappointment, which was kept up while we got into the carriage.—As I put my foot upon the step, however, I could not but look round to repay the compliment, and we drove off, not a little amused with such a sample of the polished manners of the French.

The Palais Royal is an immense mass of buildings—but more remarkable for the beings that haunt it, and the scenes exhibited nightly within its walls, than for the beauty of its architecture, or the vastness of its dimensions, though, in these particulars, it holds a respectable station amongst the palaces of Paris. It is the property of the Duke of Orleans, but a part of it only is inhabited by him. The rest, comprising an immense parallelogram of uniform and massive building, with shops and piazzas on the ground floor, is devoted to business, to pleasure,

and to vice. Within the area, are gravel walks and grass-plots, the resort of the idle by day, and the vicious by night. In the centre, a noble fountain throws up its sparkling waters, and gives, to the variegated groupes that saunter round it, an air of refreshing coolness, amid the dust and heat of a summer noon.

The shops in the Palais Royal are chiefly for the sale of jewellery, clocks, toys, &c. Many of the articles they exhibit are extremely rich and curious. There are musical snuff-boxes of most exquisite workmanship—magnificent and beautiful time-pieces of classical design, and of the purest alabaster—watches, emblazoned, enamelled, and studded with pearl, to awaken the envy, and adorn the persons of the fair—and, in short, every device that ingenuity could conceive, or patient industry execute.

These articles, however, are by no means cheap, considering the duty to which, on importation into England, they are liable. One hundred and fifty Napoleons was the price of a snuff-box, set with diamonds, from which, on opening the lid, there started up a beautiful little bird, that sung a sweet tune, and then suddenly disappeared. With such toys as these the wily Parisians amuse John Bull in his visits to their capital—the temptation is irresistible—and few, perhaps, repair to the piazzas of the Palais Royal, without leaving some substantial memorial of their visit in the hands of one of these skilful artificers.

The first floor is chiefly composed of coffee-houses, eating-rooms, and apartments for gambling; while

the upper stories exhibit scenes of licensed debauchery, beyond the power of the filthiest pen to describe. Pleasure, impurity, and fraud, seem to have made this their strongest hold—their favourite resort. From these haunts of villany—these last retreats of the ruined and the desperate, the flames of the revolution were abundantly supplied with fuel. Many a frantic monster, during that dreadful period, rushed from these cells of infamy, raging like a demon from the bottomless pit, to scatter around him “firebrands, arrows, and death”—to exult in the ghastly spectacles of the guillotine—to laugh amid the shrieks of the Abbaye, and to shout *vive la nation, vive la republique*, as the warm blood of his neighbours and friends, perhaps even of his kindred, flowed at his feet! And still this nest of impurity retains its dreadful pre-eminence above all other haunts of vice; and many an unhappy youth, cursing the hour that he entered its infernal gates, in darkness and despair, hurries from its gambling table or its brothel, to consummate his misery in the waters of the Seine.—Of this fatal issue, melancholy instances are perpetually occurring. A building is appropriated for the reception of the bodies discovered in the river; and scarcely a morning dawns that does not add to the disgusting groupe, and bring some broken-hearted parent to recognise the lifeless body of a lost and ruined child!

The quantity of vice in Paris is, indeed, immense, and its varieties are almost unbounded. Every species of impurity and crime that can, or *cannot* be conceived, is perpetrated here without apprehension

or restraint, and I have heard of things at which decency crimson and humanity turns pale, as by no means rare or secret, but of notorious and habitual occurrence in its haunts of vice. To speak of a "state of morals," in connexion with such a condition of society, were only to degrade the term. They seem to have no moral sense—no external standard or inward perception, or feeling of right and wrong. Inclination and expediency appear to be the two great laws by which they act; and whatever these may dictate they immediately perform—"working all manner of iniquity with greediness." I speak not of robbery and murder, or the vulgar vices of intemperance—for these they seem to have but little taste, and drunkenness seldom disgraces their streets, but refer chiefly to the vices that connect with avarice and lust—that gather round the gaming table, and crowd within the precincts of the brothel. Still, however, these, black and abominable as they are, under any circumstances, do not stalk abroad, as in some cities of the Continent, at noon-day, and utter their horrible shibboleth—their dialect of death in your ears as you pass along the streets, but they abide in their own execrable haunts, and await, in the deep recesses of their polluted temples, the coming of devotees to their accursed shrines.

From this circumstance, the city of Paris appears to be more pure than it really is.—You may walk up and down its public streets and most frequented avenues without offence or disgust—pity, indeed, may be excited, at the frivolity, and

gayety of a people, who, if they felt their national degradation before their fellow men, and their moral delinquency in the sight of God, would clothe themselves in sackcloth, and weep, if it were possible, in the anguish of their spirit, tears of blood. But what they are in the sight of God, is a thought, perhaps, that never occurs to them. With regard to the estimation in which surrounding nations hold them, however, they seem to have some concern. Yet, even here, their natural gayety comes in to their relief. They know that they are an enslaved and conquered people, and they groan, inwardly, beneath the oppression of foreign armies, subsisting on their soil.—Yet still they talk and laugh themselves into a persuasion that they are independent—that they were never subdued—that they freely recalled the present sovereign and his family to the throne—that they are contented and happy beneath his reign—and thus they dream and talk of freedom while they were the setters, and dance, like the maniac, in their chains. The wise and the prudent amongst them, it is true, think and speak differently.—“We know,” say they, “that we are enslaved—your armies keep the Bourbons on the throne—we were willing to resign the former leader, but not willing to take your choice of a successor. It is an insufferable degradation, that other nations should guide the destinies of France—and insulted and vanquished as we are—prisoners in our own country—with foreign armies consuming our produce, and forbidding the expression of our feelings—is it to be imagined that we can endure all

this unmoved, and not, in the silence imposed upon us, meditate revenge?"

What I have written is not what I have *supposed* to be the feelings of the thoughtful and intelligent, but is the substance of a conversation with a man, whose rank and information give weight to his opinions.

Your's, &c.

LETTER X.

Paris.

MY DEAR ———

I alluded, in my last, to the feeling that prevails amongst the thoughtful and enlightened, respecting the present state of France. To what I then said, I ought to add, that the general impression is in favour of the king. He is considered a mild and benignant prince—anxious for the welfare of his people.—But alas! the people are restless and turbulent, and a monarch of less amiable qualities would suit them better. The exploits and enterprises of their former ruler have rendered them a martial people—their ears have been accustomed to the shouts of victory—their eyes to the pomp and splendour of military spectacles—and their vanity has been flattered by the spoils of conquered nations collected in their capital. Destitute, then, of that moral principle which exults when the wrongs of the injured are redressed—and those domestic habits and attachments which are favourable to the cultivation of the arts of peace, how can it be expected that they should sit down at once, contented in the tranquillity that has settled on the ruins of their independence—that throws them back upon themselves to brood upon their national degradation—and gives them leisure to contemplate the proud and giddy eminence from which they have fallen.

It must be expected, that after the cessation of such a tempest, a considerable agitation should long be felt, and it will be well, indeed, if the elements are not gathering strength for another storm. Perhaps, while the present monarch lives, no immediate danger need be apprehended. If he should adopt a liberal and enlightened policy—if he should unshackle himself from the fetters which a superstitious and a mercenary priesthood are striving, but too successfully, to rivet on him—if he should adopt efficient plans for the instruction of the rising generation in the principles of the bible, which are those of morality, loyalty, and peace—and if God, by whom kings rule and princes decree justice, should spare him for a few years, to foster and to cherish these wise and salutary measures, the danger will be greatly lessened. By the influence of such an education, pure and upright principles will be instilled into the minds of the rising population—domestic virtues will be inculcated, and domestic habits formed—the national character will become more benevolent and mild—and the people, recovered from the wild and feverish dreams of anarchy and conquest, will learn how much more conducive to their real interests and genuine happiness, is the calm and steady process of affairs, beneath the auspices of a legitimate and paternal prince, than the impetuous torrent that hurried them along, in wild and giddy transport, in the guilty schemes and boundless projects of a proud usurper.

With respect to the other branches of the family, except, perhaps, the amiable, but superstitious,

Dutchess D'Angouleme, the public feeling is by no means as favourable. It is to be feared, therefore, that the death of the present monarch, should it happen before the public mind is more generally tranquillized and settled, would bring a dreadful day to France! I should not wish to be in Paris, at that period.—There is certainly no great love for the English in the breasts of our French neighbours—nor can it be expected that there should be. They tolerate us, however, for our money—they feel the circulation of our cash throughout their capital, and they are contented, for a season, to bury their deep-rooted animosity in their coffers, while they return us secret curses for the wealth we squander. Here and there, they show their spite in ridiculous caricatures, and theatrical exhibitions, with, now and then, a haughty look and a disdainful sneer—like the snarling of the mastiff at the hands that supply his food and rivet his chain!—But, if ever the mastiff should get loose, wo to the objects of his long-smothered and deeply-cherished hate. Much, indeed, of the cringing servility of the French manners is gone. The immense crowds of clerks and apprentices, and coarse and unmannerly clodhoppers, who, fired with the ambition of seeing foreign parts, and laughing at the French, have poured into the Boulevards, and jostled through the streets of Paris—swearing and blustering at the waiters in the cafés and restaurateurs—exclaiming against extortion and imposition in the shops of the tradesmen, and, not unfrequently, taking what they call *French leave*, with a sufficient token of remembrance in an unpaid reckoning left behind—

have much sunk the English character in their estimation. *Milord Anglais* is a sound at present but seldom heard—at least my ears have not been saluted with it—and our countrymen are unquestionably held in very different estimation now, to what they were before the revolution, when every Englishman that travelled on the continent, was received with the respect and honours of a prince.

With regard to the higher classes of society, this observation cannot apply. The superior sort of English move about in their carriages, and reside, chiefly, at their hotels—and if they mix in company at all, it is, of course, in that of their own rank.

One is very much struck, in walking through the streets and public places of Paris, with the number of men that meet you with orders of knighthood in their coat. The sentinels on duty are almost constantly in action, presenting arms to them as they pass along, for every one that wears the insignia receives this honour. But some of them are mean and contemptible enough in their appearance : and I have scarcely seen one, by a comparison with whom, any of our city knights, much as they are despised, might not deem himself degraded. Indeed, poverty and splendour—nobility and meanness, seem to be constant companions here, and, I am told, that a court day at the Thuilleries, presents some curious illustrations of the combination. The noblesse of the old régime have been restored, many of them, to their titles, but alas ! few to their estates. The lean kine that rose up from the troubled sea of anarchy and blood, have devoured them—and the unhappy

fugitives, on their return, receive again the empty title, and the proud insignia, but not the full purse, and the fair domain. Hence, many a peer may be observed, creeping down from an upper room in one of the dark and narrow lanes of this crowded city, and with his bag-wig and sword, making the best of his way through the muddy streets, to the audience-chamber of his prince. But is it not in the power of the monarch to relieve them by a comfortable place, or a more comfortable pension?—Alas! there are so many to be served—and there is so little to spare. On the one hand, the harpies of the church are so clamorous—on the other, the members of his own family—those that have *not*, are so eager to get, those that *have*, are so anxious to retain—the public coffers are so exhausted, and so immense an army is still to be maintained—while there are no resources now to be anticipated from the plunder of other nations, or the lawful spoils of war—that many, it is to be feared, have no brighter prospect, than to drag on the declining years of life in splendid misery—stealing, more like spectres than men, about the palaces their ancestors contributed to rear, and exiled from the mansions in which their better days of childhood and of youth were passed in gayety and splendour.

Your's, &c.

LETTER XI.

Paris.

MY DEAR ———

A circumstance occurred just before our arrival here, the lesson to be derived from which is very obvious—*caution*. An American gentleman, a friend of Dr. K.'s, has been residing in Paris for some time, for the purposes of study. He has always, in his own country, and especially here, avoided any interference in politics, or expression of political sentiment, and has devoted himself entirely and exclusively to literary pursuits. As he sat at breakfast, however, not many mornings ago, four gendarmes entered his room, and, demanding his keys, instantly proceeded to examine his papers. Finding nothing of a suspicious nature amongst them, they turned to his books, and meeting with some volumes in Arabic, they instantly seized them, concluding, no doubt, that nothing but sedition and treason could be concealed under such strange and outlandish characters, and were proceeding with their wonderful discovery to the police, when the gentleman exhorted them to look on the covers of the book. They did so, and there, to their astonishment, beheld the royal arms. They had, in fact, come out of the royal library. At sight of these indisputable proofs of innocence, at least so far as the volumes in question were concerned, they relinquished their prey, and left the agitated

student with a caution, saying, that so long as he should continue in Paris, he must consider himself as under the *surveillance* of the police !*

* This reminds me of a curious fact, which was related to me by a foreigner from the North of Europe, and which occurred while he was at Bordeaux, during the reign of Buonaparte. As it illustrates the state of perfection to which the system of espionage was carried at that time, I am induced to record it here. A party sat down to dinner at a public table, when a gentleman sticking his fork into a fowl, began to dissect it, and as he cut off the head, he said, with a laugh, "Here goes the head of the Emperor."—No observation was made, and they proceeded with their dinner; but in the course of it, the waiter came, and, tapping the gentleman on the shoulder, told him, he was wanted in the hall. On entering the hall, he was accosted by a *gendarme*, who asked him, if he was not the gentleman who, in cutting off the head of a fowl at dinner, had said "Here goes the head of the Emperor"—he replied he was, but "What of that?"—"You must come," said the *gendarme*, "with me."—"With you,"—he exclaimed, and putting his hand to his pocket, presented it full of money to the officer, and was turning away.—"Stay," said the man, "I am not to be thus dealt with—you must instantly obey my summons." "Alas!" said the gentleman, "am I then to be torn from my wife and children, and hurried to a dungeon, for such a trifle as that—my life and liberty are most precious and important to my family—I will give you"—and he named an enormous sum, "to liberate me, and for ever conceal the affair." "No," said the inflexible *gendarme*, "I am above the largest bribe you can offer, and you must instantly go, for I dare not parley with you any longer." The gentleman then took a card from his pocket, which he held up to the view of the *gendarme*, who immediately made his obeisance to him, and departed.—Now the fact is, the gentleman himself was a superintendent of these spies. The waiter at the tavern was in the pay of Government—he made the observation respecting the head of the emperor in the hearing of the waiter to prove his vigilance—he was true to his charge, and directly apprized one of the *gendarmes* of the seditious and treasonable words that had escaped from the stranger's lips.—He then tempted the *gendarme* with those liberal offers, and finding

The American gentlemen here, many of them, wear eagles in their hats. The emblem is mistaken for that of Napoleon, and hence terrible fracas frequently arise. One occurred this morning at the gate of the gardens of the Thuilleries. The sentinel on duty snatched at the eagle, to tear it from his hat, as the American passed. The American thereupon planted his clenched fist in the soldier's face—a scuffle ensued—they fell—others came to mingle in the fray, and words and blows were dealt unsparingly, by more than the original combatants. What was the issue I have not heard. There can be little doubt, however, but that the American would obtain redress, for the action of the sentinel must be considered as a violation of both decency and duty. All this happened just under the windows of the palace.

We took horses, and rode this morning to the heights of *Montmartre*, a name and a spot pregnant with disgrace and infamy to France, and which they would gladly obliterate for ever from the annals of their history, and the surface of their soil. From the top of the telegraph, which we ascended for the sake of the prospect, is a magnificent view of the city on the one hand, with its adjacent woods and gardens, and highly cultivated fields and orchards, and on the other, immense plains, stretching to an almost imperceptible horizon, with the venerable towers of

him faithful, his object was accomplished; and informing him, by the card which he carried about him, and which bore the secret sign, who he was, there the matter ended, to the satisfaction of all the parties concerned.—Who would live in such a land as this!

St. Dennis, the ancient burying place of the kings of France, in the distance. We found the man who keeps the telegraph intelligent and communicative ; but you will feel as little interested in reading, as I should be in writing, could I correctly record it, all he told us of the movements of the allied armies, whose advance to the gates of Paris, by this place, fixed an indelible stain upon the military character of France, and, at the same time, put the vixis to the career of the usurper's glory. For the afterpiece, which terminated on the plains of Waterloo, and whence the actor retired to his lonely dwelling on the ocean, had more the appearance of a galvanic struggle, a convulsive after-pang, than the cool and steady efforts which express the functions, and bespeak the influence of a principle of life. The houses about Montmartre are mean, though it is to Paris, what Everton is to Liverpool, or Highgate to London. But the houses of the wealthy here are all immured in courts, and shut in from the view of every object, by enormous gates, just like Burlington House, in Piccadilly—only that the courts are far less spacious, and the streets far less wide. They seem but partially to appreciate the beauties of prospect—the advantages of situation, or the salubrity of air. They have nothing like our neat country boxes—and genteel and pleasant villages, scattered here and there, within a few miles round the city—to which the wealthy tradesman might repair, to enjoy, in domestic retirement, a sweet seclusion from the noise and bustle of the great metropolis. But they all live—princes and peers—artists and lite-

rati—tradesmen and merchants—crowded together in tall and thickly-inhabited houses—close and narrow streets, filled with perpetual bustle and incessant din, with no relaxation, but a stroll in the Champs Elisees, or the public Gardens—and no amusement or variety, but that which is derived from the café or the theatre—the cards or the dice—the light and airy forms of dissipation that flutter in the Boulevards, or the more desperate and determined fiends of vice that brood in the deep recesses of the Palais Royal. And even if they leave the city, and ramble a few miles into the adjacent country, it is to some one of those scenes of pleasure or receptacles of vice, with which the environs abound, and without which, even the beauties of nature, and the freshness of the air, would have but little to captivate and charm!*

Perhaps the secret of all this, in a great measure, is, that there is nothing like domestic life in Paris. You will hardly find a comfortable family circle there. Marriages are, for the most part, contracts formed for convenience and not for love. From such con-

* What I have here written is from my own observation, and the observation of others, better informed than myself. Marchant's guide to Paris, indeed, informs us of a few villages, remarkable for their commanding prospects and the beauty of their villas, to which the merchants of the capital resort. They must bear, however, a very small proportion to the population of the city, and be very different in their character to the generality of buildings which I have seen in its neighbourhood. I am still of opinion, that, in the vicinity of Paris, the neat, snug, compact cit's country box, which bespeaks domestic comfort, and the rational enjoyment of well-earned competence, is utterly unknown.

nexions, what can be expected but alienation and distance—infidelity and adultery.—Accordingly, I am informed, it is no uncommon thing in Paris, for a married woman to have what is called her *L'ami de maison*, who visits her as often as he pleases, without any interruption from the lady's lawful husband—to whom the boudoir of his mistress is always sacred—and who is so necessary an evil in the house, a thing so generally tolerated, that, in many cases, he actually bears his part in the expenses of the establishment. The lady, of course, allows to her husband the liberty she takes, and he is sent abroad to find a similar post of honour in some other house, to that which he suffers the beloved of his wife to occupy in his own. From such a state of things, therefore, every shadow of domestic intercourse and association is excluded. A family table is seldom spread—a family circle is seldom gathered.—They repair to the restaurateurs to dine—to the cafés for coffee, and to the theatre, or even worse resorts, for the evening's occupation and amusement. Thus they live in public—eat and drink in public—and one might almost imagine, from their fondness for publicity, that they would sleep in public—or never sleep at all.—Pleasure—exhibition, and intrigue, seem to be the great ends of their existence.—To the nobler pursuits and occupations, that become a rational, accountable, and immortal creature, they seem utterly lost.—With the being of a God, or a future state, there is nothing, above ground, in Paris, that has the remotest connexion, except, indeed, the churches, which are the haunts of the deadliest superstition, and consecrated to

the pompous worship of the image of the beast.— From the classic air of the public edifices, and the mingled superstition and impurity of the people, one might almost fancy one's self in ancient Athens, surrounded by a thousand temples and a thousand altars consecrated to the deities of lust and pleasure; and a population, the fundamental maxim of whose *practical*, if not *avowed* atheism, is ever present to their mind, and ever operative in their conduct,— *Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die!*

But I have been almost, unconsciously, led to the same disgusting topic, upon which, I fear, I have already dwelt too long in a former letter. To a superficial observer, perhaps, one who merely contemplates the city of Paris, through the medium of its works of arts, or scenes of gayety and amusement, the pictures I have drawn may seem too strongly marked and deeply coloured—but it can be so regarded *only* by a superficial observer. For my own part, my heart sickens at the review of what I have written, when I think how far beneath the reality any description, of which my pen is capable, must be. The circumstance that the grosser forms of vice are wanting in the public haunts, mark, if possible, a deeper dereliction of principle, and renders the scene more dangerous. In our own metropolis, alas! there is enough of vice, and crimes are perpetrated of the deepest die.—But, then, vice is recognised *as* vice, and shunned and abhorred by virtue.—It keeps its own form, uses its own language, and preserves its own limits—But here, vice has the language and the forms of virtue—walks hand in hand

with virtue—is adorned with the same attire—admitted into the same society—occupies the same seat—and, I had almost said, reposes on the same couch.—She is to be found in the shop of the respectable tradesman, in forms that in London would be shrouded with the greatest secrecy, or, if discovered, brand the vender with deserved infamy—but here, the softer sex become the ministers of lust, by exposing them to such as choose to purchase, and that too with unblushing countenance, as if they were the simplest articles of lawful commerce—the fine arts have lent their aid to decorate and adorn the monster, and to give a soft and classic air to her most disgusting expressions—while the brilliant genius and the exuberant imagination of the author, have invested it as with dazzling gems and a gorgeous robe.—

But all these considerations apart—it is enough for a man that has any principle of religion, or integrity, or humanity within him, to walk the streets of Paris, and reflect, that he is passing through the city, in which, a little more than a quarter of a century ago, the oracles of God were publicly disowned, the Christian sabbath utterly abolished, reason elevated to the throne of the Supreme, and liberty declared to be the only God—that he is surrounded by a people, who, after having embrued their hands in the blood of their lawful prince, and filled their capital with enormities, at the recital of which, the whole civilized world shuddered with a thrilling horror, while all was consecrated by the sacred name of liberty and freedom—at length

placed the crown they had dashed to the earth upon an upstart's brow, and fell prostrate, in all the abjectness of submission, to lick the dust beneath the dēspot's feet—A people, that followed at his beck through seas of blood, intoxicated with spoil and glutted with gore, while they yielded to him as to their destiny, and plighted their homage to him as their God—till the great ruler of the nations was pleased to reverse his fortune, and who then, with one consent, abandoned him to his fate—an exile on the ocean, and the shadow of a king—A people too, who could repeat their servility and their treachery when his fortunes brightened once again, and again grew dark—and who are now sunk in the arms of a superstition and a sensuality, as deep, as deadly, and as gross, as that from whose embrace they rushed to the wild extremes of anarchy, and the cold breast of atheism—I say these reflections are enough to quicken the footsteps of a man, who has the fear of God or the principles of humanity within him, lest the earth should open, and swallow up a city which has been the theatre of such enormities, and is still the haunt of such pollution and impiety!

Your's, &c.

LETTER XII.

Paris.

MY DEAR ———

WE dined to-day at Veres, in the Palais Royal, the most celebrated Restaurateur's in Paris. Our object was to have a fair specimen of French cookery, of which one has heard so much; and also to observe the mode of proceeding in one of these temples dedicated to luxury and appetite. We were rather early, and amongst the first of the devotees: thus we had leisure to survey the scene, and make our observations on the place. Every thing here is contrived for effect, and art has done her utmost to give to the eating-house an air of gayety and elegance. On entering the room, the first object that arrested our attention was the mistress, a young and beautiful woman, most elegantly dressed, reclining at her ease on an elevated seat, commanding a view of the spacious apartment. There was nothing of the coarseness, and hurry, and officiousness of the landlady about her—but delicate, dignified, and easy, she seemed as if enthroned, the presiding genius of the place.—Around her the waiters gather to receive her orders, and to make reports, from time to time, of the progress of affairs; while from the mirrors that surround the room, and reflect the parties, in a most amazing variety, upon each other, she can perceive,

almost at one glance, how all her customers are occupied. The next thing to which our attention was drawn, as you will naturally suppose, was the carte, or bill of fare, at the immensity of which, a London epicure—a city alderman, would have started! What a boundless variety!—Fish, flesh, and fowl—rôti, bouilli—fricassée—fricandeau—soups—sauces—inconceivable combinations—indescribable compositions—unutterable names—“earth, air and ocean plundered of their sweets,” and all decked out, combined—adorned—and wrought up to the highest pitch of flavour and of goût, to quicken the most languishing appetite, and win the admiration of the most fastidious epicure. The time advanced—the devotees came in—the shrine of the divinity, for such the fair one that presided seemed, was surrounded, and the mysteries began. The tables were rapidly filled, and as quickly covered, and every party seemed determined and prepared to do his best in discharging the duties and honours of the place. I observed that most performed their part with astonishing rapidity—plate after plate was quickly emptied—dish after dish was rapidly discussed and dismissed—glass after glass of hermitage or burgundy, from the bottle, placed, for coolness, in a vessel filled with ice, thrown off; and, in truth, with all the elegance and refinement with which it was tempered, there seemed to be as great a quantum of actual, downright gormandizing in this temple of luxury, as I ever witnessed in any of the chop-houses about the precincts of St. Paul’s. Nor were we altogether inactive; appetite received an addi-

tional stimulus from curiosity, and many things were tasted for the sake of ascertaining what could be contained beneath the disguise of names and forms that had never saluted the eye or the ear before. The wines were excellent, and the whole was crowned with a sample of the costly liqueurs, and a rich dessert.

I was not a little amused and interested with the scene; not merely from its novelty and gayety, but because it also added another feature to that expression of national character, a correct and lively remembrance of which I am anxious to retain. Still, selfishness, sensuality, and vanity prevail. Coarse as they deem the English, and refined as we consider the French, I question whether any tavern in London could produce such a bill of fare as that at Veres, though all the cooks of the metropolis should lay their heads together for months, unless assisted by some of their continental brethren in the culinary art. They seem to have studied, if one may so speak, the philosophy of cookery, and to have applied no ordinary knowledge, in the principles of chemical combination, for the pampering of the appetite. Nor, in this gratification of the palate, does their fondness for display and publicity seem to be neglected. By the artful distribution of the mirrors, in the pannels of the room, the groupes are multiplied, almost to infinity. Every glance of the eye gives to you some animated party, with all the gesture and grimace of the flattery or compliment that may be passing at the time, or in all the deep devotion to the matter in hand, for which a French-

man can consent for a while to suspend even these—and thus they have the satisfaction to know that they are seen by almost every eye, without encountering the vulgar gaze of any individual to whom they might directly turn. Here too, the ladies mingle with the gentlemen, without confusion or timidity—a novel sight, indeed, to an English eye! Madame le Comtesse sits beside Monsieur la Count, at one table—an English barber, who has come to Paris to see the fashions, and must of course dine for once at Veres, with his party perhaps, occupies another—while people of all ranks and characters, or no rank and character at all, meet and mingle in the motley crowd—talk—laugh—eat—drink—look gallantry at each other—and then turn out to meet the kindling glories of the Palais Royal—where pleasure lights her thousand lamps, decks her in her gay attire, puts on her bewitching charms, unfolds her deep recesses, and waits to lure her victim to the verge of ruin—till, dazzled with the blaze, and giddy with the constant whirl, reason, thought, reflection, all forsake him—and yielding to the delirium of delight, without an effort of resistance, he is ingulphed in the dread abyss.—“Oh! my soul, come not thou into their secret, to such mine honour be not thou united,”—“Whose end is destruction—whose God is their belly—whose glory is their shame—who mind earthly things.”

This morning we visited the edifice appropriated to the meetings of the Institute of France. Although this institution may be considered in its infancy, not having existed more than eleven years, yet it has

attained to a high degree of eminence amongst the learned societies of Europe. It is divided into four classes—the first, devoted to the study of natural philosophy, chemistry, and the mathematics—the second, to the cultivation of French literature—the third, to history and ancient literature; and the fourth, to the fine arts. It comprises the most eminent literary and scientific characters of the day, and corresponds with the learned of every nation. We had introductions to some of its members, especially to Baron Silvestre de Sacy, and the Chevalier Langlès, Professors of Oriental Literature. To the polite attentions of the last-mentioned gentleman, we were greatly indebted. The lecture room is a very good one, it is the only room I saw worth mentioning. It is, however, altogether, a noble pile, worthy the purpose to which it is devoted. The front is a semicircle, with a fine dome in the centre, which is not the least ornamental object amongst the many that adorn this majestic city.

From the Institute we proceeded to the Royal Library. Here, in this immense depot of learning and of art, are three hundred and fifty-eight thousand printed books, in all languages, and seventy-two thousand volumes of manuscripts and public records—besides five thousand volumes, containing the works of the most eminent engravers from the invention of the art to the present time.

This library is open to the public, who enjoy its advantages without trouble or expense. I was truly interested to see how good a use is made of so great a privilege. There were several hundreds of per-

sons reading in the different rooms—many seemed busy in making extracts from the books, and the librarians appeared to be very attentive in providing the volumes as they were wanted.

No wonder that France possesses so many authors and scientific men, when the rich treasures of learning and of art are thus freely open to all ranks of people, and the meanest plebeian can as much avail himself of their inestimable treasures as the monarch or the peer. Paris has much the advantage of London in this respect. Besides, that she is much richer in these things, she is also much more free in the exposure of her intellectual wealth. No Englishman can visit the French capital without making the comparison, and feeling its force.—It is true, that the British Museum, and Somerset House are open to the public, but then, in the former, you are paraded through the rooms in groupes, with a man in office by your side, and no opportunity afforded for observation or for study—and in the latter the admission is not free.—But in the Louvre—in the Jardin des Plantes—in the Royal Library, you go as often and stay as long as you please—no one interrupts or questions you—and you feel as though, to all the purposes of use and of enjoyment, every object that you contemplate were your own.

It is rather humiliating, however, to be obliged, in some measure, to account for this difference, by a difference of national character and propensity. In the first place, there is not such an interest in the works of literature and art pervading the public mind in England, as in France. The great mass of the

population, with us, care but little about them—their taste is of a far less refined and exalted character; and the common people in London had much rather give eighteen-pence to see the wild beasts at Exeter 'Change, or some of the gay exhibitions at Bartholomew fair, than the pictures in Somerset House, or the minerals in the British Museum. But, in Paris, the lowest orders of society are tinctured with a love of philosophy, and fired with the admiration of the arts—and the meanest stalls in the Boulevards and upon the quays, contain literary treasures, and specimens of art, to attract the scholar and interest the connoisseur. I need only instance a book stall close by the gate of our hotel, where, amongst a good deal of trash, is a splendid copy of Rapin's History of England, in the original French, with remarkably fine impressions of the plates, and handsomely bound in twelve to fifteen volumes quarto. This work I could purchase, perhaps, for forty francs—the man asks but fifty for it: and the other day I was detained nearly half an hour looking over a stall near the Institute, whence I might have procured some rich materials for my projected museum, at a very moderate price. There were many Chinese and Oriental deities, many gems and curious specimens in mineralogy, and a vast variety of interesting and valuable curiosities. But London has no such allurements for the virtuosi as they traverse her streets; and, with the exception of a few respectable booksellers, who expose their books on stalls before their windows, there is little to be met with but toys, and gingerbread, and rubbish. Can any thing more strongly mark the public taste

than this ? But another reason why these receptacles of literature and art are thus freely thrown open to all ranks in Paris, may be, because the people in Paris never abuse the privilege. Nothing is purloined, or touched, or injured. The propensity to meddle and deface, much less to steal, is unknown. There is no rudeness, or roughness, or incivility in the company, though they may be of the lowest class; and if it were possible for the whole population of the metropolis to pass through the galleries in a single morning, and examine every interesting object they contain, the probability is, that not one of them would sustain the slightest injury or receive a single spot. Unhappily, this is not the case with us. The lower classes of the English are a meddling people—they are impelled by curiosity, and not by the love of science, in their investigations; they must know the *inside* and the substance of every thing; and even in classes of society, where the mere vulgar feeling of curiosity could not be supposed to operate, the violation of the tenth commandment has sometimes been followed by a violation of the eighth, and the breach of the sixth has succeeded in cases where mutilation is absolute destruction. It is a grievous thing that there should be any bar upon what literary and scientific treasures and resources a country may possess, and a lamentable thing, indeed, that the rudeness of an idle and ignorant curiosity, a propensity for pilfering, or a love of mischief, should operate, in any measure, as the cause.

A profound silence reigns in those galleries of the library devoted to study, and the strangers who visit

them, merely for the gratification of their curiosity, are expected not to interrupt it. Amongst the objects that arrest the attention, is a curious model of the hill of Parnassus, with the geniuses of France at different stages of the ascent—Louis XIV. being in the character of Apollo on the summit; a fine bronze statue of Voltaire; a plan of the Pyramids of Egypt, in relief; and an immense pair of globes, constructed by Coronelli, the famous mathematician and geographer, who was employed by Cardinal d'Estrées to make globes for Louis XIV. They are the largest he constructed, and were painted by the celebrated artist Le Brun. They are eighteen English feet in diameter, and stand in a room built on purpose to receive them. They are considered as being rather curious than useful. They have been put up about twenty years.

Amongst the MSS. are many ancient copies of various portions of the Scriptures. With these, you may suppose, I was deeply interested.—Here is a MS. of the Epistles of St. Paul, written so early as the seventh century—it is called the Codex Regis. Here is also a MS. of the four Gospels, written in the eighth century. I was much struck with a beautiful MS. in letters of gold, of the fourth or fifth century, but I could not make out what it was, and I had no one at hand to inform me, as I had lingered long behind the rest of my party, to gratify a taste, which, in this instance, seemed peculiar to myself. We, however, are fully as rich in treasures of this kind, by far the most precious of all that antiquity has yielded us—for the Alexandrine manuscript in the

British Museum, which was written, perhaps, about the fourth or fifth century; and the Codex Besæ, in the University of Cambridge, which is considered, by some, of equal, if not higher antiquity, are probably the oldest MSS. of any portion of the Scriptures in the world.

In the Cabinet of Antiques are some very rich and curious articles. I particularly noticed a vase of one of the Ptolemies—an immense agate, deemed the finest in the world, richly carved, brought from Jerusalem—but there would be no end to an enumeration of these things!—

Amongst the National Institutions of Paris, there is none more interesting than the Hotel des Invalides. It is for the reception of old soldiers, on the plan of our Greenwich and Chelsea Hospitals. As a building it is, upon the whole, inferior to Greenwich, but the church, with its magnificent and gilded dome, surpasses any thing that Greenwich can boast. The church is exceedingly spacious, and the dome immense. It is covered with beautiful paintings on the stone, representing the battles of Louis XIV. which, viewed from below, have the appearance of the most exquisite tapestry. Round this dome were hung the colours which had been taken from the enemy. They exceeded three thousand in number—and such was the enthusiasm of the hardy veterans, who repose within the asylum from the toils of war, and many of whom had bled to gain those trophies of military glory, that when the Allies entered the capital, rather than see them retaken, they tore them down and committed them to the flames. The

dome and the spire that rises from it are gilded without. This was the whim of Buonaparte, and 'tis said he caught the idea from the Kremlin at Moscow. Some are of opinion that it is an instance of bad taste in the Ex-Emperor, and greatly disfigures the building. Certainly, when near, and viewed individually, it has a gingerbread and tawdry appearance, and does not harmonize with the general sobriety of the edifice—but when viewed at a distance, blended with the many spires and domes of this magnificent city, it has a fine effect, and gives an air of splendour to the whole picture, of which it then constitutes a part. In the front of the Hotel is a magnificent vista to the Seine. On either side are rich plantations, beneath whose shade it was the intention of Napoleon to have placed the statue of every celebrated hero of ancient and modern times. Thus the worn-out soldier might have passed the evening of his days in a military elysium, communing with the shades of the illustrious dead; while succeeding generations would have been roused to emulate their deeds of glory, by these tokens of national admiration and gratitude.

The number of inhabitants in the Hotel des Invalides, is at present four thousand men, besides three hundred officers. We saw the tables laid out in the hall where the officers were about to dine.—They were circular tables, capable of accommodating a party of a dozen each. Every thing was very neat and clean, and the whole economy of the institution appeared to be judicious and well conducted.

There is another institution at Paris, of a more

private nature, indeed, than the last, but the principle of which is well worthy attention. It is an asylum for the aged. Every individual who has paid a certain small sum, by monthly instalments, from the age of ten years, increasing gradually, and regularly advanced, till the whole amount raised from each contributor is about 50*l.* may, at the age of seventy, claim as a right the benefit of the institution, which allows to each a separate bed-room, with a sitting-room between two. They dine in a common hall, and their table is amply furnished with plain and wholesome food. There is also connected with the establishment an hospital, where the sick have every necessary attendance, and the best medical advice.

From the Hotel des Invalides we proceeded to the Pantheon. It is called a church, but it has not much the appearance of a sacred edifice. It is an immense pile, and in the finest style of classic elegance and grandeur. It was reared as a mausoleum for the ashes, and a temple for the monuments of the illustrious men of France—and the edifice is well worthy the purpose to which it is dedicated. It is built in the form of a cross, and has a dome of vast dimensions. We ascended to the gallery that surrounds it, from whence, perhaps, is enjoyed the finest view of the capital. It is certainly superior to that from Montmartre, as the principal objects are nearer, and the panorama is complete. We were much astonished at the purity of the atmosphere, though it was the middle of the day, and we were in the centre of an immense metropolis. Every

building in Paris was as distinctly seen, as if the sun had but just risen upon it; and not one of its teeming population had been awake. This is owing, in a great measure, to the burning of wood, besides, that the atmosphere is much purer in itself. How unlike the view from the top of St. Paul's, in London. —There, every building is black with smoke, and you look down as upon the steam and mist of a boiling and tumultuous sea. But, from this elevation in Paris, nothing can exceed the magnificence and grandeur that every where press upon the eye. There is no uncertainty, or indistinctness, or confusion in the view. Every palace, and every temple, and every public edifice stands before you in its own individual majesty, and urges its peculiar claims upon your admiration and respect, as though it were the only object worth remarking in the scene: while the complete panorama, the coup d'œil, surpasses any thing I had ever imagined of a majestic city, and such as, in ruins, I could not but conceive, would rival Palmyra or Persepolis of old: for the ordinary houses being all of stone, unsullied by a smoky atmosphere, uniform and lofty, and relieved by distance—their massive clusters and prolonged perspective, give them the appearance of distinct and separate edifices—while the palaces themselves, occupying so large a portion of the space—the mighty length of the Louvre—the gay pavilions of the Thuilleries—the brilliant dome of the Hotel des Invalides, mingling with innumerable other roofs, and domes, and spires, and beautiful facades, and varied lines of architecture, stretching along the

banks of the Seine, encircled by the magic groves of the Boulevards, intermingled with the bright foliage of innumerable gardens—and presenting the chaste and spotless grandeur of stone wrought after the noblest models, and white as from the quarry, in contrast with the more sober aspect and deeper hues of the surrounding country—altogether compose a spectacle that transfixes the spectator in astonishment, and calls up the most powerful and affecting associations to the contemplative mind. Where are the hands that reared these palaces—and, when another hundred years have rolled away, where will be the men who inhabit and frequent them!—This vast population that breathe and move beneath me—and whose noise ascends like the throbbings of the heart of a mighty empire: what are their pursuits—their expectations—and their aims?—They are immortal—there is a life beyond the grave—there is another city and a fairer land! Are they alive to their high and eternal destiny—are they conscious of their responsibility at the tribunal of God—are they seeking the riches—the enjoyments—the habitations—and the honours of another world? It is said of Xerxes, that he wept when he surveyed the millions that surrounded him on the plains of Asia, and reflected, that in a hundred years they would be no more. The Redeemer of mankind, from a far nobler motive, had compassion on the multitude when he saw them as sheep without a shepherd. And well may the christian philanthropist weep, when he contemplates the infidelity, frivolity, and vice, in which that vast popula-

tion are sunk, upon whose majestic city he has gazed with admiration and delight. But I dare not trust myself with reflections such as these. The theme is inexhaustible—and I have already put your patience to too severe a trial.

Your's, &c.

LETTER XIII.

Paris.

MY DEAR ———

YESTERDAY we were at Versailles. We proceeded through the Bois de Bologne to St. Cloud, the favourite residence of Buonaparte and his Empress, Maria Louisa. I must not omit to mention, that on this occasion we were driven by the postilion who drove Napoleon eleven years, and who, of course, had many times conducted him to that very palace, when Emperor of France. The Bois de Bologne, is to Paris something like what Hyde Park is to London. It is a favourite drive of the Parisians. It has, however, been shorn of its beauties by the British troops, who were encamped there, by whom many of the trees have been cut down and destroyed, so that little else but brushwood now remains.

St. Cloud is pleasantly situated upon a commanding eminence, about six miles from Paris. It is embosomed in delicious woods, and surrounded by all the Sylvan beauties which nature, in conjunction with art, can yield. The gardens are tastefully laid out, and considered as equal in beauty, if not in extent, to any the royal palaces can boast. In short, it possesses every attraction as a country residence for a monarch—a retreat, always at hand, from the business of a throne, and the bustle of a court. It consists of a noble front, with two wings, forming

three sides of a spacious court, and possessing a delightful view of the capital, and the intermediate country. The style of finishing and ornamenting within is very princely and magnificent, and the furniture is superb. Yet there is a chasteness and a delicacy pervading the whole, which bespeak the highly cultivated mind, at whose suggestions these last touches were given to this favourite resort of fallen greatness. The gallery is peculiarly splendid, and the paintings on the ceiling are remarkably fine—as are those of the saloons bearing the names of the four seasons of the year. The bed-chamber and the boudoir of the Ex-Empress, are universally admired—the most refined taste pervades the apartments, and the Graces themselves might not scorn to repose upon the sofas. The walls of this palace were enriched with the noblest productions from the Louvre, which were changed as often as the caprice of its master dictated. It is now preparing for the reception of the Royal Family, who intend to make it their residence for a few weeks. In fact, it needs but little preparation, for Napoleon has left them every thing that luxury could wish, and they have only to enter and enjoy it—if *they can*.——But alas! the splendour that surrounds them is a memorial of their sufferings, and they must sometimes start from their repose when they reflect, that they press the very couch on which the usurper lay.

We drove through the park of St. Cloud to the village of Sévres, where we stopped to see the Royal Porcelain Manufactory. We passed through the show-rooms, and were much pleased with the rich

and beautiful specimens of art which they exhibit. The painting and enamelling are most exquisite; yet I do not think the workmanship superior to that of the Worcester china. We were particularly struck with a table composed altogether of porcelain, ornamented with the most beautiful landscapes. The price of it amounted to nearly three thousand pounds of our money. Indeed, things were too costly there to be looked at with composure, and I was not a little pleased when I saw that we were all well out; for I was fearful, lest by an unlucky turn, some one of our party should have upset and broken one of these precious articles, by which a deeper impression would have been made upon the pocket than the beauty of the paintings had produced upon the mind.

Leaving the Porcelain Manufactory, which, by the by, I should have told you was established in 1745, and was purchased, in 1759, by Louis XV. from which period it became a royal establishment, we proceeded to Versailles.

Of this famous city and its magnificent palace, so much has been said and written, that I scarcely need to occupy my paper with a single remark. Still, however, I know you will expect something from my pen respecting it, as I have been there, and, therefore, I proceed cheerfully to gratify your wishes, without cherishing the vain conceit that in so doing I shall increase your information.

The partial and hasty view of the city of Versailles, which I obtained in passing through it, did not impress me very powerfully in its favour. The

streets are straight, and wide, and uniform, but they are dull, and forlorn, and comfortless—and afford but little indication of the bustle which once pervaded them, or the magnificence to which they still conduct. But the palace is a wonderful structure. It is stupendous and magnificent in the extreme, and reminded me more of the productions of the ancient Romans than any thing I have yet beheld in this land of palaces and mighty works. We were first conducted to the Library, which is apart from the palace, and separated from it by the street. It is an immense collection of books, bibliographically arranged, and deposited in a suit of spacious rooms. From the library we proceeded across the street to the Orangery. The collection of orange trees is very large, and many of them are of an immense age. One was pointed out to us that was nearly four hundred years old. Having passed through the orangery, we ascended, by a flight of more than a hundred steps of enormous width, to the grand terrace. There is another flight of steps, equally stupendous, at the opposite side of the orangery, conducting to the same terrace, which is, therefore, as wide as the whole space between them. Arrived on the terrace, a range of building presents itself to the astonished eye, vast in extent and exquisite in beauty. For my own part, I was powerfully affected by it, and stood for some seconds, overwhelmed by the spectacle, and utterly unable to express my emotions. It is more than eight hundred feet long—of the finest stone, and in the noblest style of Grecian architecture. There is a want of perfect

correspondence, however, in the roofs of the wings, by which the uniformity of its appearance is, in some measure, destroyed. This, it seems, Buonaparte had intended to correct. The roof of the chapel too, in the left wing, is in a barbarous style, and ill accords with the general chasteness of the edifice. With these exceptions, the palace of Versailles must be pronounced a most sublime structure, and altogether, unequalled in the productions of modern times. We passed through the principal suites of rooms, but to attempt a description of them would be absurd. Hall after hall—saloon after saloon—gallery succeeding gallery, in an almost infinite variety of magnificence, met the dazzled eye, and bewildered the mind with their immensity and splendour. The grand gallery is, perhaps, the richest room under the sun: all the pomp and luxury of fiction, the richness and exuberance of eastern tales, are realized in the embellishments of its walls, and all the glories of the arts seem concentrated in the paintings of its roof. The artist was the celebrated Le Brun, and the subject, the actions of Louis XIV. the builder of the palace. You may form some idea of the grandeur of the place, when I tell you, that Buonaparte, in the height of his ambition and the zenith of his glory, deemed it too vast and sumptuous for his residence. What an instance of humility and modesty, you will say, on the part of the Emperor! How is it, that in this particular, also, he did not imbibe the spirit of his predecessor, to gratify whose vanity the edifice was raised—and who once said to his ambassador, “The King of

England may know the extent of my force, but he cannot measure the elevation of my mind. Every thing to me is contemptible in comparison with glory." And was not this the very spirit of Napoleon.—Did it not breathe in all his manifestoes, and animate all his conduct. As he had the ambition and the vanity of the Bourbon, I wonder that he did not aspire to inhabit his palace also—but 'tis well for him that he did not. The glories of the Thuilleries—the beauties of St. Cloud—the classic elegance of Malmaison—and the romantic grandeur of Fontainebleau, are enough to compare with the wretchedness of Longwood and the rock of St. Helena, without the superadded splendour and magnificence of Versailles.

The Gardens are on a scale of magnificence corresponding with the palace, but laid out with the usual formality. There are innumerable fountains, woods, lawns, parterres, canals, temples, grottoes, and all that art, in concert with nature, could devise, to render them worthy the monarch of a mighty empire. The playing of the fountains is a great object of curiosity at Versailles, and it costs a prodigious sum to set them in motion. We might have witnessed it had we chosen to violate the sabbath for the gratification of our curiosity. Wearied with so much magnificence, and disgusted with the character of its author,* whose vanity is marked by every object that

* It seems that the haughty Louis was somewhat dissatisfied with himself before his death, for he is said to have exhorted his successor to the following effect: "I have been too fond of war, do not imitate me in that, or in being too expensive. Take advice on all

meets the eye, and whose baser passions are indicated by not a few, we returned to Paris. Our coachman took us home another route, chiefly along the banks of the Seine, which afforded us as we approached the capital, a fine view of the bridge, erected by Buonaparte to commemorate the victory of Jena, and also the foundations of the palace which he had begun to build for the infant King of Rome.

I must not omit to mention how much we were all delighted with the mistress of the hotel where we refreshed ourselves at Versailles, and where I was compelled to repose for a while. There was a kindness, and frankness, and artless simplicity about her, which exceedingly interested us. She was free, affable, and easy, without been frivolous, cringing, or obtrusive; and her anxiety to please, seemed to spring more from the amiableness of her disposition,

occasions, and endeavour to discover the best, that you may follow it. Relieve your people as soon as you can, and do that which, unfortunately, I could not do." He also enjoined upon him not to be forgetful of his duty to God. Such advice from the lips of such a man, and at such an hour, is affecting and powerful. None, since the days of Solomon, had lived in greater splendour, or pursued more eagerly the gratification of his passions; yet, to the king of France, as well as to the king of Israel, it was all "vanity and vexation of spirit." What different views we have of the scenes and occupations of life, on a dying bed, to those which lured and fascinated us in the gay and giddy vortex of dissipation and of pleasure. Let, then, the dying speak, while the living listen to their voice.—Let the gay and the dissipated hear their testimony, and give it all its weight, for every one of their own poets saith,

"———that tongues of dying men enforce attention

Like deep harmony——

For they speak truth who speak their words in pain."

than from interest or politeness. Nor shall I easily forget the feeling of sympathy with which she regarded my indisposition, and prepared a sofa for my repose. She was the first human being, except our own party, upon whom I have looked with emotions of confidence or pleasure, since my leaving England ; and there was about her an air of maternal tenderness and unaffected sincerity, which seemed to warrant that confidence, and could not fail to touch me, under circumstances of indisposition, and in a land of strangers. Your's, &c.

LETTER XIV.

Paris.

MY DEAR ———

We have been over the Thuilleries. I was much struck with the magnificence of the interior. Although there is not the exquisite taste of St. Cloud; nor the massive grandeur of Versailles, yet the apartments are sufficiently splendid in their furniture and decorations, to render them worthy the residence of a monarch. To enter into a description of the exterior of the palace, would be a waste of time. You have heard or read, again and again, that it is a long range of buildings, erected at different periods, and exhibiting various orders of architecture, differing in height and ornament, connected together and terminated by elegant pavilions. If the laws of symmetry and proportion are violated by this curious architectural mixture, it must be confessed that there is an air of romantic beauty pervading the whole, and that the appearance of the pavilions, and those portions of the palace which are occasionally seen above the foliage or through the avenues of the gardens, is extremely gay and fascinating. Of this palace, where every thing seems to have risen as by enchantment, to flatter the vanity, and administer to the luxuries of its inmates, Madame Bertrand was once the mistress: all that it contained was at her command. I was much affected, as we

were surveying its magnificence, with an anecdote of her, which was related by Sir S. ——. When he was at Longwood, Madame Bertrand exceedingly interested him by the amiableness of her manners. He was touched by a survey of the miserable hovel to which she was there confined—and still more, as, looking round the wretched apartment, she shrugged up her shoulders and said, “ Ah ! Monsieur, voici les Thuilleries ! ” What instructive lessons do these palaces read to those who visit their beautiful galleries and magnificent saloons, if they are but disposed to consider them aright—and none more impressive than the Thuilleries. What a horrid tragedy was acted within these walls on the night of the memorable tenth of August : when the wretched king and queen were compelled to leave the palace of their ancestors, miserable fugitives in their own capital, and seek a shelter from the brutal fury of the populace in the hall of the National Assembly—what a refuge !—only to meet there with indignities less supportable than death—while the hours of darkness that succeeded were occupied in deeds of slaughter, and the morning dawned upon the mangled bodies of the slain lying exposed in the halls, and on the staircases, and about the avenues of the Chateau. The more sober politicians of those times hailed the approach of the revolution, as a kind and generous being who would give them liberty and peace. They little thought that they were letting loose a many-headed monster, whose music was dying groans, whose element was blood, and who would lead them over the bodies of their mar-

dered citizens, to the vassalage of a still fiercer despotism. Like the incendiary, who desires to destroy only the property of his enemy, they saw the conflagration spread far wider than they contemplated, and bidding defiance to every effort to extinguish it, involve friend, and brother, and neighbour, all in one horrible and promiscuous ruin ! Then, indeed, like our first parents, their eyes were open, but it was only to gaze on misery and wretchedness. Then they discovered that the people were not ripe for the boon they would have imparted : but, dazzled with the light that dawned too rapidly upon them, the promised liberty was soon converted into madness—and freedom, to use the language of an elegant writer, “perished like a garland in the grasp of popular fury.”

But I have wandered from the Thuilleries—and no wonder : its history, for the last few years, exhibits such strange vicissitudes, that the mind must wander, that reflects at all, as it meditates upon the scenes and personages with which its apartments are connected. Five and twenty years ago, abandoned by the monarch whose ancestors had reposed within it for many generations, it became the bloody theatre of revolutionary fury. Murder stalked up and down its magnificent staircases, and strewed its splendid halls with the mangled trophies of its triumph. By and by, a new and more despotic tyrant rose, whose very name, at that time, was scarcely known in Europe, and planted the symbol of his tyranny on the spot where they had drenched the fleur-de-lis of the Bourbons in blood. After a lapse of not many years,

that tyrant falls, and the brother of a murdered king is restored to the palace of his fathers. Again the Bourbon flies and the Corsican returns—again the Corsican is driven from his palace and his throne, and the banners of the Bourbon once more wave from its pavilions. What a romance!—what a fairy tale would it be deemed, had not our eyes witnessed it, and the truth been too plainly demonstrated in the blood and treasure which all these revolutions have caused to flow! I could not but think of the story of the Sultan and the Dervise—a house with so many changes in its inhabitants, is not a palace, but an inn!

We saw the state bed-room in which Napoleon and the Empress slept. The room is used by the king, but not the bed—he is too unwieldy to get into it, but lies on an iron bedstead, brought in nightly for his accommodation, and placed at the foot of the state bed. The decorations of this apartment are very costly and magnificent.

On entering the suite of rooms through which we were conducted, we passed through the hall in which the king's body guard, *Garde du corps du Roi*, are in attendance. They are remarkably fine young men, and all of them gentlemen of the highest rank, junior members of the first families of France. They do the duty of common soldiers about the person of the king.

The Gardens of the *Thuileries* are a favourite promenade of the Parisians. They are abundantly supplied with chairs, the accommodation of which, together with the perusal of a newspaper, is afforded

for four sous. Whenever I have passed through the gardens, I have observed vast numbers enjoying the repose and information obtained at so cheap a rate : while the solitary politicians, seated here and there, with their favourite journal in their hands—the cheerful and animated groupes, engaged in conversation, to which the joke or the compliment seemed to add their enlivening influence—the solitary passenger gliding in the dimness of the twilight which the thick foliage of the trees sheds over the interior of the gardens at noon-day—and the gay and giddy crowds that saunter up and down the more public avenues, merely to see and to be seen, various in costume, in expression, and in manner, always presented to me an interesting picture, and awakened the liveliest sensations in my mind. What scenes have those gardens witnessed—by what beings have they been haunted—what demons in human form have stalked along their avenues—how has the sound of the tocsin invaded their deep recesses at the stillness of the midnight hour—when shrieks and yells of agony and horror ascended from their groves, and the paths were red with the blood and strewn with the bodies of the slain. He must be a stranger to feeling that can walk unmoved upon spots immortalized by deeds of horror, and not shudder as he compares the wanton gayety that now pervades them, with the dark transactions by which they will be strongly and indelibly marked in the page of history.

Your's, &c.

LETTER XV.

Paris.

MY DEAR ———

WE have passed another Sunday in this heathen land. A Sunday in Paris!—You are anxious to know how it was spent—what we saw and heard on that holy day—and whether there was any thing in the public services we witnessed in which the heart could find satisfaction, consolation, or repose. There was nothing. *Sunday* it might be called—the heathenish name may well be affixed to the first day of the week here, but 'twas no *Sabbath* to me; and, if what I have seen may be taken as a specimen, I am fully justified in saying, that, in the city of Paris, a Christian Sabbath never dawns. Can that be called a sabbath which is devoted to pleasure, to amusement, and to vice? But you are anxious to know how *we* spent it. I shall hasten to gratify your curiosity, reserving any remarks I may have to make on the state of religion, to the close of this letter, or to another epistle.

Upon going out into the street, which I did pretty early, in order to wait on Monsieur B. to whom I had a letter, and who was not at home when I called the preceding evening, I saw similar preparations to those which I had witnessed at Rouen. The houses were lined with tapestry, carpets, sheets, and linen of various sorts, with wreaths and gar-

lands of flowers, in honour of the procession which was to take place, it being the day on which some of the parishes in Paris were to celebrate the Fête Dieu. The rest had celebrated it the preceding Sunday. The procession, which had then taken place, was graced by the Dutchess D'Angouleme; and some said she was to walk through the streets on the present occasion, but this proved to be a false report. I found Monsieur B. and enjoyed half an hour's conversation with him. He is a pious, intelligent, and amiable young man, and the first individual, of congenial spirit with myself, with whom I have met in this strange land.

I could not make a long stay with Monsieur B. having engaged to be home early, to accompany our party to the chapel of the Thuilleries, to hear high mass performed before the Royal Family and the court. At the hour appointed, a royal footman appeared at the gate of our hotel to conduct us to the Thuilleries. Thus honourably escorted, we arrived at the palace, and were received by the Père Elysée, first surgeon to the king, who politely introduced us to the officer who has the care of arranging the company in the galleries of the Chapel Royal, for no visitors are allowed to remain below. To the condescending attentions of that officer we are much indebted, and the kindness of his manners, which evidently arose from the sweetness of his disposition, I shall not easily forget. He is the first Frenchman whose physiognomy has pleased me, and with his we were all exceedingly delighted. By him we were placed next to the royal gallery, which

is in front of the altar, so that we were close to the king and his attendants, when they made their appearance. The front seats of the side galleries are reserved for the ladies of the court; behind them the company are ranged, with one of the garde du corps, placed at the back of each seat. None of the visitors sit. The company was very numerous, and many were disappointed, not being able to obtain admittance. At length symptoms of preparation appeared in the royal gallery—the folding-doors which communicated with the other parts of the palace were thrown open—the chairs and cushions were adjusted—two men, most curiously and gorgeously attired, as heralds, in the costume of two or three centuries back, made their appearance, and every thing indicated the approach of royalty. But the king delayed. Meanwhile, every eye was eagerly fixed upon the door by which he was to enter, and expectation was at its highest pitch, when a commotion was heard in the adjoining apartments—a gentleman hastened to the front of the gallery and cried, *Le Roi!* when the king entered, supported by two marshals, and attended by the Duke de Berri, the Duke and Dutchess D'Angouleme, and about thirty or forty nobles, ecclesiastics, marshals and generals of his court. The full choir, composed of all the celebrated musicians and opera singers in Paris, instantly thundered, and the mass began. It was an august spectacle, and the impression of the moment was more than I can describe. High mass in the palace, and before the court of a popish prince, with all the fascinations art could lend, to bewilder the

senses by the splendour of its decorations, to overwhelm the mind by the burst of its music, or to ravish the soul by the more thrilling notes of the human voice: the brother, the daughter, the nephew of a murdered king, worshipping in the sanctuary and in the palace, which had witnessed their predecessor's sufferings, and been wet with the blood of his attendants: an assemblage of personages who have been, more or less, connected with all the wonderful and tremendous revolutions by which Europe has recently been agitated, whom we have contemplated at a distance with awe, and whose names will be immortal on the page of history:—all these things were perfectly new to me, and I must have been a stoic, indeed, if I had not felt, in some degree, the influence of such a singular combination of objects, with the interesting associations they awakened in my mind.

The principal figure in the groupe, on more accounts than one, was the king: his amazing corpulence would have rendered him so, had other circumstances been wanting. It was with the greatest difficulty that he walked to his chair, the possession of which was not accomplished without some inconvenience to himself, as the evident panting for breath which the exertion occasioned sufficiently indicated. The two gentlemen by whom he was attended on his entrance, took their stations, one on each side the back of his chair, and whenever he sat down, lifted up for him the laps of his coat. The effect of that ceremony was rather ludicrous. This occurred but once or twice in the course of the exhibition, for the

whole seemed little else, as the king retained his seat during the greater part of the service, while the rest of the royal party frequently rose and kneeled. I presume the king's infirmities have obtained a dispensation for him from the ecclesiastical powers, whom, as a good Catholic, he is bound in every particular to obey. At the elevation of the host, however, the whole court kneeled, the monarch not excepted; we were the only parties standing in the place. It was an affecting sight to see a prince and all his courtiers bending before the King of kings in the act of solemn worship—or rather it would have been an interesting spectacle, could I have been persuaded that the homage was spiritual and sincere. But, alas! the reflection, that in the monarch, and his family, and his court, I beheld the victims of superstition, of infidelity, and of vice—and in the worship in which they were prostrate, the idolatrous adoration of the image of the beast, came powerfully upon my mind; the charm was dissipated, and the emotions at first awakened, were succeeded by those of pity, abhorrence, and disgust.

There was something in the expression of the king that exceedingly touched me. There was an air of dejection in his countenance, and a melancholy wildness in his eye, that spoke unutterable things. He looked around him, as if uneasy and distressed—as if suspicious of some lurking danger—as if in pursuit of some object on which his eye might fix with confidence and pleasure; but disappointed in the search, he retired again into himself, and was absorbed in his devotion. He appeared like some prodigy

brought out for public exhibition and surrounded by his keepers—the mere image and representation of royalty; but his looks, when he surveyed the company, seemed to say, “I am *indeed a king*, but, oh! how reluctantly—how happy should I be, could I escape from this distressing pomp, this splendid misery—mine is an uneasy throne, and a crown of thorns.”—— I may be wrong, but this was my interpretation of his looks; and on communicating with the rest of our party, I found that others had put on them a similar construction.

The Dutchess D'Angouleme is an interesting woman: her figure is tall and graceful, and her dress was simply elegant. She was deeply engaged in the service during the whole of the performance, and seldom took her eye off the breviary which she held in her hand. Her husband, however, was not so devotional. He is a thin, active looking man, not very tall, with a physiognomy by no means prepossessing, but a quick and piercing eye. He was very restless during the ceremony—was perpetually looking about him, and then, as if suddenly recollecting himself, he turned to his breviary, and seemed to run over his prayers with great rapidity, making the appropriate crosses and gestures with prodigious haste. The Duke de Berri is a taller and a stouter man, more sedate and thoughtful, with features strongly marked and approaching to sternness. He was more occupied with the service than his neighbour, the Duke D'Angouleme.—The rest of the party seemed little concerned in the matter, and, except that they kneeled at the elevation of the host, appeared to take

no interest whatever in the service ; and as they stood during the whole of the time, and were a sort of exhibition to the company, they looked not a little pleased when it was over. At the close of the ceremony, the monarch was with difficulty lifted from the chair, and having moved respectfully to the company, he turned—took the arms of his attendants—the princes and the nobles followed, and the whole pageant passed away. *Sic transit gloria mundi.* A few minutes ago, the eye gazed upon royalty—the ear drank in the most delicious and ravishing tones of music—the mind was dazzled and bewildered by the pomp of Catholic worship and the splendour of a court. But now the dream was ended—the sort of pleasing delirium into which the mind was thrown, was dissipated ; and as the gay and giddy multitude passed away to some new exhibition, some fresh object of attraction, I began to review the scene by which it had been captivated. I am not at all surprised at the influence which the Catholic religion exercises upon the minds of its votaries. To those who never think upon the subject of religion, but are wholly absorbed in the pursuit of pleasure or of vice, and such, it must be allowed, are the great body of the French people, it must possess peculiar and powerful recommendations. The service being in an unknown tongue, at once intimates to them that they have no concern but with the repetition of the words, they need not meddle with the ideas the words convey, the priest thinks for them, and that is sufficient : while the pomp and splendour of the exhibition gratifies their vanity and meets their love of show,

"Why do you read your prayers in Latin," said a friend of mine to a French lady, "do you understand Latin?" "No, sir," said she, "it is very ridiculous that we do, but we cannot help it". "But why persevere in a custom which you think ridiculous?" "Ah!"—said she, and a significant shrug spoke her meaning. "Do you think the bible enjoins all these ceremonies?" "The bible, sir,—I don't know, I never read the bible." "Never read the bible, and yet profess to be a Christian!" "Ah! you know we are Catholics." "But is a Catholic any thing different from a Christian?" "Oh! I don't know, we leave all to our priests." "The priests, then, fill a very responsible situation?" "Ah! but this is our way, and Catholics don't trouble themselves much with these things." True it is, like Gallio, they care for none of these things, and this woman is a specimen of thousands, and tens of thousands in France. Multitudes care so little, that they never go to mass at all; and those who do deem it enough to go and mutter over the appointed prayers, with the appropriate crosses and gestures, and return—and thus infidelity and superstition divide the land between them, and shed over the thoughtless and ill-fated population the stupor and apathy of spiritual death.

From the Chapel Royal we proceeded to the *Oratoire*, in the Rue St. Honoré, the Protestant church. It is a very spacious and venerable edifice, and was well filled with an elegant congregation, consisting chiefly of ladies. Monsieur Manod was in the pulpit, but I could not get near enough to

hear distinctly his discourse. From what I could hear, it appeared to be upon the greatness of God. His manner was animated—his action sufficiently abundant, but not remarkably graceful, and his voice by no means well managed. He seemed to preach *memoritor*, and he made frequent and long pauses between the paragraphs. In the little that I caught, there was no allusion to the grand and fundamental doctrines of the gospel, repentance towards God and faith in our Lord Jesus Christ; and those of our party who were nearer to the preacher, and who heard distinctly, informed me that in these respects it was lamentably deficient.

There are three ministers in the *Oratoire*: the opinions and the sermons of two of them are much in unison with those of the *rational* Christians, or Unitarians of our own country. The other, however, whom I had not the good fortune to hear, is of a different cast, and his preaching is said to be decidedly evangelical. Besides these, there is Monsieur B. who, though he does not preach, studied at the seminary in Gosport, and is employed under the auspices of the Missionary Society, in doing what he can towards the establishment of schools and the distribution of religious tracts. It did not appear to me that he had done much, or that much at present is likely to be done, except in the instruction of children. The school connected with the *Oratoire*, however, is by no means large—I think not more than one hundred children altogether.—With respect to the distribution of religious tracts, there seems to be a prejudice in the minds of the people

against those printed in England, merely from the circumstance that they are English; if any extensive circulation of them should take place, it must be through the medium of the French press.

But, alas! alas! Paris is a hopeless scene—populous and splendid as it is, and rich in the sublimest productions of human genius, it is a spiritual desert, of moral waste. The life of God does not animate its people—the voice of prayer is not heard in its dwellings—its public haunts are thronged by practical if not avowed atheists. Those who are called religious, are the victims of the grossest superstition—those who bear the office and wear the habits of the priesthood, are, many of them, the secret votaries of infidelity. Such as call themselves Protestants, are sunk in the coldest indifference, and awfully fallen from the doctrines and the spirit of the reformers; and perhaps, it is not exaggeration to say, that a man of lively devotion and of genuine piety, in Paris, is as great a rarity as a civilized being in the wilds of Africa: while the light of true religion, if it be not utterly extinguished, shines like the glimmering taper in a sepulchral vault, struggling with the noxious vapours that every where surround it, and scarcely distinguished amid the deep and palpable darkness upon which its feeble rays are shed.

The state of religion amongst the Protestants, where one should naturally look with some degree of confidence, may be pretty correctly gathered from the circumstance, that they are quite as indifferent to the sanctification of the sabbath-day as the

Catholics—and in this, it is awful to relate, their ministers set them the example. The Protestant clergy in Paris, may be seen on the morning of the sabbath, discharging the most sacred duties of their office, and in the evening, sitting at the card-table, and deeply engaged in play. I could not have believed the report, had I not been informed of the melancholy fact by several persons who had seen them so occupied at that season, and I might have witnessed it myself, had I chosen to profane the sabbath by going to the parties in which they visit. Nor is the case with regard to the violation of the sabbath by the Protestant clergy of Paris singular, and to be attributed to the superior dissipation of the capital. At Nismes, concerning which we have heard so much lately, and the sufferings of whose persecuted Protestant inhabitants cannot too deeply excite the pity and abhorrence of mankind—at Nismes, two gentlemen, friends of mine, were absolutely ridiculed by the Protestant ministers, for refusing to travel on the Sabbath-day. I am aware that it may be urged as their apology, that the continental sabbath terminates with the morning service; that there is no obligation at all upon the consciences of the people, with respect to the evening of the day. It is true, this is the case with the *Catholic* population; but from *their* errors these men profess to have separated themselves, and from *them* we have a right to expect better things: and I need scarcely observe, that better things would be seen, if the principles, whence only they can issue, were imbibed and felt. But

what must be the tone of religious feeling, if it be proper to use the expression, in connexion with such a state of things, when it is not sufficient to maintain, in the ministers of the reformed churches, an outward separation from the dissipations of the world, or a decent respect for the sanctity of the sabbath-day ! There is something in *travelling* on the sabbath day, abhorrent to the feelings and convictions of a pious mind : there is something in the devotion of that day to *business*, at which a man of ordinary moral principle would shrink ; but in the prostitution of those sacred hours to *cards*, and that, too, by the ministers of religion—ministers of the *Protestant* faith !—every sense of propriety, every idea of decency, established by education and maintained by habit, in an English breast, is violated ; and men who make no pretensions to piety themselves, start from such a dereliction of principle and decorum with disgust. Does not the command, “ Remember that thou keep holy the sabbath-day,” extend its obligations to the continent of Europe ? Have we, in our little island, and amongst our rigid professors of religion, misunderstood the extent of that command, and stretched it to the *whole* of the sabbath, whereas it only intended *half* ? One would almost be induced to think, by a comparison of our English sabbaths with those of the rest of christendom, that we had : but yet, the edict stands upon the inspired record, and so plainly written, that the way-faring man, though a fool, need not, cannot err, in his interpretation—*Remember that thou keep holy the sabbath-day.*

If the old adage be correct—“ like priest, like

people"—if the flock in general follow the footsteps of the shepherd, and the congregation take the standard of their religion and morals from their pastor, what can be expected from the great body of the people bearing the name of Protestant. Alas! it is the name only—the principles and the spirit with which it was once associated, which animated the founders of their churches, and rendered their martyrs triumphant at the stake, are gone; and I have heard the observation from many whose long residence in France, and intimate acquaintance with the people of both communions, have enabled them to form an accurate opinion on the subject, that if there be any vital godliness in this country, it is not amongst the Protestants, but the Catholics. A gentleman, who knew them all intimately, assured me he did not believe there was one decidedly pious family in the *Oratoire* at Paris. When a few of them, who professed a regard for religion, were presented by an English lady with some religious tracts, they paid not the least attention to them, but said, "Ah! Madam, these things do very well in England"—and then, throwing them down, with a shrug of the shoulder, which, with the French, is infinitely expressive, told her, that they were not worth a perusal.

If, shocked by the melancholy state of morals and religion amongst the Protestants in France, we turn to the Catholics, the grieved and afflicted mind obtains no relief. There, however, we form no expectations, and are certainly spared the pain of disappointment. It is not enough to say, that the sabbath is with them like every other day; it is more gay, more dissipa-

ted, more devoted to pleasure and to vice. On that evening, above all others, the stage throws out its fascinations, and twenty theatres with their unfolded doors receive the giddy multitudes. 'Tis then that the public walks are most thronged—that the boulevards are the gayest—that the cafès are the fullest—that the haunts of pleasure and of vice, are most crowded with votaries—while the various assemblies and parties of the higher classes, complete the scene of dissipation, and perfect the circle of the vices that desecrate in this abandoned city, God's most holy day. It is the females chiefly who attend mass and confession on the sabbath morning—and this only to make way for every indulgence during the rest of the week. The men pay but little regard, even to the external forms of their religion; while multitudes of those whose profession and interest attach them to the church and compel their observance, secretly despise them: so that the Catholic religion in France is little more than infidelity under another title—scepticism attired in the habit of a monk—and the same system, with the name of *Voltaire* erased, and that of *Pius the Seventh* inserted in its stead!

When I contemplate the present state of France—when I see one part of the population the victims of the grossest superstition, and under the deadly influence of a mercenary and an artful priesthood—when I see another part, bowing at the shrine of infidelity, and devoted only to the gratification of their sensual appetites and basest passions—when I see the few who profess a purer system, and who ought to

show a better way, sunk in the arms of a spiritual apathy, as dead to the things of God—as unconcerned about the Redeemer's kingdom—as indifferent to their own eternal interests—as gay, as volatile, as much the lovers of pleasure, as the rest—and think of the introduction of the gospel amongst them, and their moral and spiritual improvement, I am ready to exclaim, *if the Lord should open windows in heaven, this thing might be*: but to all human probability, it is an era far distant, and against its arrival, the most formidable obstacles seem to have arisen. I limit not the holy one of Israel—I know that all things are possible with God, and he that breathed upon the slain in Ezekiel's valley of vision, can quicken into spiritual life, even in this abandoned city, an exceeding great army to profess his name and propagate his word, and, if necessary, to seal their testimony with their blood. Let British Christians feel for the melancholy state of the neglected continent; and while multitudes of their countrymen are repairing to it for the various purposes of amusement and of pleasure, and often leave no very favourable traces of British piety, or British morals, or even British honesty, in their passage through it, let others visit it with a more benevolent aim—to promote amongst them the circulation of the scriptures, to excite their attention to the word of God, by conversation and by tracts, and to forward, by their contributions and their advice, the establishment of schools, for the instruction of the children. Divested of the habits and prejudices which are deeply rooted in the hearts and lives of their parents, *they* present a more hopeful

scene for the cultivation of the moral and spiritual philanthropist. There, by the blessing of heaven, the seed that is sown may germinate, and future generations reap the abundant harvest. Though there are many discouraging circumstances, and the case may seem desperate, to the contemplation of an ordinary faith, yet I am persuaded much may be done in this way—and while success has crowned the exertions of Christian benevolence in every other quarter of the globe, and the moral wastes of India and of Africa, and the wilds of America, have already began to bud and blossom as the rose, the pious efforts and the fervent prayers, which seek the moral renovation of the continent of Europe, shall not be in vain!

Yours, &c.

P. S. Perhaps if a Frenchman, acquainted with the violations of the sabbath which occur in our own country, and the scenes of gayety and dissipation which abound in our own metropolis on that day, were to read this letter, he might be disposed to retort upon me the old proverb, "Physician heal thyself." The travelling—the feasting—the business—the dissipation—the diversion—the recreation, to which, in various ways, and through all the ramifications of society, this day is devoted even amongst us, constitute, unquestionably, a great national crime, and must be peculiarly offensive to Him, who has set apart this day, above all others, for himself, and hallowed it by his express and positive command. Yet, still the difference is great; and

deeply as England is involved in this enormous guilt, every Briton that feels interested for the welfare of his country, must rejoice that she has not gone the lengths in this crime that most of the states of christendom have done. *Her* violations of the sabbath are *individual*; *their's* are *national*. *Her* government protects the sabbath; *their's* leaves it undefended, nay, is the first to violate it. None of *our* public places of amusement, licensed by the state, are open on that day; *here*, they *all* are.—No public works with *us* are suffered to proceed on that day; *here*, they are little, if at all disturbed: and from the pavier in the street, to the actor on the stage, all seem as busy in promoting the convenience and amusement of the people on *that*, as on any other day. While with regard to the maintenance of public worship, and the numbers that attend, there is no comparison. It *feels* like the sabbath-day in England. Trade and commerce cease, and there is much to remind the sabbath-breaker, as he passes along, that he is profaning God's holy day. But this is not the case here; the city and its inhabitants present one uniform scene of gayety and indifference: and were it not for the processions which sometimes occur upon the festivals of the church, a man, who never counted the days or consulted his almanack, might live for months and years in Paris, and not know that a sabbath had passed.

LETTER XVI.

Sens.

MY DEAR ———

WE left Paris on Tuesday morning, and are thus far on our way to Geneva. Our last day in the capital, like most last days, the last day of life not excepted, was one of hurry and fatigue. Too much was crowded into it, and, therefore, with all our diligence, some things were left undone. We were glad, however, to escape from the tumult of the city, and have exceedingly enjoyed our journey to this place.

But before I take you finally from Paris, suffer me to tell you how much I was gratified with a visit to the Museum of French Monuments, and the Catacombs. These should certainly be viewed last of all the exhibitions in that metropolis, as they have a tendency to sober the mind, after the more gay and dissipated scenes which have engaged it. Here you converse with the dead, and the associations awakened, are immediately connected with eternity. In the Museum of French Monuments, you are surrounded by the affecting memorials of departed greatness. Here, the monuments, rich in sculpture and in eulogy, reared to the memory of the illustrious dead, are collected, from the various cathedrals and churches throughout the empire, and arranged according to their respective centuries.

The hazardous enterprise of rescuing these sublime efforts of sculpture from the hand of revolutionary fury, was undertaken by *M. Lenoir*, in 1790, at the peril of his life. But for his intrepidity, diligence, and zeal, very few of them, in all probability, would have survived that era of desolation, and France would have lost this most interesting and impressive monumental record of her monarchy. It embraces a period from Clovis I. whence their first connected records proceed, in 481, to the time of Louis XVI. The building appropriated to the reception of the monuments was formerly the convent of the Augustins; and the garden is converted into a terrestrial elysium, where, beneath the shade of cypress and of poplar, the ashes of Boileau, La Fontaine, Descartes, and many other illustrious men, repose.*

The Catacombs present a different scene. There,

* Alexander Lenoir was born in Paris in 1762. He studied in the college of Mazarin, and cultivated the art of painting under Gabriel-Francoise Doyen, painter to the king. In 1790, when the property of the church was declared the property of the nation, he formed the idea of collecting all the sepulchral monuments into one dépôt. The project having been submitted to M. Bailly, mayor of Paris, was approved by the National Assembly; and a special decree was granted for the accomplishment of the proposed collection,—constituting M. Lenoir, at the same time, keeper of the monuments.

In the prosecution of his object, his life was continually in danger. Once he was wounded in the hand by a bayonet, while endeavouring to preserve the tomb of Cardinal Richelieu from the fury of the revolutionary army by whom it was attacked. But he has lived to see his labours abundantly recompensed, by a collection of more than five hundred monuments, rescued by his intrepidity, arranged by his skill, and committed to his care;—the admiration of all enlightened foreigners, and the theme of his grateful country's praise.

underneath the ground, you pass through innumerable streets and lanes, whose buildings, if one may so speak, are composed of human bones, collected from the different cemeteries of Paris, and arranged according to the receptacles whence they were collected. It is, indeed, a golgatha—a place of skulls! You pass through parishes of the dead. It is Paris in the grave. Here its once gay and busy people lie ranged in their last house, according to the houses they occupied whilst living.—It is an affecting sight—it is like going down into the very heart of the empire of death, and intruding into the capital of the king of terrors. One pile alone, contains two millions four hundred thousand human skulls, and the different heaps extend for a mile in length. Nothing can be conceived more solemn and affecting than a visit to these dreary abodes. The indistinctness with which objects are seen by the feeble light of the tapers you carry in your hand—the intricacy and uncertainty of the path you traverse, and which is only indicated as the right one, by a black line drawn along the roof of the cavern, the loss of which clue might be fatal to the party—the thick and palpable darkness into which the innumerable passages branch out—the ghastly and affecting materials of which the walls that on every side enclose you are composed—the appropriate mottoes and sentiments engraven upon rude stones, with various sepulchral devices, interspersed throughout the melancholy piles—the deep silence that reigns around, broken only by the voices of the visitors, in curiosity or terror,—conspire to render this the most

interesting and instructive of all the exhibitions I have ever seen. There the gay and volatile spirit of the French seems to have sunk into something like seriousness: and thoughts and words that refer to the supreme being, and an eternal world, are recorded. I give you a specimen. In a recess cut in the rock, and under an arch that rests upon a wall of skulls, is placed a sarcophagus, upon which is a tablet with this inscription:

*Silence mortels
et vous vaines grandeurs
Silence, c'est ici
le séjour de la mort.*

Returning from the Catacombs we attended a meeting of the Institute, and were much interested in seeing and hearing Baron Humboldt, the famous traveller of the Andes. He presented, on that day, the last part of his work on equinoctial plants, and also read a paper on the comparative temperature of the different regions of the globe. He is a plain man, mild and amiable in his appearance, with more of the English farmer about him, than of the traveller, or the peer. There might be from seventy to eighty members present. It was to me an interesting, but affecting scene. Perhaps I had never witnessed a greater concentration of talent than appeared in that room: but, alas! to what was it all devoted, and to what results had the cultivation and employment of it in the various departments of literature and science conducted its possessors? Most,

may be, all of them, had discovered that the bible was a forgery, and some, that creation was the work of chance! Here are the wise and the learned, thought I; but what pitiable beings they are, without a revelation and without a God. The village sabbath-school is a nobler scene by far. I could imagine, that if angels wept, their tears would flow in pity for the one, while they gaze upon the other with smiles of joy: for in the sabbath-school, that knowledge is pursued which makes its humblest possessor wise unto salvation; but in the Institute of France their pride of learning makes them fools, and *by their wisdom they know not God!*

But, I fear you are already as tired of Paris as I have been; and yet, now that I am about to leave it, a thousand things rush upon my memory—visits unrecorded, and objects undescribed, the omission of which would be, indeed, without excuse, if it were not that the evenings of the ensuing winter promise many opportunities for the narrating of the former, while every tour and every guide to Paris will furnish you with ample details of the latter. Do not imagine, then, that after having ventured upon matters of far graver import, and now that the sublime and glorious regions of the Alps fill my imagination, I shall return, to number one by one the barriers of Paris—to describe the portals and the pillars of the several churches—to descant upon the colour of the waters of the Seine—or to sketch the

- many baths and washing-houses, that float upon its surface, rendered picturesque enough by the nymphs that inhabit, and the shrubs and flowers that adorn

them. Neither imagine that I have time or inclination to weary you with all the stories I have heard of Buonaparte, and his mortal enemy, Blucher; the magnanimous Alexander, and our mighty Wellington: the revengeful Prussians, and the fiery Cossacks! All these would fill a volume, rather than a letter, and will be communicated much more easily by the fireside than through the medium of the post.—Nevertheless, I may pause to confirm the report, that every body here speaks well of Alexander—that his moderation and forbearance, when Paris fell into his hands, were worthy of a great mind, and that his conduct throughout the period of his stay in that city, was such as to secure the esteem and veneration of all who witnessed it. He affected no state. His only equipage was a plain carriage and pair; while that of his Imperial Brother, of Austria, was a magnificent coach, drawn by eight white horses. One of the first inquiries Alexander made on his arrival in Paris, was after M. La Harpe, a gentleman of whom he had learnt the French language. He sent his aide-de-camp to say he should be glad to see him. The tutor was then out of town, but the monarch waited on his lady, and on his return, the worthy Frenchman had the honour of entertaining the Autocrat of all the Russias at his humble board, for the Emperor, without deeming his dignity endangered by the condescension, invited himself to dinner.

I have said little of Buonaparte, and for obvious reasons. But one thing I must not omit to tell you, as I think it will be new to many on our side the

water. Amongst the various projects which he entertained, was that of becoming the founder of a new religious sect; or rather of establishing *Unitarianism*. He became acquainted with this system from the writings of a Baron Gussey, which accidentally fell into his hands. He found that the great generals of antiquity had left nothing but a name behind them—they had no followers. But the founders of new religions were immortal in their disciples. The institutes of Moses had existed for four thousand years—the gospel by Jesus Christ was revered over a great part of Europe—Mahomet had his millions of votaries—Confucius, Calvin, and Luther, still existed in their sects—"I will, therefore, be the founder of a new religion," said he, "I will establish *Unitarianism*, and its disciples shall be *Napoleonists*. I will smile on Protestantism, and give religion liberty, as the means to accomplish my design. My people are so versatile, they will follow the court; on them I will heap my choicest favours, and thus destroy a religion, whose ceremonies and doctrines are inconsistent with common sense." I believe the source whence this information is derived, is one on which full reliance may be placed.

From Buonaparte we pass naturally enough to Fontainebleau, the palace in which he drank to its dregs that bitter cup, whose deadly and degrading influence is on him to the present hour.

Having waited on our ambassador the preceding day, and obtained our passports for Switzerland and Germany, we left Paris at seven this morning, by the

barrier of Fontainebleau, and immediately entered on a level country, which afforded us some fine parting views of the capital. The gilded dome of the Invalides was glittering in the splendour of the morning sun; and many an edifice, with whose form I had become somewhat familiar, was seen rising in sober majesty above the inferior buildings, as if to receive our last farewell. To me there is something affecting in the *last look*, on whatever object it is cast—for the last of every thing reminds us of the last of life, the last day we shall spend on earth—the last look we shall fix upon terrestrial scenes—when we must turn from the beloved objects, whose society and sympathy have sweetened our cup of wo, and filled our span of time, to the loneliness of death, and the realities of eternity.

The ride to Fontainebleau is extremely pleasant. On leaving the capital the road quickly enters a highly cultivated country, and occasionally affords extensive and beautiful prospects, in which the windings of the Seine are no inconsiderable feature. To the right, is a rich and extensive plain, stretching from the immediate vicinity of Paris to Orleans, a distance of thirty-six leagues. This plain may be denominated the granary of Paris; it yields the finest corn in France, and from it the Parisians are abundantly supplied with bread.

France is not yet intersected with canals to that extent that England is; but there is one in this direction which unites the Loire with the Seine. It traverses the forest of Orleans and the adjacent plain. It was begun so long ago as 1682, by Philip,

Duke of Orleans. It is a stupendous work, for it is carried by a tunnel under ground for an immense distance, having in some places valleys as well as hills above it. In the whole of this excavation there is no masonry, but the tunnel is hewn entirely out of the solid rock of chalk. The distance under ground is computed at nine miles. We passed through many small towns and pleasant villages, between Paris and Fontainebleau, and observed one or two chateaux, in a style of magnificence which we had not previously witnessed in this class of residences. At the small town of Charenton we passed the Marne, which, a little above that place, empties itself into the Seine. The prospect here was very pleasing and extensive; and from the stillness, serenity, and sylvan beauty which pervaded them, you may suppose such views would be extremely refreshing to us, after the heat and bustle of the capital. The city of Melun is worthy of notice, for its pleasant situation and extreme antiquity. It is one of the most ancient cities of France, and is mentioned by Julius Cæsar in his commentaries. The citizens say it was the model after which Paris was built. Certain it is, that the situations of the two places are very similar: Melun stands upon the Seine, which, as in Paris, divides the city into three parts. It is the principal place of the Department of the Seine, and Marne.

Leaving Melun, and passing a beautiful chateau on the left, we quickly entered the forest of Fontainebleau, at a distance of about thirty miles from the capital. The road now became extremely interest-

ing. The bright foliage that lined it was refreshing to the eye ; while the occasional vistas which it passed, and the gentle eminences that it traversed, afforded, now and then, hasty glances of woodland perspective, and extensive prospects approaching to the sublime. Here and there the hills presented a bold outline ; enormous masses of dark gray stone lay scattered, as by accident, along their sides, and, mingled with the furs that clothed them, presented a thousand fantastic forms and combinations to the eye, while the imagination, without much effort, suggested a thousand more. This forest contains about twenty-five thousand English acres, and there are several others of prodigious extent in France. Those of Ardennes and Orleans may especially be named. We have Mr. Arthur Young's agricultural travels with us, and I perceive that he estimates the annual revenue of the forests at twelve millions sterling, the rent being taken at twelve shillings per acre.

At the time of the revolution, all the forests belonging to corporate bodies, and such as fled their country, were declared the property of the state. To these were added the forests of Belgium, and those on the left bank of the Rhine. But the arbitrary regulations under which the private proprietors of woodlands groaned were not abolished. Persons appointed by the government examined the woods and marked every tree which they judged proper for the service of the navy, after which the owner could no longer say that it was his, or touch it with his axe ; while every man who intended to cut his timber, was obliged to give six months notice to the over-

seers of the forests, who had the power to permit or to forbid the execution of his purpose, at their pleasure. How much the strength of a country, and the independence of a people must be weakened, by such arbitrary laws, such vestiges of feudal tyranny, I need not attempt to prove. Happy is that land, where the property as well the person of the inhabitant is sacred, and the right of every man's inheritance, and the produce of his labour, is as much respected by the state, as by the private individual.

The town of Fontainebleau is embosomed in the forest. Its situation is not much unlike that of Lyndhurst, in Hampshire, which is also dignified with a royal hunting-seat ; but the town of Fontainebleau is large and populous, and its palace of immense extent, while Lyndhurst is small and unassuming in its appearance, and has long been deserted by that royalty, to whose dignity its palace could never have been equal, and of whose residence it now possesses but a few memorials. But while, in her palace and her population, Lyndhurst yields to Fontainebleau, in her forest, she far surpasses it. We saw no extensive avenues and stately vistas, vast in their breadth, and extending mile after mile before the wearied and astonished eye, till lost in the indistinctness of more distant foliage, that seemed, amid the brightness of a summer noon, to mingle with the blue ether of the heavens. We saw no stately, well-proportioned, and majestic beech, that spread their ample shade across the sylvan road, by which a marching army might obtain a shelter from the scorching sun. But the new forest in Hamp-

shire abounds with such characters of grandeur; and pressing closely upon the little town, its capital, throws its shadow into its streets, and gives it an air of deep retirement, such as I have never witnessed in any other place, and such as, although in the midst of the forest, Fontainebleau does not possess.

But its palace is interesting on many accounts, and cannot but be approached with deep emotion, by a mind that embraces the events of high antiquity with which it is connected, and the still more momentous deeds of modern times, which would amply suffice to rescue it from oblivion were it but a building of yesterday, and to place it amongst those memorable spots, whose names the page of history will preserve, and whose scenes and transactions future ages will incessantly revolve.

There is little, indeed, in the external appearance of the palace to interest the traveller; but the interior will fully repay him for the trouble he may have taken to survey it. Having been built at various periods, it presents a motley mixture of the very worst styles of architecture. Squat, ugly, and dwarfish, without the least pretension to regularity, it is as great a deformity in building as we sometimes see in nature. It surrounds an ample court, on three sides, while the fourth is formed by the road, from which a view of the edifice is obtained through a series of tall iron railing, the gilded points of which terminating in the form of a spear, are a sufficient indication that "Napoleon the Great" has been its inhabitant, for all his imperial railing was after this fashion. The palace consists of four dis-

distinct châteaux, erected at different dates, and each one having its separate garden. The whole edifice contains nine hundred rooms. Six hundred years back is this palace mentioned in history. Francis the First took great delight in it, and to him it is indebted for much of its internal magnificence. Henry the Third of France was born within its walls. The haughty Louis XIV. paid it an annual visit, and it was amongst the royal houses which the famous Colbert repaired and beautified for that proud and ambitious monarch. But its greatest celebrity is derived from a modern name—a name at which Europe and the world once trembled, but a name that has prematurely passed away—whose charm was strangely and suddenly dissolved, and for which a mysterious destiny has seemed to anticipate the oblivion of the grave. You may well imagine with what eager curiosity we inquired for the chamber in which Napoleon signed his abdication of the throne of France, I might almost say, of the thrones of Europe, for they clustered round him like so many constellations, of which he was the central and combining luminary. Nor shall I easily forget my sensations, when I not only entered the interesting apartment, but was shown the little table on which the important deed was done—the momentary deed, which transformed him from an emperor to an exile, and banished him from the palaces of France to a lonely dwelling on the ocean. What was the agony of his feelings at that moment—how he was at once transported by rage, by vexation, and despair—is sufficiently indicated in the vehemence with which he threw his

pen-knife on the table, the marks of which are still distinctly visible. The images that were present to my mind, and the reflections that crowded upon me in that small apartment, I should in vain endeavour to embody in language. I felt as if riveted to the spot—I threw myself upon the couch he pressed—I looked again and again at the table on which he wrote—I surveyed every article of furniture the room contained, as if I expected that some of the inanimate things around me would find a voice to satisfy my ardent curiosity, and tell me all the momentous history of that day's transactions; and I believe that I had been left some time alone ere I was roused from my reverie by the return of the guide, to apprise me of the advance of the party. I then took a sketch of the memorable table and departed. We were also shown the room in which he held his last council, the table of which was still standing, surrounded by the magnificent chairs of state, nearly as when he rose from its gloomy deliberations. We, moreover, passed through the suite of apartments which were occupied by the Pope, when Buonaparte held him as a prisoner in France. All the furniture which his holiness used remains precisely as when he left it. The guide described him as a mild and peaceable old man; and I believe he endured the insults and injuries heaped upon him by the emperor, in a manner not wholly unbecoming the sacredness of his character and office. The theatre and the chapel, (a singular combination, but one uniformly found in the palaces of France,) are both extremely elegant. The

floor of the former is composed of the finest marbles, while the ornamental part of the latter is very costly, and rich in gilding. Many of the rooms are splendid, but comfort seems to have been chiefly studied throughout the whole. The gallery of Francis I. is surrounded by the busts of eminent men, sculptured in white marble, and supported upon marble pillars. Our great Duke of Marlborough and the illustrious General Washington are each honoured with a place.

This palace suffered greatly during the reign of anarchy. It was stripped of all its furniture at that period, and is indebted for the elegance which at present reigns in its apartments to the taste of the fallen emperor.

Leaving Fontainebleau, we passed a column which they are erecting to commemorate Buonaparte's abdication, on the third of April, 1814. It stands at the confluence of several roads, and is not merely an affecting memento of the instability of human affairs, but is also a striking object amid the woodland scenery that surrounds it. The grotesque appearance of the rocks, and the fanciful grouping of the trees, continued to interest us for many a mile, till at length, amid the splendours of a glorious sunset, we arrived at this place safe, but not altogether without catastrophe, for we discovered at Pont sur Yonne, the last post, that the axle-tree of our carriage was in a state nearly approaching to fracture, a circumstance, in which the regret awakened by the delay it will occasion, is greatly moderated by thankfulness that we are safely arrived. Adieu.

Your's, &c.

LETTER XVII.

Geneva.

MY DEAR -----

HAVE you courage to renew the journey with me, and after traversing for three wearisome days a level country with little to relieve the eye, to cross the precipitous and rugged mountains of the Jura, to get a view of this charming lake, and the sublime and romantic scenes that lie beyond? Happily, you may accomplish the journey without the fatigue it occasioned us, for we have been exposed throughout the whole, with the exception of the last day, to the heat of a burning sun, whose rays I never felt so intensely hot before.

But before we leave Sens, where the repairs of our carriage were accomplished with much greater expedition than we had anticipated, I must conduct you to the cathedral, for it is one of the most ancient in France, the first stone of it having been laid, according to *tradition*, for I presume there are no written documents which convey the information, by the proto-martyr Stephen. It is, as you may suppose, from its high antiquity, a most venerable structure. The front is spacious and imposing, and adorned with various sculptures. In surveying it we had the advantage of the moon; and in the deep solemnity of mind which the view of it inspired, I was fully prepared to accede to all that Mr. Walter

Scott has so elegantly said on the subject of moonlight visits to such structures :

“ If thou wouldst view fair Melrose aright,
Go visit it by the pale moonlight.” &c.

We repaired to the cathedral again in the morning. The interior is extremely spacious, and the style of architecture plain. It struck me as very much resembling Notre Dame in Paris, and it is said to be equal to it in its dimensions. In the nave of the church are two remarkably fine painted windows ; at the altar is a most exquisite piece of sculpture, representing the murder of the first Archbishop of Sens ; and there is also a monument erected to the memory of the Dauphin, the father of the present king, which deserves the notice of the traveller.

While strolling about the church, we were accosted by a curious little man, who invited us to see the relics. We accepted of his invitation, and being shown into the vestry, were gratified with a sight of a piece of the true cross, *le veretable croix*, as he affirmed, and also a morsel of the Redeemer's robe. The piece of wood was preserved in a glass cross, tipped with silver, and for that precious fragment he said they were indebted to the generosity of Charlemagne. Besides these, he showed us the robe of the Dauphin, and that of Thomas Becket, who was murdered at Canterbury. That haughty prelate fled to this country from the vengeance of his incensed monarch, and was here received with great marks of attention by the Pope.

They celebrate his martyrdom annually with great pomp in this cathedral, and upon these occasions, the robe in question bears an important part in the ceremony.

From Sens our route lay through the province of Champagne, so justly celebrated for its wines. Through the whole of that day's journey we had the Yonne more or less in view, and the highly cultivated state of the country presented a succession of pleasing prospects to the eye, and awakened still more pleasing sensations in the mind. The vintage promises well this year, but the last it almost entirely failed, in consequence of which the price of wine is higher than usual; notwithstanding this, however, we drank burgundy at three francs and a half, and Champagne at five francs per bottle.

Auxerre, through which we passed about noon, is delightfully situated on a gentle declivity, and is watered by the Yonne. It is the principal town of the department of that name, and being favourably placed for commerce, carries on a considerable trade with the capital and the surrounding provinces, in timber and in wines. Its cathedral is one of the finest we have yet seen on the continent, excepting only that at Rouen. The style of architecture is gothic; and it possesses a rich profusion of painted glass. Some of its windows are extremely fine. It stands on a commanding eminence, and is seen to great advantage from the surrounding country. In this church our attention was arrested by a wooden monument, to the memory of the late unfortunate royal family of France. It was painted;

or rather daubed, in imitation of marble. We at first imagined that it was only a temporary thing, a model, perhaps, of one to be erected on the spot; but we were told that it had been there three years. I never saw so contemptible a thing in the meanest country church in England. I hope, for the sake of their own feeling, that none of the present royal family will ever visit this cathedral, or that this rubbish will be removed before they come. If this were a fair specimen of the loyalty of the people of France generally, as we are led to suppose it is of the people of Auxerre, one could not well draw the conclusion, that the throne of the Bourbons rested on a rock. They call it a monument to the memory of the unfortunate royal family; but it stands, a monument of their own meanness, a disgrace to the cathedral, and an insult to the sufferings it records.

We were glad to hear our landlady at Auxerre talk of the mountains, and inform us that on their account we must have six horses. We were weary of a level country, which, however beautiful, soon becomes uninteresting and insipid—and were impatient to obtain a glimpse of those romantic beauties, which had lured us so far beyond our original design. We would fain have reached Dijon that night, but we found it utterly impossible, and were obliged at the close of the day to halt at a poor little country place, Vermanton, and put up with such accommodation as its only inn afforded. The obliging manner of our hostess, a fine, active, sprightly woman, and the civility of her maids, soon reconciled us to our entertainment, which was not of the most luxu-

rious kind. The situation of the place was extremely rural. We had not, indeed, seen any of the mountains of which our landlady had said so much, but gentle undulations of country every where surrounded us, and presented a grateful variety to the eye. The simplicity of a country village reigned throughout the place. The evening was tranquil and serene, and the song of the nightingale was sweet. I walked out to enjoy the delightful calm of nature, and felt the force of those exquisitely beautiful lines of our great poet :

Now came still evening on, and twilight gray
Had in her sober livery all things clad;
Silence accompanied, for beast and bird,
They to their grassy couch, these to their nests,
Were slunk, all but the wakeful nightingale;
She all night long her amorous descant sung;
Silence was pleased: now glowed the firmament
With living sapphires: Hesperus that led
The starry host rode brightest, till the moon
Rising in clouded majesty at length,
Apparent queen, unveil'd her peerless light,
And o'er the dark her silver mantle throw.

From Vermanton we proceeded by Maison Neuve to Dijon. At Maison Neuve we dined, or rather tried to dine, but there was literally nothing fit to eat. Every thing was dirty, filthy, and unwholesome, and the bread the worst part of the provisions. Indeed, during the whole of our journey through the provinces, we have had very indifferent bread, owing to the badness of the wheat last year. 'Tis well that the present promises an abundant and wholesome crop. From Maison Neuve to Dijon,

the appearance of the country very much reminded us of England. We began to lose the vineyards, which are by no means picturesque; and the lands became, in a great measure, enclosed. At Vitteaux, a small village, where is the post, we passed the castle of Sombrino, a fine chateau, but now in ruins. It was once a place of considerable strength, but fell a victim to the desolating spirit of the revolution. The race that once possessed it, and called the surrounding lands their own, are passed away, and it is now the property of the postmaster. Presently, we reached Republic, a house or two, erected in the time of the revolution, and intended as the commencement of a town to be so called. Here the country assumes an air of boldness and of grandeur. The hills became lofty, well wooded, and abrupt, and the valleys exceedingly rich and beautiful. It was late when we arrived at Dijon, and the gates of the town were shut. Upon application, however, they were quickly opened, and we passed, by a magnificent portal, into a fine wide street, and were presently surrounded by the comforts of a respectable inn.

It would detain you too long were I to take you over the curiosities of Dijon, of which there are many, in buildings, in public institutions, and in relics of antiquity. It is the metropolis of this part of France—the chief place in the Department of the Cote D'or, and the capital of Burgundy. It is surrounded by walls, and entered by five gates. Its streets are spacious and clean; the houses, generally speaking, are large and handsome; and there

is an air of life and gayety about it, not very common in the provincial towns of France. Indeed, we could not but notice the almost total absence of life and activity in the several places through which we had passed, as affording by no means a favourable indication of the improved state of things in the provinces. There was an air of gloom and desertion pervading them. The houses had a cheerless and neglected appearance. No one was seen in the streets—they looked as if deserted by their population, or inhabited by a people who never went abroad. The smacking of the postillion's whip, indeed, brought a few people together at the door of the post-house, but these were chiefly women, old men, and children, who seemed to have nothing else to employ their time, and no other mode of subsistence than from the precarious charity they obtained of travellers. The roads have been as much deserted as the towns. Here and there we saw a few people, chiefly women, in the fields; but the visible population, even the sprinkling of towns and villages, such as they are, was extremely thin for the extent of country.

We had heard much, before we left Paris, of the perturbed state of the provinces; and, indeed, we were warned not to attempt travelling through them, till order was in some degree restored: and we learned upon the road, that we were the first party that had passed that way for ten days. We found, however, as we suspected, that the reports had been greatly exaggerated. There had been, indeed, so ne little disturbance at Sens, owing to the high price of

bread, but it was immediately quelled, and all was perfectly tranquil. The appearance of a *gendarme* or two upon the road, was the only indication of a state of *revolt*, as they called it, we met with, and we passed unmolested, and with perfect ease, by all the dangers of which the Parisians warned us.

Although they are at present suffering much, as the poor in England are, from the failure of the last harvest, yet the general condition of the peasantry in France, has undoubtedly been much bettered by the revolution. The feudal tenures are abolished, with all the enormous cruelties and oppressions that followed in their train—while tythes and game laws have no existence here. By the sale of the church lands, and the estates of the refugees, the soil became more equally divided. The poorer classes were purchasers of from one to ten acres, and upon these small portions are enabled to live with tolerable comfort, in part supported by their own little farms, and in part by the produce of the work which they perform for others. There existed, prior to the revolution, a sort of tax called the *Corvées*, by which the people were obliged to repair the roads by their own personal labour. This was a most oppressive imposition in itself, and was often greatly abused by those who had the peasantry under their control. There was also the military *Corvée*, by which the inhabitants of the villages through which troops marched were obliged, at whatever expense of inconvenience and toil, to repair the roads along which they were to travel. This mark of despotism is wiped away. The roads are now in the hands of

the government, and they mend them at their pleasure. The consequence is, however, that while the main roads which are travelled by the mails and frequented by the great, are kept in good repair, the rest are in a lamentable state. But this is a trifling evil compared with the oppression and tyranny involved in the former system.

There was a singular mode of tenure prevalent before the revolution, which is now also done away. The proprietor and the farmer entered into a sort of partnership concern. The former found the land, with the stock, the seed, and the implements of husbandry, while the latter furnished the requisite labour; and the produce, except what was necessary to keep up the stock, was equally divided between them. This compact, though it may look well to the eye, at first sight, yet, on minuter inspection, will be found to indicate a most melancholy and depressed state of things at that period. For the poor farmer, without any capital of his own, was wholly dependant on the will and caprice of his superior in the firm, and liable to be turned pennyless upon the world at his pleasure. But this system is also abolished, and what the farmer now cultivates is either his own personal property, or his by a money rental, so that he is unfettered in his plans of improvement, and is encouraged by the prospect of reaping the undivided produce of his labour.

There are no poor's rates in France. This method of providing for the poor was suggested in one of the reports drawn up by the committee appointed to inquire into the state of the poor, at the time of the

revolution, but it was rejected by the National Assembly. The support of the poor is somewhat precarious. In large towns there are hospitals for the sick and aged poor, and these are chiefly supported by a toll laid on all provisions entering the town. But in the country places there are no such asylums, and the support of the indigent is less certain. We have seen many beggars on the road, but certainly not so many as I expected, and by no means so many as besiege the traveller in Ireland; such as there are, are chiefly old men and children. The most troublesome fellows are the boys, who surround you whenever you leave your carriage or your inn; each eager to become your guide, to the cathedral, or other objects of curiosity in the place, which they run over with great rapidity. Whether you wish for their assistance or not, they continue to pursue you, and it is almost impossible to get a walk in any direction through a town, without some of these pests at your heels.

Your's, &c.

LETTER XVIII.

Geneva.

MY DEAR ———

It was a lovely morning when we left Dijon, and the road presented a more animated scene than we had witnessed in any previous part of our route. This compensated for the insipidity of the country, which it flat and open, and with little variety to relieve the eye, though in a high state of cultivation, and smiling with the promise of an abundant autumn. We passed many groupes of cheerful peasantry repairing to the town, and many waggons, of a curious structure, heavily laden, and drawn by horses, as curiously yoked to the carriage and to each other.

Approaching to Auxonne, the number of people on the road increased, and we observed a considerable difference both in their costume and their complexion, particularly in the women. Their faces were extremely brown, and to defend themselves from the scorching sun, they had an enormous kind of white beaver hat, of very coarse materials, but of immense dimensions, broader than the hats of the Chinese, and to the full as capacious as that of any coal-heaver in London. They cut a curious figure thus attired about the head; and, together with the cocked-hats of the men, which most tenaciously retain two peaks only, out of the three, that give it ra-

ther the appearance of a small inverted canoe, present a truly foreign picture to an English eye. We found Auxonne crowded with people and cattle, it being a horse fair, and while the horses were putting to, which was not very expeditiously done, we amused ourselves with strolling through the streets and mingling with the crowd. We have certainly found more life, more business, more cheerfulness, and more apparent comfort, in the remote provinces than in those nearest to the capital. I pretend not to account for this, but merely name the fact, as not altogether undeserving of remark. Auxonne is remarkable for two things, the double wall that surrounds it, and its long and venerable bridge, which, by three and twenty arches, crosses the Saone; the river which flows past that town to Lyons. At this place I furnished myself with a straw hat, such as is usually worn by the people of the country, my own being almost insupportable amid the burning heat to which I was constantly exposed.

There was little to interest us on leaving Auxonne, till, at the brow of the hill, immediately before we entered Dole, the carriage suddenly stopped, and the postillion cried out, *There's Mont Blanc! There are the Alps!* I started from a deep reverie into which I had fallen; and lifting up my eyes, beheld the whole chain of Alps, forming the line of the horizon, at the immense distance of one hundred and thirty miles, and yet distinctly seen with the naked eye. Mont Blanc appeared towering above them all, and glittering in the sunbeams like a crystal lake. The emotions of my mind at that moment were unuttered-

ble. I had not power to speak—my heart beat with increased rapidity within my bosom—and now that the sublime and stupendous objects, upon which my imagination had dwelt so long and with so much ardour, were actually before me, I could scarcely realize the scene, or believe the vision true. And, indeed, there was something so unearthly in their appearance—distance, and the splendours of a summer noon had so melted and softened them down—that they looked like a singular combination of dark and brilliant clouds resting on the earth: while the suddenness and unexpectedness of their appearance, all contributed to heighten the effect, and give it more the air of enchantment than reality. You may smile, perhaps, that I should make so much of what some would deem a very little thing, and occupy so many lines in telling you where and when I first saw the Alps. But if there are any scenes that interest me, next to the important discoveries of the sacred volume, they are the sublime and beautiful in nature—such objects as surround me now, and such as are to feast my eyes and fill my heart, if life and health are spared, through the ensuing week. The man who does not kindle at these displays of the Creator's power—that has no spirit stirring in his breast to harmonize and mingle with them, had better stay in cities, and study man! But I am happy sometimes to escape from *man*, to study *nature*—and amidst her awful or her lovely scenes, to converse with God. I send you a sketch of the scenery to which I have now alluded. It was committed immediately to paper, while the outline was before me. It has the

merit of correctness, therefore, though I am well aware it is destitute of every other :

————— 'Twas noon,
 And from the summit of the hill I gazed,
 Over the fertile plains of southern France
 That lay outstretched beneath a cloudless sky,
 Rich in the produce of the bounteous year.
 But, oh! the amazing barrier that afar
 Stayed my advent'rous sight, and fixed my eyes
 As in aerial regions betwixt earth and heaven.
 I saw the Alps—the everlasting hills.—
 A mighty chain, that stretched their awful forms
 To catch the glories of the mid-day sun,
 And cast their shadows o'er the “ realms of noon.”

Oh! 'twas a goodly sight;
 Like some delicious summer evening's dream,
 When worlds ethereal float before the mind,
 Peopled with beings of celestial mould,
 That glide and glitter mid the cloudless sky,
 And sip the dew from amaranthine flowers,
 And drink the splendour of unsetting suns.
 Yet, fair as fiction, 'twas an earthly scene;
 A lovely portion of this lower world
 By distance softened to the gazing eye.
 Some rear'd their fronts and stretch'd their mighty length
 Like heaps of shadow from the abyss of night;
 And some like crystal seas and lakes of glass,
 Hung by Omnipotence in middle air,
 Appeared the boundary of this earthly scene—
 This side the wond'rous ocean all was earth;
 Beyond, the aerial billows roll'd and broke
 In gentle murmurs on celestial shores.

I deem myself fortunate in having been thus favoured in my first view of the Alps. I believe they are not often seen at so immense a distance, though it is said that Mont Blanc is sometimes distinctly visible from the ramparts of Dijon.

We reached Poligny in the afternoon. It is a little post town delightfully situated at the foot of a romantic rocky hill, which may be considered as the first step in the mountains of the Jura. They are a chain of hills running through the whole of the province of Franche Comté, from Lyons in the south, to the Rhine in the north, and forming, in that direction, the natural frontier of France. You enter them at Poligny, and do not leave them till within a few miles of Geneva. They are a chain perfectly distinct from the great body of the Alps, though the departments in which they are situated, are called the Higher and the Lower Alps.

The pass from Poligny into the Jura is extremely fine, and affords the traveller a rich specimen of the scenery that lies beyond. The road winds up a rocky and well wooded ravine, doubling and trebling till it reaches the summit, from which is an extensive prospect of the level country we had passed, and to which we now, without reluctance, bade adieu. It was long before our carriage reached the head of the ravine; we watched its progress as it slowly crept along at our feet, rendered insignificant by distance, but adding to the picturesque effect of the surrounding scenery by the stragglers it drew after it from the cottages, and the bustle it occasioned in its route. We admired the taste displayed by the hand of nature in the grouping of the firs in this romantic glen, the elegance of their forms, and the pleasing variety of hue, which their foliage exhibited from the deepest to the brightest green. In the valley, about a quarter of the way up, is an exten-

five building, which was formerly a monastery. The chapel is said to have been a very beautiful edifice. It was destroyed in the revolution, and the house, which was once the abode of monks, is now inhabited by the peasantry of the place, from whom we gained our information. Having reached a more level road, dark and gloomy mountains rose before us, and about night-fall we arrived at Champagnole, a little village at the foot of a lofty hill of that name. The mountains of the Jura, black with forests, and rendered hideous by the darkness of the night, which was hastening to inwrap them, rose beyond it. There was something appalling in the loneliness and wildness of the place, and the blackness that every where surrounded us. But we soon forgot the gloom that reigned without, by the warmth and cheerfulness of a blazing fire.

These forests, we were informed, abound with wolves, who, at certain seasons, are remarkably daring and ferocious. A friend of mine, who passed that way last year, learnt at Champagnole, that they had carried off a child from the outskirts of the village a day or two before his arrival. Happily, they kept a respectful distance from us, and neither alarmed us with their appearance nor their voice.

At Champagnole we found the people in great distress. The number of travellers has considerably diminished this year, and this circumstance, together with the high price of corn, had induced them to sell most of their horses, so that we were fortunate in obtaining six for our carriage. If any party ar-

rived after our departure, they must have waited for the return of our horses.

We were all day travelling over the Jura, occasionally descending into fertile and well-peopled valleys, and deep ravines, and often toiling up roads cut like shelves out of the rocks, at an height from which it was terrible to look down on the woods that waved, and the clouds that rolled beneath. I exulted, however, in the new and interesting scenery; the eye was no longer wearied with the sameness and monotony of a flat and highly cultivated country, subdued and fashioned by the art and to the taste of man; but all around was wild and independent—summits inaccessible to human footsteps, and rocks that bade defiance to human culture, with here and there a smiling valley, that just supplied enough for the necessities of its inhabitants, but denied that abundance which pampers luxury and increases wealth, too frequently the sources of tyranny and oppression. The farm-houses, too, reminded us, from the peculiarity of their structure, being composed simply of planks of fir, with vast projecting roofs of the same material, that we were approaching Switzerland, the cradle of freedom, and the retreat of Protestantism; while the general character of the cottages, and their romantic situations, naturally brought to my mind the many happy hours I have passed amid the mountains of Wales,—a country interesting to the lover of the picturesque from the grandeur of its scenery, but more so to the Christian, from the piety and zeal of its inhabitants. The only unpleasant circumstance

in crossing the Jura, and which bespoke the deep poverty of the people, was the great increase of beggars. They were chiefly children, and their numbers and their importunity was truly astonishing. From the very slow rate at which we travelled, they were frequently enabled to follow us for a considerable distance, and this they did, entreating in the most piteous accents, and repeating the same words with a sort of measured intonation, *Monsieur, s'il vous plait, donnez moi, charité.* These were the sounds that perpetually assailed us, and we were glad when a little level road allowed us to go on at a quick rate, and thus lose, for a while, the distressing din.

Leaving Champagnole, the road enters a sublime ravine, and ascends through rich forests of beech and fir, to Maison Neuve: there a delightful valley opens to receive it, well peopled and rich in pasture; but, as if disdaining the lowland country, it soon turns from the peaceful vale, and climbs the rocks, and penetrates the woods that rise above it, and at length reaches St. Laurent, where, turning abruptly to the right, a deep and romantic glen unfolds its beauties, while some of the loftiest summits of the Jura are seen beyond, dark with forests, and speckled with snow. At St. Laurent, we found the inn occupied by people who had come on occasion of a funeral. No one would have guessed their errand from their cheerful countenances; but such was the sprightliness and gayety that seemed to reign throughout the party, that, but for their sable attire, we might have supposed they had come to celebrate

a wedding or a wake. The scenery from St. Laurent was extremely wild and desolate. Clouds, mountains, and forests were all around us, with glens, but partially and indistinctly seen, beneath; and we had attained to a considerable elevation, when, about noon, the town of Morez burst upon our view. It is situated in the heart of the Jura, at the bottom of an immense cleft in the rocks, through which rolls a romantic stream, and where a few verdant fields are seen to shine. It happened to be market day, and the effect was most interesting—to emerge in a moment from the solitude of gloomy mountains to the hum and bustle of a crowded country town! We looked down upon it, like aerial beings taking a peep at what was passing in the lower world. It was a grateful refreshment to the eye and to the heart, and reminded us that we were still in the land of the living, and not quite beyond the reach of civilized society.

At Morez we met with two English gentlemen, returning from Italy. They observed, that although they had recently crossed the Simplon, yet they were much struck with the sublimity of these passes of the Jura. A few minutes chat with a countryman was very pleasant so far from home and in a land of strangers.

From Morez we ascended, by a steep and difficult path, that scarcely deserves the name of a road, to *Les Rousses*, an inconsiderable village, and thence still continuing the ascent, we passed the base of the Dole, one of the highest summits of the Jura. There we observed, in the most sheltered situations,

a few scattered houses, resorted to in the season, for the purpose of making the Gruyer cheese, which is celebrated all over the continent for its exquisite flavour.*

The road here became not a little terrific, running along the loftiest ledges of the mountains, where the breaking of a wheel, or the restifness of a horse, might have been fatal to our party, till suddenly turning to the left, we saw at an almost inconceivable depth, the lake of Geneva at our feet. We enjoyed not that magnificent view of the Alps, which in clear weather is obtained from this point, and which has been so frequently described by travellers, for the rain had come on previously, and the whole scene was enveloped in clouds and mist, through which the lake was but dimly seen, and upon which it was fearful to look down. The descent from this point is extremely steep, and the road which winds down the side of the mountain, rather too rapidly for the traveller's comfort, in one place is made to pass through a huge projecting rock, that threatened to obstruct its way. But it was the work of Buona-parte, and rocks were mere playthings with him, as his passage of the Alps, and the passes of the Simplon attest. I left the carriage at the brow of the hill, and reached Gex, the next post town, and the last in France, considerably before it, so difficult is

* The principal place for the manufacture of this cheese, and whence, indeed, it derives its name, is Gruyeres, a small town in the canton of Friburg, in Switzerland. A great part of the salt consumed in the manufacture of these cheeses is drawn from Franche Comté. It sells at six batz, or eighteen French sous per pound.

the descent. Sullen grandeur was the character of the scenery around me. Occasional gleams of light were cast upon the lake, and the clouds were seen rolling along the valley, and creeping up the bosoms of the mountains, now covering and now unfolding their summits clothed with copse-wood and crowned with forests of fir. But I paid for my gratification, and what I conceived my safety, by excessive fatigue and a wet skin.

At this place they brought us the most delicious wine we have yet tasted. We asked for the *vin de pays*—they called it *lunell*. It appears to me to be in wine, what the pine-apple is amongst fruit—it combines in itself the flavour of every other, without an undue predominance of any.

Night now came on, and in the dark we passed Furney, the seat of the infidel Voltaire, and entered the gates of Geneva. We heard the roaring of the Rhone as we crossed the bridge, and our ears are perpetually saluted with the rippling of the lake, upon which our hotel is situated.

Your's, &c.

LETTER XIX.

Martigny.

MY DEAR —————

It often happens that where we expect the greatest gratification we enjoy the least. I have felt the force of this reflection in my visit to Geneva. The shortness of our stay did not allow us, indeed, to see any of its society ; and the information I had previously obtained of the state of religion was not such as to excite in my mind very exalted expectations of pleasure from that source. Few of the doctrines, and little of the spirit, which once rendered it the glory of the Protestant world, now remain : and that truth, which was asserted and maintained by Calvin, a name to which the city of Geneva is more indebted for its celebrity than to the grandeur of its scenery, the beauties of its lake, or the stern character of its ancient independence, has scarcely an asylum within its walls.* The pastors

* What was the state of things in this respect, in Voltaire's time, may be pretty correctly gathered from the friendship that subsisted between that arch-infidel and the pastors of Geneva. In a letter to D'Alembert, in 1757, he writes, " The magistrates and the priests come to dine with me as usual. Continue to leave with me and Tronchin the charge of the pleasant affair of the Socinians of Geneva." In another to the same correspondent, he says, " It cannot be otherwise then that, in Calvin's own town, with a population of four and twenty thousand free thinkers, there should still remain a few Calvinists ; but they are extremely few, and are well abused.

of its churches are almost to a man, Arians, or Socinians. A few, perhaps, may cherish the genuine principles of the reformation and feel their influence. I know, indeed, that this is the case, but they bear no proportion to the majority, who are sunk in infidelity and scepticism, and can do but little towards the diffusion of that divine light, and the spread of that glorious gospel, by the resuscitating energy of which the Church of Geneva may again awake from the philosophic dreams of infidelity, and emulate the zeal, the piety, and the simplicity of former times.

All honest folks are deists." These are surely awful testimonies against them; for what communion hath light with darkness? What concord hath Christ with Belial? or what part hath he that believeth with an *infidel*? Another evidence as to the state of religion in Geneva about that time, may be gathered from the article Genève, in the French Encyclopædia. The writer of that article says, "To say all in one word, many of the pastors of Geneva own no religion but pure Socinianism. They reject all those things that are called mysteries, and consider it as the first principle of a true religion, that it shall propose nothing to be believed that offends reason. Also, when pressed upon the necessity of revelation, that dogma so essential to Christianity, most substitute the term utility, (*utilité*) which appears to them more soft. In this, if they are not orthodox, they are, however, true to their principles." No wonder, that in the very next paragraph in the same horrible article, should be the following passage: "It is not surprising that the progress of infidelity should be less deprecated at Geneva than elsewhere, since their religion is reduced almost to the adoration of one only God—respect for Jesus Christ and the Scriptures being the only things which distinguished the Christianity of Geneva from pure deism." "The pastors of Geneva," says Rousseau, "are asked if Jesus Christ is God: they dare not answer. They are asked what mysteries they admit: They dare not answer. A philosopher casts upon them a haughty glance; he sees through them; he discovers them to be Arians, Socinians; he proclaims it, and thinks that he does

But I was somewhat disappointed in the general appearance of the city. The style of building, in the commercial part of it, is extremely uncouth and barbarous. The roofs of the houses project entirely over the footpath, and are supported by long pillars from the streets. Lines of little shops, not unlike the moveable offices which you see upon the quays in London and in Liverpool, are placed between the footpath and the horse road, so that the light being impeded both from above and below, the whole has a mean and gloomy appearance. There are some good houses in the upper part of the town, built of

them honour. Immediately alarmed, terrified, they assemble, they consult, they are agitated; they know not what saint to call upon; and after manifold consultations, deliberations, conferences, the whole terminates in a nonplus, in which is neither said, Yes, nor No. These clerical gentlemen of your's are, in truth, singular beings. One knows not either what they believe or what they disbelieve; one does not even know what they pretend to believe; their only method of establishing their own faith is by attacking that of others." Thus it was fifty years ago: how it is now, may be learned from the catechism which the pastors of that church have lately published, in which every thing essential and vital in Christianity is omitted; nothing is left to be believed, and unbelief is the very essence and spirit, if it can be called so, of the system. I rejoice, however, that there is a remnant of holy and devoted men still in Geneva, who retain the most ardent attachment to the doctrines of their forefathers, and fear not to preach them faithfully. These men have recently been encouraged by the countenance and zeal of a few British Christians, and by their united efforts, with the blessing of heaven, we have reason to hope that the pure principles of the reformation may yet prevail again in Geneva. Those who wish to see more on this melancholy subject, may consult a most important article in the Eclectic Review for January, 1818, on the above-mentioned catechism, and the catechism itself.

stone, and very lofty, commanding magnificent views of the lake and the surrounding country. There is little uniformity in the streets of Geneva. They are wild and irregular, and, with few exceptions, very steep, in perfect accordance with the character of the neighbouring scenery. Many parts of the city reminded me of Chester, especially those streets in which the roofs of the houses project as I have described. They present a nearer approach to the rows of that ancient city than any thing I have seen elsewhere. Geneva is surrounded by fortifications, and is entered by gates and draw-bridges. The entrance from the French side is very handsome.

On Sunday, I debated much in my own mind where I should worship. Unhappily, the gentleman to whom I had an introduction was from home, and our *mâitre de place* could give me very little information on religious matters. Aware, however, of the state of things in the churches of Geneva, and ignorant who and what I might hear, I determined for the English episcopal chapel. I felt the devotional part of the service extremely edifying, and was much impressed with the scriptural character and deeply devotional spirit of the liturgy. I wish I could say as much of the sermon. The chapel was very respectably attended by English families, resident chiefly in the vicinity of Geneva. There were several carriages, and some with coronets, at the door, after service. We were then too late for any of the churches; and indisposition, the result, I be-

lieve, of extreme fatigue, induced me to remain at home the rest of the day.

There was more external decency observed in Geneva than at Paris ; but, nearly the whole of the afternoon, they were fiddling and dancing in the opposite house to our hotel, quite after the manner of a continental sabbath ; and from six in the morning, I was completely robbed of my repose, by a Frenchman in the next chamber to mine reading aloud what appeared to me to be a French play with all the intonation and vociferation of an actor, studying his part for the performance of the evening.

The views of the lake from my bed-room window would have been delightful, but the incessant rain that fell during the whole of the day, and the thickness of the atmosphere in the morning, deprived me of their full enjoyment. But the lake, in this part of it, is ever restless ; the Rhone about to issue from it prevents its repose, and its murmurs are pleasing to the ear. They awakened many interesting associations in my mind, and the impression was, perhaps, as powerful, as if all the majestic scenery that surrounds it had been perfectly unveiled to my view.

We had not been long in Geneva before we were waited upon by a Monsieur Crotet, who offered his services as our guide to the glaciers of Savoy. He had served the Princess of Wales in that capacity, and possessed her attestation, together with that of many other distinguished characters, to his qualifications for such an office. He traced out to us the plan of our route, upon a beautiful model of the Alps of Savoy, executed in relief, which he brought

with him for the double purpose of information and of traffic. At his suggestion, it was determined to send the carriage round the opposite side of the lake to meet us at this place, while we took a calash from Geneva as far as St. Martin's, on our way to Chamonix, where we must abandon it, and be content to proceed on mules.

These important matters being duly arranged, we took a drive round the environs of the city, and were much delighted with the variety, the beauty, and the grandeur of its scenery. Happily, the rain had ceased—the clouds began to ascend and to disperse, and the views of the lake, and the mountains, in every direction, were most enchanting and sublime. From one favoured spot, at the head of the lake, a greater variety of grand and interesting objects meets the eye, than perhaps are to be seen from any other spot in Europe. A venerable and populous city lies at your feet—a vast and magnificent lake, in calm and placid dignity, spreads its pellucid waves beyond—a landscape rich in all the produce that the diligent cultivation of a fruitful soil can furnish, what the French call, *une Champagne riante*, is immediately around—while vast and gloomy mountains form a stupendous background to the picture, stretching their awful forms to meet the distant horizon, and hiding their lofty summits in the clouds. In clear weather, the hoary-headed Mont Blanc appears like the presiding genius of the scene—the venerable monarch of his kindred Alps. The mountains most distinctly visible when we enjoyed the prospect, were the Salève, on the right, rising to upwards of

three thousand feet, and the uninterrupted length of the Jura to the left, whose highest points is upwards of four thousand. From this spot, which we left with reluctance, we proceeded to the banks of the Arve, and pursuing its direction for a while, at length alighted at the entrance of a copse, through which we made our way with difficulty, the path being hilly, and very slippery from the recent rains, to a place where we saw at our feet the much celebrated junction of the Arve and the Rhone. The Arve has a thick and soapy appearance, derived, in all probability, from the mountains of ice and snow, in the midst of which it rises. The Rhone is of a fine dark green, and issuing fresh and unspotted from the lake, seems for a while to disdain a connexion with its muddy spouse. For two or three miles, the haughty Rhone keeps up its reserve, and the rivers roll side by side, in the same bed, without mingling their waters. At length, however, yielding to the destiny that has made them one, they embrace and blend with each other; the distinction is quickly lost, and the polluted Arve is absorbed in the turbulent and majestic Rhone. Both rivers are, indeed, extremely rapid, and this gives an impetus to their course, which, as they previously run nearly in the same direction, may account for the curious circumstance of their preserving a distinctness so long after their junction.

I felt no inclination to visit Furney, the residence of Voltaire. When I consider the pestilential influence of his character and writings, and the infernal elements and diabolical spirit which compose and

animate them, my heart sickens at the mention of his name; and I should have shuddered to enter the dwelling once inhabited by the bitterest and most malignant enemy of the Redeemer, that ever, perhaps, appeared in a human form!

We left Geneva at four in the afternoon, with every favourable omen, as to the weather, and all in excellent spirits, little anticipating the severe test to which the courage and philosophy of some were shortly to be put. For my own part I must confess, it was with considerable emotion, that I crossed the draw-bridge of Geneva to commence this tour. The few days that were then immediately to follow, promised to be amongst the most varied and interesting of my life, and were to give to my actual sight, those sublime and stupendous features in nature, which had filled my imagination, as depicted in the narratives of travellers, and the songs of poets,—of which I had talked, and read, and dreamt, but which, till recently, I had never hoped to visit. Mons. Crotet, our newly-acquired guide, appeared at the appointed hour, mounted on his *bidet*, in a splendid uniform of blue and gold, which he had new, in honour of the Princess, with a silver medal suspended from his button-hole, indicating him to be a courier of government, and a man in authority to procure horses or mules, or in any other way to expedite the advance of the parties he conducted. This paraphænalía, I assure you, has proved by no means useless, for they seem to be as well aware of what is likely to promote their own interest in this, as in any other part of the world.

A few miles from Geneva we entered Savoy, and passed from the Protestant republic of Geneva, to the Papal territories of the King of Sardinia. Here the scenery of the Alps began to open before us. On the right, the Arve was seen winding through a highly cultivated and luxuriant valley; on either side, hills and rocks rose to a considerable elevation, and behind, the mountains of the Jura closed in grandeur the delightful view. We passed through many peaceful villages, whose inhabitants appeared to be a simple and a happy people, and about sunset, reached, by a long avenue of elms, the little town of Bonneville, romantically seated on the Arve.

Our arrival created no small stir amongst the inhabitants. Heads in abundance appeared at the doors and windows as we passed along the street, and a crowd was soon assembled round our carriage when it stopped.

The town is embosomed in the mountains, and watered by the Arve. It has a fine ancient bridge over the river, from which the surrounding scenery is viewed to great advantage. The former rises abruptly, on the right, to the elevation of 4500 feet from its base; and on the left, Mont Brezon, to nearly the same altitude. The former is elegantly formed, and terminates in a peak; the latter is extremely wild and savage in its aspect, and little more than a bare and rugged rock, with occasional patches of verdure.

In the evening, we were somewhat interested with the conversation of an old soldier, who came to offer his handy work in the plaiting of hair for sale,

and who spoke broken English, having been a prisoner in England. He told us they were miserably poor, and had suffered intensely by the failure of the last harvest. He said that few, very few, could read, yet they were not destitute of Bibles. "But of what use are they," said I, "if nobody can read?" "Oh!" said he, "some can read, and those who can, read to those who cannot." "This," I replied, "is as it should be, so far as it goes—but would it not be better, that those who cannot read should learn, that all may read it for themselves?" He shrugged up his shoulders at this, and made no reply: but his looks seemed to say, either, "I do not comprehend you," or, "that is a matter quite out of my province to meddle with; we leave all these things to our priests."

Before leaving Bonneville, we strolled into the church-yard. The church is a neat and simple structure, not unlike some of our country chapels in Lancashire; and the congregation, as they came out from mass, consisting chiefly of women with their blue cloaks, tended to confirm the general resemblance of the scene. We were particularly struck with an immense cross of wood standing by the pathway in the church-yard, and furnished with all the apparatus for crucifixion—the ladder, the hammer, the nails, the sponge, together with representations, correct models no doubt, of the lantern which Judas used when he came to the garden to betray his master, the dice with which the soldiers cast lots upon his garments, and the cock which crew after that Peter had thrice denied him. Poor

deluded people! duped with such toys as these! How is the pleasure derived from the beauty and grandeur of their country mingled with pain and regret, excited by the contemplation of their moral and spiritual condition.

We left Bonneville at an early hour. The road passes over the bridge to the foot of the Môle, and traverses a lovely valley, bounded by lofty mountains, and rich in scenes of pastoral beauty. The Môle was a fine object in the landscape seen from the windows of our inn at Bonneville, and did not fail to renew our gratification as we passed along its base in the morning. Though nearly 6000 feet above the level of the sea, it is clothed with verdure to its summit. Its companion, the Brezon, is, however, of another cast, and in its bare and rugged crags, presents a striking contrast to the Môle. The road is lined on either side with walnut trees, which afford a grateful shade. The pine-built cottages are by no means thinly scattered throughout the valley, and there is something remarkably neat and simple in the appearance of the people. The same character of countenance pervades them all, especially the women, so that they seem like brothers and sisters of the same family. It was the *shepherd's fête*, an annual festival, celebrated by the shepherds in these valleys, on the Nativity of John the Baptist. On this occasion, the shepherds, in their best attire, pay their respects to the shepherdesses in the morning. Service is performed in the church, to which they make a point of attending; and festivity and mirth fill up the remainder of the day. Many of the houses which we

passed, had garlands and crosses of flowers nailed over the doors, and some of the cattle were adorned with similar *insignia*, in honour of the festival. We could not have seen the people to greater advantage. And yet, we did not observe that gayety and cheerfulness which we had anticipated in the peasantry of Savoy, and which, one should suppose, an occasion like this would have excited. The truth is, they suffered too much from the entire failure of the last harvest, to resign themselves to thoughtless gayety, till they see the crops well gathered in. The valley from Bonneville is considered as the first portal of the Alps.

Passing the village of Sigony, we were shown the opening of the valley far up the mountain to the right, in which was formerly the convent of the *Chartreuse du Reposoir*, whose once hospitable inmates were wont to welcome the traveller to their lonely dwelling, when, destitute of good roads and comfortable inns, these valleys were explored with difficulty and with danger.

From this place the mountains closed upon us. The rocks began most fearfully to overhang the road, and seemed as if hastening to embrace each other. Here, at the commencement of this narrow defile, the Arve is rather *heard* than *seen* to roll its noisy and contracted stream. Where the river has found a bed, man has also fixed his habitation,—for, crossing a romantic bridge, and turning abruptly to the right, we entered the little town of Cluse, enclosed on either side by rocky ramparts, and sheltered, one should imagine, equally from sunbeams and from storms.

Here all further proceeding seemed to be stopped, at least for carriages, for there appeared to be scarcely room enough for the flowing of the Arve; but, on leaving Cluse, our admiration was excited by the safe and easy road, which is judiciously cut at the foot of the rocks, and we were filled with astonishment at the ingenuity and perseverance of man, till the opening of the valley awakened our attention to the sublime and magnificent features of nature all around us. This is called, the second portal of the Alps. The Arve rolled at our feet, and as we followed the various windings of the valley, seemed to spread itself into a series of lakes, each presenting its own peculiar characters of loveliness and majesty. The sides of the mountains were occasionally bare and rugged, but for the most part they were clothed with forests of fir: while above, pointed summits and fantastic crags, every where met the eye, and filled us with admiration and awe. A few miles up the valley, the guide pointed out to us the entrance of the cavern de Balme,—a sort of arch in the cliff, about six hundred feet above its base. It is a natural gallery in the rock, and well worthy the attention of those who have leisure to visit it. The ascent, however, is difficult, and we contented ourselves with the guide's description. The valley now becomes still more spacious; but its boundaries increase in grandeur, whilst the eye is relieved by the *Bosquets de Maglan*, which begin to impart their exquisite softness and agreeable variety to this charming scene. There are groves or clumps of beech trees, situated in the meadows, which rise in gentle swells from the

verge of the Arve, and spread their green and undulating carpet, spotted with cottages, and watered by innumerable streams, to the bases of the neighbouring rocks. At one of these, famed as the retreat of the Naturalist, Bourrit, we alighted. It was a lonely and sequestered spot. The copse afforded us a grateful shade from the noon-tide sun—the murmurings of the restless Arve were the only sounds that broke upon the ear—while all around, tremendous precipices rose to heaven, and seemed to shut us out from the cares of mortals, and the busy world. My imagination never pictured a fairer scene, or dipped its pencil in brighter hues. I rose, as if by enchantment, and the spell seemed for a moment to have included us in its potent influence, for we were rivited to the scene, and felt an almost unconquerable reluctance to depart. But our guide admonished us of the lapse of time, and having let off a hand-grenade, that we might enjoy its echoes as the rocks returned them, we repaired again to the carriage. Such, thought I, is human life. Such, and so fleeting, are its joys. We have scarcely time to realize them, ere they are fled—like those occasional gleams of light, which sometimes break upon us in a stormy day!—

Leaving this sequestered spot, we passed, on the left, the delicate waterfall, D'orli, and a few miles beyond, we paused to admire the beautiful cataract of Arpenas, perhaps the most elegant in the Alps. Its height is estimated at eight hundred feet. The water rushes with considerable volume over a tremendous precipice of dark and fantastic rocks. At

first it divides into separate streams, that in their fall somewhat resemble descending rockets, till at length, caught by the rocks beneath, they meet and mingle in one mass of foam, more light and graceful than the softest pencil could portray. At this cataract we had a remarkable instance of that deception which is produced to the eye, by the magnitude of the objects which compose the scenery of these Alpine regions. Viewed from the road, at the distance of not many hundred yards, the fall itself appeared to be by no means so considerable as its measurement determines, while at its foot there was a little verdant hillock, to the summit of which it seemed that a few steps would elevate us. To this hillock we determined to proceed, as a good station from whence to view the cataract. But what was our astonishment, when we saw "the mole-hill rise into a mountain" before us; and having, with no small toil, reached its top, beheld the cataract itself multiplied to an almost inconceivable vastness, rushing into a perturbed abyss beneath, that confounded us by its uproar, and bedewed us with its spray.

As we passed the neat and rural village of Maglan, which is not far from the waterfall, the people were leaving the church. We were much struck with the beauty of the women. I never saw such an assemblage of pleasing, open, and intelligent faces before.

At St. Martin's, the little town of Salenche was seen, on the opposite side of the Arve, seated at the foot of its romantic mountains, while its neat

white spire arose in modest elegance above the surrounding woods.

St. Martin's is a solitary inn, with the appropriate sign of Mont Blanc, well situated for the accommodation of travellers. This is a place which some of our party will long remember, and none of us, perhaps, shall easily forget, for there commenced the several toils, and the highest pleasures of our tour. We could no longer proceed in the comfortable vehicle which had conveyed us from Geneva, but were compelled to commit ourselves to the obstinate dispositions, and uneasy paces of the mules of the country. We have since learned, however, that we might, perhaps, have been furnished with the *char-a-banc*, the only carriage which traverses these Alpine paths. It is a sort of car, very low, upon which two or three may sit, being drawn sideways, with their feet resting on a swinging board, which almost touches the ground. We met the daughter of Admiral N—— in such a carriage, in one of the wildest parts of the route, and we saw it cross a roaring mountain torrent, under circumstances of apparent peril, which we could not contemplate without emotion—but which the unconcern of the guides, and the fearlessness of the animal that drew the car, convinced us existed more in our imagination, unaccustomed to such scenes, than in reality. Having named the lady, I ought to add, that the noble admiral, mounted on a mule, was by her side.

Behold us, then, well seated on our safe and hardy animals—surrounded with skilful and experienced guides, with Monsieur Crotet at their

head, as captain of the boat,—fairly on our way to Chamouni. Yes—we were to sleep that night at the foot of Mont Blanc, upwards of three thousand feet above the level of the sea, and surrounded, in the midst of summer, by eternal snow! You will not wonder at the enthusiasm which these anticipations kindled, or that, with the remembrance of them, it should awake again. Do not expect, however, a description of the scenery through which we passed in this most original and romantic ride. The rapid succession of grand and interesting objects—the ever varying circumstances of light and shadow, of sun-shine and of cloud, of brilliancy and of gloom, under which they were contemplated,—the individual features of the landscape, which sometimes fixed us in silent admiration, and the grand and stupendous whole, which occasionally overwhelmed the mind—all require descriptive powers to which I have no pretension. The pencil of a Claude, and the pen of a Byron, were equally inadequate to convey to the mind of one who has not witnessed similar scenery, any inadequate impression. Yet, I am anxious you should, in some degree, participate my pleasure, and, transported in imagination to these regions, travel with me. Hopeless; then, as the task of description may appear, I will yet attempt it, convinced that with you, the intention will be a sufficient atonement for the failure.

The road, or rather path, from St. Martin's, is up a deep and fertile valley, watered by the Arve, rich in woods of fir, and bounded by mountains of various forms and of tremendous altitudes. Their

rugged peaks were sometimes lost in the clouds, at others, their summits towered in majesty above them, and, disdaining the veil in which they would have shrouded their glories, left them to rest upon their bosom, or to creep along their base—and often bathed in the blue ether of the heavens, the rocky peaks appeared as if themselves ethereal, and exhibiting, what mineralogists call, the play of colours, looked like masses of transparent matter composed of the purest elements and richest hues—rendered still more glorious by the splendours of the retiring sun. At the little village of Chede, at the upper end of the valley, and where the mountains began most sublimely to close upon our path, we turned aside to see the beautiful cataract of that name. It is extremely elegant in its form. The scenery that surrounds it is sylvan and sequestered. The torrent that composes it, rushes from the neighbouring mountains, and dashing down a succession of precipices, hurries, fretted and uneasy, over its rocky bed, to pour its tributary streams into the waters of the Arve. I was shocked to meet with an instance of avarice and extortion even here—in this deep retirement of nature, where one should imagine such sordid passions could have no excitement. A miserable old woman, at the little farm-house where we left our mules, muttered out her discontent at a handsome remuneration for a little milk and a few wild strawberries, with which she presented us on our return from the cataract. Here, thought I, in this old woman, whose face was the personification of every mean and malignant

passion,—here is a fine example for those dreaming sentimentalists who rhapsodize, about the power of grand and romantic scenery to refine and elevate the mind! Our friend, Mons. Crotet, however, gave her a very wholesome lecture upon the sin of covetousness, and we left her, not a little affected at such an exhibition of human nature, and in such a place. We looked for extortion in the streets of Paris, but little expected to find it by the waterfall of Chede!

The path now became extremely steep and difficult, and we continued to ascend, till we halted to rest a moment at the little lake of Chede, whose water is famed as the purest of the Alps. From this spot we distinctly saw the summit of Mont Blanc—saw the clouds roll off, and leave its hoary head, white with the snows of ages, perfectly uncovered, and finely contrasted with the deep azure of the sky it seemed almost to touch. It was the first near view we had obtained of the monarch of the Alps. When we saw him last, it was at the distance of one hundred and thirty miles; but now he appeared so near, that a few minutes would be sufficient to bring us to his base. And yet there were many long and weary miles between. Bruce's emotions of rapture, on beholding the source of the Nile, could hardly have exceeded mine, at this moment. The eye was dazzled in gazing on the vast and spotless object that absorbed us. It glittered in the sunbeams like transparent glass, and pure and chaste as were the light clouds that lingered round it, they were dark, compared with its superior brightness; while

the obscurity in which they wrapt the lower scenes and inferior mountains, gave to that which we beheld an appearance of still greater elevation, and rendered it like a crystal mountain in a sea of clouds. The southern needle of Mont Blanc, too, was fully dismantled, and showed its beautiful point to the enraptured eye. It seemed as if the parting clouds had afforded us a glimpse of a new world—and imagination peopled it with beings pure as its spotless soil. All the scenes I had before admired, appeared dark and grovelling, compared with the bright regions which I then beheld—regions of the purest white—untrodden solitudes of snow, meet only for the visits of celestial beings—the connecting link between earth and heaven. On such a spot, one could imagine angels would alight when sent on messages of mercy to mankind,

“ And there from finished earth, triumphant trod
The last ascending steps of her creating God.”

I thought of the men who had reached its summit, and could scarcely realize the idea of such a hazardous and daring enterprise—there was nothing in the appearance of the scene at all terrestrial, and I felt as if to ascend Mont Blanc, would be to betray a temerity somewhat similar to Babel's builders, whose ambition aimed at nothing less than heaven.

Hence the way became still more rugged, and what timid people would call *dangerous*, and dangerous it was, if riding along ledges of lofty rocks, with deep ravines beneath, and undefended from the precipice, were so : and every now and then crossing

mountain torrents swollen and rendered fearful by the recent rains. Our guides indulged us with a short repose at the little village of Servoz, whose neat church with its modest spire, was an interesting object as we sat at the door of the inn, enjoying the majestic scenery that encircled us.

Will you allow me, ere we proceed again, to tell you of the fate of an amiable youth, named Eschen, who, in 1801, perished in a crevice of the *glacier du Buet*, a mountain in this neighbourhood, upwards of nine thousand feet above the level of the sea. He set off to explore it without a competent guide, and fell, as in such a case is almost inevitable, a victim to his imprudence. A monument was erected by M. d'Eymar, *Prefet du Léman*, both as a mark of respect to his memory, and as an admonition to future travellers. It consists of a pyramid, rounded at its summit. I copy the inscription for your perusal. On the principal face of the pyramid,

A la mémoire
de Frédéric-Auguste ESCHEN,
naturaliste, littérateur, poète,
né en 1777, à Entinen,
cercle de la Saxe inférieure ;
englouti dans une crevasse
du glacier du Buet,
le 19 thermidor an VIII ;
retiré de cet abyme par Jh. M. Devillaz,
I. Claud de Bernard, ses deux fils,
et Jh. Otl ;
Inhumé dans ce lieu par les soins
de A. M. D'EYMAR, *Prefet* ;

Monument élevé
le 21 fructidor an IX,
Sous la Magistrature
de
BONAPARTE, CAMBACERES, LESURU,
Consuls de la République Française.

On the right face of the pyramid,

Le Gouvernement Française
honore les sciences
et les arts,
protège les savans et les artistes,
il accueille avec hospitalité
les étrangers
de toutes les nations
qui visitent le sol de la République.

On the left face of the pyramid,

Voyageurs
un guide prudent et robuste
vous est nécessaire ;
ne vous éloignez pas de lui ;
obéissez
aux conseils de l'expérience.
C'est avec un recueillement
mélé de crainte et de respect
qu, il faut visiter les lieux
que la nature a marqués
du sceau de sa majesté
et de sa puissance.

You may be sure we were not unmindful of these
friendly hints, and the air of vanity which pervades

the inscription, and which marks it as truly French, was overlooked for the moment, in the importance of the admonitions it conveyed, and the benevolence by which it appeared to have been dictated. We, however, had little reason to apprehend a similar catastrophe from a similar cause, for we had guides in abundance. We seemed, indeed, to collect as we advanced, for on leaving Servoz, the number was considerably augmented, and ere we reached the vale of Chamouni, we formed no inconsiderable cavalcade. Our guides, too, many of them, fully answered the description of the *nécessaire*, as far as the *robuste* was concerned; their *prudence*, however, remained to be tried; but they looked like sober, decent men, and conducted themselves with great civility.

From Servoz our guides urged us to quicken our pace, for the day was drawing to a close, and we felt that night would be no very desirable circumstance on such a road. Moreover, the clouds were gathering blackness, and the rain began to descend, and every thing indicated a cheerless, if not a tempestuous night. The ladies were already much fatigued by their ride, for the paces of the mules were exceedingly rough, and we were all pretty well exhausted with our day's journey, when about nine o'clock we reached Le Prieuré, the principal place in the vale of Chamouni.

I should tell you that in our way we passed the remains of an avalanche which fell last year. It covered a considerable part of the road, and crushed a large portion of the neighbouring wood beneath its

weight. The enormous mass of unmelted snow lay like a fallen mountain across the path, and we were obliged to descend into a meadow, by a circuitous route, to compass it. The cottage of a peasant was buried beneath the heap, and one of its inhabitants was with difficulty saved.

On entering the vale of Chamouni, the first village you meet is *Les Ouches*, and the first object that arrests your attention is the glacier *des Bossons*, to the right of that village. At first it struck me as rather insignificant in its appearance, and, I must confess, I felt some little disappointment. It looked like the arc of a circle inclined from the lower part of the mountain to the valley, composed of ice, and covered with crystals, of various forms, pyramids, prisms, &c. of a bluish tinge. We found as we advanced, however, that its diminutive appearance, arose from distance and the magnitude of the surrounding objects. As we approached, it gradually enlarged its dimensions—the deep ravine down which it seems to rush, (though it is fixed and motionless,) opened to our view, and it assumed all its real magnitude and importance as we passed close by its base, and its icy pyramids seemed almost bending over us. But it had a sickly hue, and created a very different feeling in my mind to what I had anticipated from the first sight of a glacier. There is too much of death in it ever to awaken pleasing sensations: the gloom of the evening contributed to deepen the melancholy it inspired, and though the corn was waving at its foot, and the grass was green in the meadows, yet the woods were black that rose, on either side,

above it, the forms of the mountains were wild and gigantic, and it seemed, at best, but a pale and ghastly feature in a dark and savage landscape.

I know not whether I shall be deemed guilty of the arrogance with which travellers are sometimes charged, if I should assume your ignorance of the subject, and proceed to tell you what a glacier is. For my own part, I had a very incorrect idea of it, till I saw one, so imperfect is the notion which words can convey, of an object, when there is nothing familiar to us with which to compare it. Why, then, you may say, attempt the hopeless task, of describing a glacier to me? Have you a new and improved method, by which you expect to succeed better than your predecessors? No. But I feel as though I should not do justice to my correspondent, my subject, or myself, if I did not make the attempt; and, perhaps, by the help of what I may say, and what others have said, you may correct some erroneous notions which, like me, you may have entertained respecting it. Well, then, to be methodical, *first*, as to the situation of a glacier—it is not itself a mountain of ice, but lies in a deep, sloping ravine, or cleft, between two mountains, and is a mass of ice filling up the valley to a considerable, but different height, as the case may be. As to what it is, and how it is formed, I am not philosopher enough to determine, and he must have a good share of self-confidence that could boldly say he was—but it looked to me as if an enormous multitude of icy pyramids had rushed from the summits of the neighbouring mountains, till meeting in this ravine, they became crowded together, when, suddenly ar-

rested in their progress by the valley, they pressed closely on each other, till some fell,—many were ready to fall,—some were squeezed by the pressure into prisms,—some lost their delicate peaks, and the whole became wild and irregular in its appearance—as you frequently see a mass of quartz crystals irregularly formed and disposed upon a bed of limestone. I am in doubt, indeed, whether you will be any wiser after this attempt at description than before. But, I must confess, I am utterly at a loss how to describe to you an object so novel, and of which, a few hours ago, I myself had no correct conception. There are five of these glaciers in the vale of Chamouni; the principal, however, are those of *Des Bossons*, and *De Bois*. They usually lie in a direction north and south, rarely east and west: and the reason is, perhaps, that the action of the sun would be too powerful for their preservation, if they were not deeply imbedded in ravines rarely visited by his rays.

It is a curious circumstance, that this romantic valley, in which are some of the sublimest objects in nature, should have been undiscovered till about sixty years ago, when two countrymen of our's ventured to explore it. The history of their expedition is rather amusing, not from the dangers they encountered, but from those they apprehended, and the measures which they took to guard against them. All that was known about it, till then, amounted to this, that there was an exceedingly sublime valley somewhere to the south, in the heart of Savoy, a few of whose inhabitants occasionally came to Geneva with its produce, and spread the report of its grandeur. In-

terested with these accounts, Dr. Pickard and a Mr. Wyndham, who happened to meet with some of these mountaineers, on a market-day at Geneva, determined to visit it. Accordingly, they made ready as for a most formidable enterprise, and furnished themselves with fire-arms, as though they were going amongst a barbarous people. But when they reached the vale, they were not more astonished at the sublime appearances of nature it exhibited, than at the extent and civilized state of its population. They saw many populous villages scattered in the midst of corn fields and of meadows, surrounded by woods that are ever green, and ice that never melts—in a valley, eighteen miles in length and about one in breadth, environed by mountains of appalling height, and presenting an endless variety of grand and terrific forms—peaks of bare and rugged rock, and summits covered with eternal snow, that seem to prop the heavens, and forbid the daring footsteps of man—while from their sides and from their brows they rolled down vast accumulations of ice, to blend their fantastic shapes and mingling hues with the softer scenery below—and in the midst of all, the life and business of husbandry and pasturage advancing, at an elevation of more than 3000 feet above the level of the sea, and in a seclusion till then unknown to all the world beside themselves and the simple natives of the place. The first impression of the scene, even upon those who are apprized of it, is powerful,—what must it have been to these adventurers. It was an interesting discovery, and future travellers may well record their names with grati-

tude. But I must close this letter. Some lines of Lord Byron occur to me as admirably descriptive of the scenes in which it leaves me :

" ——— Above me are the Alps;
The palaces of nature, whose vast walls
Have pinnacled in clouds their snowy scalps,
And throned Eternity in icy halls
Of cold sublimity, where forms and falls
The avalanche—the thunderbolt of snow!
All that expands the spirit, yet appals,
Gather around these summits as to show
How earth may pierce to heaven, yet leave vain man below."

Your's, &c.

LETTER XX.

Lausanne.

MY DEAR ———

WE were, happily, much favoured by the weather during our short stay in the vale of Chamouni, and enjoyed a most auspicious day for the ascent of *Montanvert*, and the visit to the *Mer de Glace*. *Montanvert* rises abruptly from the vale of Chamouni, and may be considered as one of the bases of Mont Blanc. Its height is 2752 feet above the valley, and it is beautifully wooded to its summit. From this latter circumstance it has derived its name. It is usually ascended by travellers, as it commands the sea of ice, and the wilderness of snowy mountains that surround and overhang it to the south, with the vale of Chamouni, Mount Breven, and the Col de Balme, and many other majestic elevations, to the north.

Mr. H. and myself took an early breakfast, and leaving the ladies in the care of Sir S——, left Chamouni at half past seven, and reached the summit of the mountain about ten. The ascent is exceedingly steep, and is frequently made in part upon mules, but we performed the whole on foot. Our guide was Michael Ferrez, one of those who accompanied M. de Saussure in his first ascent to Mont Blanc, a robust, careful, civil, and intelligent man, to whose assistance and information we were greatly

indebted. At the commencement of the expedition we were each furnished with a long pole, with a spike at the end, for which we found abundant use before our return. About half way up the mountain, we paused to rest a moment at the fountain of Caillet, where Mons. Florian met the beautiful girl who furnished him with the subject of an interesting tale, called *La Belle Savoyarde*. She was presenting a basket of strawberries to an English traveller, as he passed. We drank some of the water, and found it very refreshing after an hour's previous toil; it was cool and clear—whether, like Mons. Florian, we drank in inspiration with the draught, remains hereafter to be proved. As far as I am concerned, I am happy that you are to be the judge. I have little to fear from one so partial—you will not censure even if you cannot praise.

In our ascent we observed the ruin which had been wrought by many avalanches, while our ears were assailed by the thunder of others, occurring in higher districts of the mountains, and out of our sight. Trees torn up by the roots, withered branches and blasted trunks were scattered in every direction round us, and sometimes a considerable space was completely cleared by one of these tremendous agents of destruction. An avalanche that fell about two hundred years ago, completely buried the principal village which was situated at the foot of the mountain, in consequence of which, the inhabitants who escaped removed to the opposite side of the Arve, which flows through the centre of the valley, and built the present village of Chamouni, or the

Priory. The higher we ascended the more steep and difficult the way became, and we began to find the poles with which the guide had furnished us of considerable service. His mode of using them, however, was very different from that which my previous habits suggested. He taught us to hold them with both hands, resting the weight of the body upon them, and at the same time inclining the figure towards the face of the mountain. In this case, a false step would have been less dangerous, than if the inclination of the body had been towards the valley. But soon their assistance became absolutely essential when we reached the *Crottes*, for so the guide called the shoots or rivers of frozen snow that, towards its summit, descended down the sides of the mountain, and over which the traveller must pass. The danger here was certainly considerable, the inclination of the ice being extremely steep, and the surface perfectly smooth—one false step would have been inevitable destruction. Our guide crossed first, making holes for our feet with his own. He then returned, and taking one at a time by the left hand, while the right grasped the pole which was to preserve the balance true, directed us to look neither above nor on one side, but only at our feet, for if we stumbled, and touched the ice with any part of the body but the foot, nothing could save us from being precipitated down the ice, and dashed against the rocks or the stumps of trees below. You may be sure we implicitly followed his directions, and having passed the first in safety, the rest, for there were several, appeared less formidable, while the

danger was diminished in proportion to the confidence we acquired. Ladies, however, frequently cross these icy shoots, supported and defended from danger by two poles, which pass under the arms, and are carried by two guides in the manner of a sedan chair. In this way, the daughter of Admiral N—— passed, two days before us, being the first heroine who had climbed to the summit of *Montanvert* this season. Upon one of these shoots, our guide showed us the way in which Mons. de Saussure and his party descended from Mont Blanc. It was an interesting, but somewhat terrific exhibition, and by no means adapted to *spectators*, much less to *practitioners*, of delicate nerves. He ascended the mountain, and got upon the shoot of ice, about a hundred feet above us, and planting his heels firmly in the frozen snow, he placed his pole under his right arm, leaned the whole weight of his body firmly upon it, and then started down the shoot; he passed us with the swiftness of an arrow from a bow—his body almost in a sitting posture, his heels and the spiked end of his pole alone touching the ice, and deeply indenting it. The effect was horrible. It seemed impossible that he should ever recover himself. But, to our astonishment, we soon perceived him slacken his pace, turn himself nearly round, with all the ease of a skilful skater, and leaving the ice, walk towards us without any appearance of alarm or fatigue. In this way he said they descended many miles in the space of a very few minutes. We inhabitants of cities and of plains should be long in learning such a dangerous art. My companion, however, from his fa-

miliarity with perilous exploits at sea, was far less apprehensive of danger in these icy expeditions than myself; and I shall not easily forget the benevolent anxiety with which the guide who was helping me across one of the sheets of ice, cried out to him, "*J'ai crainte pour vous,*"—when he saw him fearlessly following us, with no assistance but his pole. The carefulness of the guides is very great. Every consideration, indeed, conspires to make them cautious. The lives of travellers are committed to them, and their bread depends upon the safety with which they conduct them. I believe, no accident was ever known to happen, where the party had an accredited guide, and followed his directions. Those who will go alone, or act independently, must take the consequences, and they have often been calamitous and fatal.

Having reached the summit, the scene that burst upon us was perfectly original—it was the sublime of the highest order—and seemed to realize more than any region my fancy could create, the beautiful sentiment of Montgomery, who, describing the scenery of Africa, calls it,

"A world of wonders, where creation seems
No more the works of nature, but her dreams."

We were then at an elevation of 6106 feet above the level of the sea—immediately beneath us was the *Mer de Glace*, a broad and tempestuous river of ice, running nearly thirty miles up into the bosom of the Alps—to the north, the deeper valley from which we had ascended—to the south, the gigantic barriers

that separate Savoy from Piedmont—and around us, inaccessible peaks and mountains of eternal snow, that seemed to pierce the heavens—finely contrasting the deep azure, still more deep in these elevated regions, with their gloomy masses or their hoary summits: while the roar of cataracts and the thunder of avalanches, were the only sounds that broke upon the profound stillness of the dreadful solitude.

On the summit of Montanvert, a benevolent Frenchman, Mons. Desportes, has erected a small building for the repose and accommodation of travellers. It is very properly called the *hospice*: “à la nature,” is carved over the door. We gladly entered it. A man had previously ascended and kindled a fire; he also furnished us with bread, and a portion of *eau de vie*, to mingle with a glass of water, an appendage almost indispensable in these cold and elevated regions. As we sat by the fire, we amused ourselves with looking over the album, which is kept there for the insertion of visitors names, with their remarks. The man pointed out to us amongst the autographs of many eminent personages, that of the Ex-Empress of France, Maria Louis², who visited this place while Buonaparte was in Elba, under the name of the Dutchess De Colonna. The Empress Josephine was also here on the 29th August, 1810. She wrote the following lines in the album with her own hand. The original was purloined from the book by a countryman of ours, but the lines are preserved:

“ Ah! Je sens, qu'en milieu de ce grand phénomène
De ce tableau touchant, de cette terrible scene,

Tout eleva l'esprit, tout occupa les yeux
 Cœur seul, un moment se repose en ces lieux."

JOSEPHINE.

But we were not permitted long to enjoy our repose. The guide soon summoned us to the sea of ice, and we began, "with cautious steps and slow," to descend the steep and rugged face of the mountain. As we approached the surface of the glacier, those inequalities that appeared from the summit of Montanvert to be no more than gentle undulations, rose into considerable elevations, of from fifty to a hundred feet, intermingled with half-formed pyramids, bending walls, and shapeless masses of ice, with vast blocks of granite and frightful chasms, exhibiting a scene the most savage and fantastic that ever entered into the imagination of man. It is improperly called "the *sea* of ice," although the surface cannot, perhaps, be better compared than to a stormy sea, but it is in fact a *river*; and if you conceive of two enormous mountains, rising to the height of eight or ten thousand feet, forming a deep ravine about a mile and a half in breadth, that pursues a straight course for several miles, but divides at the upper end into two glens, that run up to the highest elevations of the Alps, and that terminates at its lower extremity in an icy precipice of nearly two thousand feet, whose base is in a still deeper valley—if you then imagine innumerable torrents to roll, deep and impetuous, from the summits of the mountains—conceive them as collected by those two glens, *meeting* in this deep ravine, and as they hurry to *dash* with their collected waters down the precipice

into that deeper valley, arrested by a mighty hurricane—wrought into the wildest forms by the fury of the tempest—and then, by the fiat of the Almighty, instantly congealed—if, moreover, you add the innumerable fissures and chasms torn in the ice by the undermining torrents and the unevenness of the bed below,—you will have a tolerably correct idea of the sea of ice. And if you gather round its lofty peaks and snowy summits—cataracts and avalanches—clouds and storms, you will have completed the outline of this wonderful picture.

Having reached the glacier, we walked over a considerable portion of its surface, following with great precision the footsteps of our guide, and occasionally accepting the assistance of his hand as we crossed the fissures or climbed the waves that every where interrupted our progress. These fissures are the chief danger against which the traveller has to guard. The ice in their immediate neighbourhood is often extremely slippery, and when they lie at the foot of a descent, the steps which he sets down it must be proportionably hazardous. Early in the season, too, the smaller fissures are frequently covered with the recent snow, and thus the unsuspecting stranger would be lured by the appearance of a smooth and unbroken surface to his ruin. A girdle of imperfectly frozen snow runs along the brink of the Mer de Glace, like a border. The guide passed with peculiar caution over this, and never planted his foot till he had first ascertained the nature of the surface with his pole. Some of the fissures are of an amazing depth. Our

guide told us that a traveller had attempted to fathom one of them with a line of four hundred feet, but in vain. We rolled an enormous mass of granite into one, and distinctly heard it for thirty seconds, dashing from side to side down the dark abyss.

Hitherto, a regard to our safety had confined our attention entirely to our footsteps and the objects beneath us; but having nearly reached the centre of the glacier, the guide exhorted us to pause, and look above us, and around. We did so—and were amply recompensed for all our toil, by a scene, of which it is not, perhaps, extravagant to say, that it has no parallel on the face of the globe. I shrink from the vain effort at description; but the grand outline is indelibly impressed upon my mind, and I am confident will never be effaced while any traces of the past shall remain upon the tablet of my memory. We were embosomed amid the shaggy waves, and yawning abysses of the icy sea—over these, on every hand, appeared the mountains, that rise almost perpendicularly from its brink, clothed in part with scanty herbage, and adorned with the little crimson flowers of the *Rhododendron Ferrugineum*, that bloom upon their sides. Still higher, were the regions of eternal snow, that, ever and anon, hurled from their hoary treasures the cataract or the avalanche, to augment the billows, and to swell the undermining torrents of the glacier. As the eye looked up the valley, the view became more hideous and appalling. Every trace of vegetation gradually died away, and the snowy mountains and the icy seas appeared to meet and mingle with each

other—for, where the Grand Jorasse rears its colossal form, as if to bar the entrance into the valleys of Piedmont, and frown defiance on the bold attempt,—all is one vast wilderness of snow, except that, on every hand, immense pyramids of dark and rugged rock emerge from these pure regions, to pierce the heavens, and stand in eternal silence, the gigantic guardians of this wondrous vale. Some of them present a front of four or five thousand feet to the winter storm. They are called needles, from the fineness of the points in which they terminate, and each one has its appropriate name and characteristic features. In front, looking up the valley, are the great and little Jorasse, at whose feet the icy sea divides—together with the vast peaks of the Tacul and the Giant. At the foot of this last, Mons. De Saussure passed seventeen days and nights making those experiments which have immortalized his name. Immediately on the left, rose the needles De Moine and De Dreux,—the one, a peak most elegantly formed, and piercing the skies, the other, an obelisk of a reddish hue, towering to the height of nearly six thousand feet above the vale. On the right, was the summit of Montanvert, with many other summits pressing on each other, as if eager for pre-eminence—the stern heralds and mighty pioneers of the hoary monarch, enthroned in silent majesty, behind them. Turning, we looked down into the vale of Chamouni, from which we had ascended—the nearer horizon being the precipice over which the glacier de Bois seems to roll its icy torrent; while beyond, Mount Breven.

stretched its enormous length to form the northern boundary of this singular and majestic landscape.

Although it is only from the middle of the sea of ice that these objects can be viewed to advantage, or any adequate conception formed of their immensity and grandeur, yet I found it difficult perfectly to divest myself of the idea of danger, and to give myself up to that complete abstraction of mind, which seemed necessary to their full enjoyment. The powerful impression of the scenes themselves—the effect of the real or imaginary dangers that surrounded me—the dark and unfathomable gulfs into which at every step I looked, and might, without the greatest caution, have been precipitated—the vast and terrific forms of the mountains, that rose and overhung in every direction the dreary solitude—the unusual deepness of the blue empyreal above me—the dazzling brightness of the snow—the blackness of the rocks—the thunder of the avalanches—such was the influence of all these new and wildering images and sounds upon my mind, that I seemed as if transported to another world—awe gave me an elasticity of spirit—But I feel that I am mounting higher than my wings will bear me, and beg your permission to descend, ere I expose myself to the ridicule and disasters of a fall.

There is one singular spot which we were anxious to have visited, but the guide assured us that the toil would be in vain, as the season was not sufficiently advanced for the excursion. Far up this stupendous glacier, and where it turns to the left, at the foot of the Grand Jorasse, and takes the name of

Lechaud, embosomed in eternal snows, is a green and verdant isle, called *Le Jardin*, profuse in Alpine plants and flowers, and yielding an herbage, for which the peasants annually drive their cattle across the Mer de Glace. It is an expedition which must be accompanied with considerable danger to the cattle, yet accidents very rarely, if ever occur. This is the highest verdant spot in Europe, being upwards of eight thousand feet above the level of the sea. At present it is thickly covered with snow, which does not dissolve till the beginning of July. It resumes its wintry mantle in October, continuing uncovered only three months in the year.

We left the glacier, and ascending again to the hospice of Montanvert, I sat down upon a block of granite, to take a parting view of the scene. How poor is language as the expression of one's feelings, at such moments. The heart is full with thoughts and emotions, that the tongue cannot utter or the pen record. My mind passed from these sublimest scenes of the *material* to the *immaterial* world—I seemed, at once, to feel all the littleness and all the greatness of my nature. How insignificant a creature I appeared amid these gigantic forms—yet I exulted in a conscious being that should survive and surmount them all—that could, even now, commune with Him who bade these billows stiffen, and these summits rise—and say, as the eye embraced the mighty whole, “My Father made them all.”*

* Yet, amid these scenes—surrounded by the sublimest demonstrations of the eternal power and Godhead of the Almighty, a wretch has had the hardihood to avow and record his atheism, hav-

Having again visited the *hospice*, and added our names to the many recorded there, we began to descend, taking another course to that by which we gained the summit, and skirting, at no very considerable distance, the front of the great glacier *de Bois*. The height of this frozen cataract, for such it appears, is two thousand feet, and many of the shaggy pyramids and rugged towers that seem to totter at its brink, and form its wild and fantastic crest, are said to be from a hundred and fifty to two hundred feet high. It is a truly sublime and awful object, and with all its attendant circumstances, the associations it awakens, and the feelings it inspires, sets description at defiance. We observed the eye of our guide perpetually directed to it, and ours were fastened on it more frequently than comported with our safety, for nothing can be conceived more steep and rugged than the path by which we were descending. But we were soon apprized that the attention of our guide was not directed to the glacier in vain, for he desired us to look to a certain point, where we perceived an immense mass of ice, one of the frozen turrets of the glacier, trembling on the verge of fate, and just ready to fall. It inclined yet more and more over the brow of the precipice, till the scanty portion by which it was held at its base yielding, it slipped down

ing written over against his name in the album at Montanvert, "*an atheist*." It seems as if some emotions of shame touched him at the time, for he has written it in Greek. It caught the eye of a divine who succeeded him, and he very properly wrote underneath, in the same language, "*If an atheist, a fool—if not, a liar.*"

with immense rapidity, and a thundering noise, and, instantly dashed into myriads of atoms, rolled like a majestic cataract of quicksilver glittering in the sunbeams, and spent itself upon the surface of the glacier over which it spread. This, the guide assured us, was one of the largest avalanches he had ever witnessed. We had seen many, but none to compare with this. Its roar, like that of the deepest thunder, reverberated amongst the mountains, and many seconds elapsed ere it completely died away : and such was the fury of the icy torrent, that if any obstruction had been in its path, it would certainly have been overwhelmed in its impetuous course. You may be sure we considered ourselves highly favoured in being the witnesses of such a spectacle. How far the opinion of the natives, that in certain circumstances, the tread, or even the breath of the traveller, is sufficient to bring down these masses of ice, balanced with such trembling uncertainty, is correct, I had not an opportunity to determine—neither, you may suppose, did I wish for one, from my own personal demonstration, since the probability is, that had I been the subject of the phenomenon, some one else must have told the story. I was, however, much struck with the general truth of our friend Montgomery's description of an avalanche :

By an hundred winters piled,
Where the glaciers* dark with death,
Hang o'er precipices wild,
Hang suspended by a breath.

* More properly *avalanches*.

If a pulse but throb alarm,
 Headlong down the steeps they fall;
 — For a pulse will break the charm,
 Bounding, bursting, burying all.

Struck with horror, stiff and pale,
 When the chaos breaks on high,
 All that view it from the vale,
 All that hear it coming die:—

that is, if they cannot get out of the way. We viewed it very securely, though very near it, being quite clear of its course, with a deep glen between us and it. There is, however, another danger to which travellers are exposed in descending these mountains, from which we were not quite so free, that is, the sudden disengagement of immense masses of rock, from the higher cliffs, which come bounding down the mountain, and from which you can never make your retreat with certainty, however you may be apprized of their approach, since every mass of rock against which they strike in their passage, gives them a new direction.

We now applied ourselves with more diligence and care to the business of descent, and a most difficult and tedious affair it proved. Conceive me, then, like Manfred with the crystal hunter—and imagine, if you please, the guide's advice—

“ ————— there—now lean on me,
 Place your foot here—here, take this staff and cling
 A moment to that shrub—now give me your hand
 And hold fast by my girdle—softly—well—
 The Chalet will be gained within an hour—
 Come on, we'll quickly find a surer footing,
 And something like a pathway, which the torrent
 Hath washed since winter.—Come 'tis bravely done—
 You should have been a hunter.”

I must say, however, for truth requires it, that the compliment at the close was not paid to me—I was too dull a scholar to deserve it, though the previous advice and encouragement were again and again repeated. I found the pole with which I was furnished of but little service—I wanted courage to use it, and was too dizzy to repose that confidence in it which is necessary to the full enjoyment of its help. I liked the shoulder of the sturdy guide much better to lean upon, and feel myself not a little indebted to him for his kindness, in the use he permitted me to take of him, in this way.

As we approached the valley, the guide pointed out to us the source of the Arveron, which, in the height of summer, presents one of the most interesting features in this wondrous scene. It issues from the foot of the glacier, and, at that period, the ice above it is dissolved, till an arch of one hundred and fifty feet in the span is formed, from which, in dark and sullen majesty, the torrent is seen to emerge. The arch was very imperfectly formed at the time we saw it, being too early in the season. Report says, that this river sometimes changes its position, and, leaving its accustomed course, issues in a majestic fall from some outlet far up the face of the glacier. We observed a waterfall at a considerable height glittering in the midst of the ice, but the source of the river was still at the foot of the glacier. This river is of inconsiderable width, but very impetuous, and within half a mile from its emerging to the light of day, it is again lost in the Arve. I presume that it is formed from the snows

and ice that dissolve on the *Mer de Glace*, or that fall in avalanches and cataracts from the higher regions of the Alps, which, passing down the fissures of the icy sea, pour their tributary streams at length into one subterranean bed, and start into daylight at its foot. The arch of ice from which it issues, with its attendant rocks and rushing torrents, is represented by those who have seen it in all its grandeur, as one of the sublimest spectacles in nature. Here, alas! a melancholy catastrophe occurred, which ought ever to be mentioned, for the admonition of future travellers. On the 8th of August, 1797, a Mons. Maritz, of Geneva, *homme*, says M. Bourrit, in his *Itineraire*, *très estimé*, with his son and nephew, walked some little distance under the arch, for the river does not occupy the whole space beneath, and there, for mere amusement, he fired his pistol. But he paid dearly for his rashness; for, not instantly retreating, an enormous mass of ice fell upon them all, and buried them beneath its weight. He himself escaped with a broken leg, his nephew was dreadfully mangled, but his son was killed. This melancholy fact, goes a great way towards establishing the opinion, that in certain circumstances the masses of ice are balanced so delicately, and hang by such a slender connexion, that a breath or a word will bring them down.

Near the foot of the mountain, we were met by two beautiful children,—a girl, with wild strawberries and cream, and a boy, with little specimens of crystals and ores which he had collected amongst the mountains. The manners of these children

were remarkably simple and engaging, and we were much delighted with the guileless simplicity of their conversation. They conducted us to the houses of their parents. They stood upon a sort of village-green, in the little hamlet *De Bois*, not far from the foot of the glacier. They were built of fir, and seemed to be sufficiently spacious; but they were dark and comfortless, compared with the dwellings of the superior orders of our peasantry. Retaining the native colour of the wood, they do not present that picturesque and beautiful appearance, which the neat white cottages exhibit in some of our luxuriant vales. Nor did we see the profusion and variety of domestic utensils, arranged in comely rows, indicating, as in England, "the busy housewife's care."——But there was a coldness and a nakedness about the habitation, not so much the result of poverty, perhaps, as of neglect. And this may be well accounted for by the circumstance, that the chief business of the wife in this valley, is not in the house, but in the fields. The women perform the labours of agriculture,—plough, sow, reap, and thresh the corn—while the men are occupied in hunting the chamois—in collecting plants and minerals—or in conducting travellers. Of course, where so much devolves upon the women out of doors, there must be great neglect within. The spirit of migration that pervades these valleys, ought also to be mentioned here—for the inhabitants change their residence with the seasons of the year, ascending from the valleys to the higher pastures as the spring advances, and again descending at the

close of summer. These frequent removals must, of course, render them less attentive to the comfort of their dwellings, and repress that anxiety for neat arrangement and complete furniture, which the prospect of constant residence inspires. Their wealth, like that of patriarchal times, is chiefly in flocks, and the support and comfort of their cattle is the grand inducement to this varied and unsettled kind of living.

The hunting of the chamois is a favourite occupation of the men. It is an extremely hazardous amusement, and they frequently fall a sacrifice to their rashness. Often, when the moon is at the full, they will pass whole nights, as well as days, in bounding from crag to crag, leaping over dark abysses and exploring icy solitudes, where the loss of balance, or a false step must be inevitable death. They are like the inhabitants of most mountainous regions, a superstitious people; and it is the commonly received opinion in the valley, that whenever an accident occurs to one of these adventurous hunters, the scene in which it happens, with the fatal catastrophe, and all its attendant circumstances, is represented to the waking eye of his anxious wife, who needs no other information of the loss she has sustained.

It was late in the afternoon when we reached the Prieurè. A short repast sufficed us, and we again sallied forth upon a tour of discovery in the immediate neighbourhood of the village. Our stay was limited, and I felt the value of every moment. The first object of attraction, of course, was the church. It is a neat and respectable edifice; and its various

altars, with their relics and divers appendages, must have to the simple villagers a very imposing appearance. We saw the curé, and a brother clergyman in the church, who moved to us with great condescension, and also made the necessary genuflections before the several altars, which the incumbent appeared to be showing to his clerical visiter. This church is the ecclesiastical mother of the valley, and has spiritual jurisdiction over all the rest. The affairs are managed by a chapter, whose seat is at the Prieuré, and at which the curé of this church presides. On this account he has the title of Administrator.

The people, though they seem to be free and happy, (and, compared with those of many other countries, they probably are so,) are still in a state of most deplorable mental slavery and ecclesiastical oppression. I happen to know, that a party last year having ascended with several guides to the hospice of Montanvert, it was proposed that they should devote a few moments on that sublime elevation to the adoration of the Supreme Being, by whose stupendous works they were surrounded. In this act of worship, which was led by a French clergyman in the company, the guides appeared most cordially to participate; but they afterwards begged that the circumstance might not be named in Chamouni, as they should be excommunicated, and thus deprived of their bread, if it should come to the ears of the priest that they had united with heretics in the worship of God.

From the church we repaired to the museum of *Joseph-Marie Carrier*, who styles himself, *Marchand-*

Naturaliste au Bourg de Chamonix. His collection, though not extensive, was very interesting. It consisted of specimens of natural history, gathered from the immediate neighbourhood. Complete sets of the minerals and plants were to be had neatly arranged in papers and in boxes, regularly catalogued and ticketed, for nine, and twelve francs each. The minerals are stated to have been arranged after M. M. de Saussure et Pictet. The arrangement is doubtless correct. Here, too, was an album, and amongst many other illustrious names inserted in connexion with the purchases made, was that of Sir Humphrey Davy. Mons. Carrier was extremely abundant in his praise of this gentleman. "The Chevalier Davy was," he said, "a wonderful man. He had never seen his equal. He knew the name, and composition, and qualities of every stone in his shop—and was, in short, a prodigy of science!" This was something for a Frenchman to say of an Englishman, for they seem, generally, to speak as though they thought all the *scavans* and *artistes* belonged to them. That the renowned Sir Humphrey Davy should have excited the admiration of the *Marchand-Naturaliste au Bourg de Chamonix*, is, therefore, a matter that should not be unrecorded.

I left the party in the immediate neighbourhood of the village, and directed my course towards Mont Breven, for the purpose of obtaining a better view of the summit of Mont Blanc. I pursued my walk, continuing to ascend till my path was arrested by a field of frozen snow, which I did not deem it prudent to attempt to cross alone. I, therefore, determined

to content myself with the trifling elevation I had attained; trifling, indeed, compared with those which surrounded me,—and seating myself upon a mass of rock, I enjoyed the stillness, the solitude, and the grandeur of the scene. The spotless dome of Mont Blanc, and all the surrounding and inferior domes, and spires, and pyramids, that cluster in this wondrous region, which fancy might conceive the colossal edifices of some gigantic city, or the towers, and domes, and pinnacles of a vast cathedral—were all uncovered, and presenting alternate masses of the darkest and the brightest hues, were finely contrasted with each other, and all again most gloriously displayed, in the deep azure of the evening sky, the unclouded back-ground of the stately picture. The summit of Mont Blanc seemed to have considerably increased in height, being disengaged from those immense, but inferior mountains, which constitute the mass from the midst of which it rises,—whose bases, to the north, come down to the vale of Chamouni, and rising abruptly to the eye that views them from the vale, cast Mont Blanc far into the perspective, and thus almost inconceivably diminish its apparent altitude and vastness. It will be sufficient to illustrate this remark, and at the same time to show the magnitude of the mountain, to observe, that the next highest point of elevation to the summit, is called, from its form and relative position between the summit and another point, the Middle Dome: seen from the windows of the inn at Chamouni, that dome appeared to be quite as lofty as the *Bosse du Dromadaire*, the name given to the highest point of

all, and yet it is said there is a difference of more than three thousand feet between them. Thus a mass nearly equal to that of Snowden, had, from its vast elevation, and the bold protrusion of the nearer mountains, dwindled into such insignificance, as scarcely to affect the eye.

The sun had retired behind the western mountains, but his deeper splendours, as they died away, were succeeded by the softer beams of the moon that rose full orb'd above the lofty horizon. For a while they seemed to linger in all their mild effulgence upon the hoary brow of the monarch of the Alps, as if disdaining the darker scenes below, till at length, summit after summit caught the silvery lustre, and the deep vale itself with its humble villages, and waving corn-fields—its frozen cataracts and its gloomy woods—its rocky ramparts and its snowy barriers, lay as if entranced beneath the glorious light. Who, that has felt the influence of such scenes, that has tasted the luxury of such moments, can ever lose the impression? Amid the bustle and anxiety of after-life—the toils and vexations of a distracting world, how delightful is their remembrance—memory retraces, and dwells upon them with transport, “like spots of azure in a gloomy sky, like sunny islands in a stormy sea.”

It were impossible to detail all the thoughts that passed, and the emotions that were excited in my mind. Chateaubriand affirms that a mountainous country is no scene for contemplation; you are too much concerned for your safety to indulge it. Perhaps, to a certain extent, he may be correct;

but nere no sense of danger affected me—nothing occurred to disturb the deep serenity of my mind—and I rose, almost instinctively, to the adoration of that Being who spake these mighty masses into existence, and gave them their majestic forms. Every object around, beneath, and above me, seemed in silent but impressive eloquence to celebrate his praise : from the moon, that led the host of heaven, and the hoary monarch of the Alps,—the patriarch of his kindred hills, and nearest to the heavenly sanctuary,—down to the frozen glaciers and the roaring torrents of the lower vales—all seemed endowed with a speech and language peculiar to themselves—a voice to touch the heart of man, and to enter into the ear of God.

But 'tis time that I should leave a spot, where I could linger much longer than a regard to your patience would allow, and where I feel, perhaps, more of the disposition to sermonize than exactly comports with the duties of the tourist. I rose and descended, my eye still fixed on the summit of Mont Blanc. I cannot tell you how lovely an object it was, with the moon-beams playing around its crest, and glittering on the icy particles of its spotless mantle. There is nothing terrific in its appearance.* Its form is that of a gentle curve, and with the various swellings that compose its outline, it seemed

* Although such is its appearance from the vale of Chamouni, yet those who have seen it from the valley of Aost, say, that in that point of view, it presents quite another aspect, being very imperfectly covered with snow, extremely wild and rugged, and equal to the Schreckhorn in terrific grandeur.

ambition to be the first man that ever stood upon that spot, he would conduct him to it. The doctor readily accepted the proposal of his patient, and on the seventh of August, 1786, they sallied forth, without any attendants to share with them the glory of the dangerous enterprise. They passed the night on the mountain *La Côte*, which rises above the glacier de Bosson, and at three in the morning began again to traverse the trackless solitudes of snow, till having scaled the *dome de Goutè*, and passed under the *middle dome*, they entered upon the ridge that lies on the left of the summit, and were near the top,—when the deadly cold that struck to the heart of the doctor, and the extreme fatigue he endured, induced him to conceive the purpose of giving up the race, even when the goal was almost within his grasp. But his hardy and inflexible guide encouraged him; and he still continued to follow the fearless steps of his companion, when, at length, about six in the afternoon, he planted his foot upon the loftiest elevation in Europe, and stood triumphantly upon a spot no mortal had ever been privileged to visit before. He stayed but half an hour upon the summit. So intense was the cold that the provisions were frozen in their pockets, and the ink in their ink-horn. Fahrenheit's thermometer sunk to $18\frac{1}{2}$ degrees. They paid dearly in bodily suffering for the honour they enjoyed. Their faces were excoriated, and their lips very much swelled. It was with the greatest difficulty they descended, owing to the dazzling brightness of the snow. Dr. P. was almost blind, and

felt the effect in the weakness of his sight for a considerable time after. They were fifteen hours in ascending, and on their return, reached *La Côte* in five hours, (about midnight,) where they rested two hours, and arrived safely, at eight in the morning, at Chamouni. Immediately after this successful attempt, Mons. de Saussure, who had long offered rewards in the church at Chamouni, to those guides who should succeed in conducting him to the summit, made his celebrated expedition, in which he remained upon the top of the mountain four hours and a half, and the particulars of which he has communicated to the world. In his ascent, the way was sometimes so steep that the guides were obliged to cut holes to cling to,—while the hand of one man was put into the hole which the foot of his predecessor had left.

Since that time three other parties only have reached the summit. The first comprehended Messieurs Bourrit, father and son, Mr. Woodley, an Englishman, and Mr. Kemper, a Dutchman; the second, Mr. Beaufoy, an English gentleman, with his guides; and the third, Mr. Forneret, of Lausanne, and Baron Dortheren.

Returning to the village, I met a woman with one of those glandular swellings upon her throat; called *goûtres*. It was the first I had seen, and the appearance of it was to me exceedingly unpleasant and disgusting. They abound chiefly in the Valais; yet it is a remarkable circumstance, that I did not meet with one in that portion of the canton through which we travelled. To what cause, or combina-

tion of causes, they are to be ascribed, I do not presume to say. Various conjectures have been entertained, and some theories established, the result of medical investigation. The idea, that they arise from drinking the snow water, is totally without support, since they are found in regions never visited with snow: in the neighbourhood of Naples, in the Islands of Java and Sumatra, and in some other parts of the East Indies.

The opinion of M. de Saussure, to whom, in all cases connected with the phenomena of the Alps, much deference is unquestionably due, is, that they are occasioned by the concentration of heat and the stagnation of air in the lower valleys—since in the higher regions they are not found. To me, however, it is a curious circumstance, that the only instance I met with should be in so high a valley as that of Chamouni: while in the much lower valley of the Rhone, where they are said especially to abound, I did not meet with one. Whether the woman I saw was a native of the valley or not, I am unable to determine; the probability is, that she was.

The theory of Mr. Coxe, which he has established chiefly on his own investigations and researches, is, that they arise from a calcarious matter, called *tuf*, with which the springs in those districts where the *goitres* are found, are impregnated, which are so perfectly dissolved in the water as by no means to affect its transparency, but which are introduced in impalpable particles into the blood, and by means

of the blood into the thyroid gland of the throat, which is the seat of the disease in question.*

From the windows of my bed-room, which looked immediately on Mont Blanc, I enjoyed the various effects of the moon and clouds as they passed over the glorious scene. Though I was much overcome with fatigue, I could not consent to resign the object that absorbed me, and I continued fixed in delighted contemplation long after the rest of our party had lost their fatigues in sleep.

Your's, &c.

* Those who wish for further information on the subject, may consult Mr. Coxe's valuable work, in which the different theories are most ably discussed, and experiments adduced, which go far towards the establishment of his own. An interesting and remarkable fact is noticed in the History of Java, recently published by my relative, and fellow traveller, Sir Stamford Raffles, late Lieut. Governor of that island. "Here, as in Sumatra," he observes, "there are certain mountainous districts, in which the people are subject to those large wens in the throat termed in Europe, *goitres*. The cause is generally ascribed by the natives to the quality of the water; but there seems good ground for concluding that it is rather to be traced to the atmosphere. In proof of this it may be mentioned, that there is a village near the foot of the Teng'gar mountains in the eastern part of the island, where every family is afflicted by this malady, while in another village, situated at a greater elevation, and through which the stream descends which serves for the use of both, there exists no such deformity. These wens are considered hereditary in some families, and seem thus independent of situation." Whether the water in this district has been analyzed or not, is not stated. Perhaps Mr. Coxe would say, that in the upper village the stream was too near its source to be sufficiently impregnated with the matter by which the *goitres* are produced.

LETTER XXI.

Lausanne.

MY DEAR ———

Nil mortalibus arduum est, was the adage of the Roman poet, and it seemed to us that we had in some measure demonstrated its truth in our journey from Chamouni to Martigny. If we thought the way from St. Martin's to Chamouni difficult and dangerous, I know not what must be said of that from Chamouni to Martigny, for it is certainly much more so. But *a la route*, to speak in the true travelling style. We left Chamouni at seven o'clock, with the promise of a most auspicious day. We were upon the whole, a goodly company. Lady R—— seated upon a chair, and attended by eight sturdy guides, who took it in turn to bear her, led the van of our party. The other ladies followed in a *car-a-banc*, with Mons. Crotet as their special attendant, and a guide each; and we, mounted upon mules, brought up the rear. Sundry idle people of the village followed us, hoping, perhaps in the course of the day, to be taken into our service, as in some of the difficult parts of the road their assistance might be wanted. It was only for a few miles that the ladies enjoyed their carriage, being then obliged to mount the mules, and take their chance with the rest of us. I must, however, mention to their credit, the heroic resignation

with which they made so unwelcome an exchange, and underwent the future fatigues of that day's perilous and toilsome journey.

We proceeded up the vale of Chamouni, through the little village de Bois, having Mont Breven on our left, and passing, as we advanced Montanvert, and the glaciers de Bois, and d'Argentiere on our right. The last-mentioned glacier we had not seen before. It derives its name from its silvery appearance, and is, perhaps, as elegant and beautiful as any in the Alps. We passed through the village of Argentiere, a few scattered cottages at the foot of the glacier, and, turning abruptly to the left, continued to ascend, till by a small farm house, we dismounted at the suggestion of the guides, and having reached the summit of a little verdant hill, on the right of the path, we saw the greater part of the vale of Chamouni, with the colossal mountains that rise on either hand, stretching in sublime perspective to our view. High in the midst towered Mont Blanc ; around him were his many needles, and his subject Alps, while the glaciers de Bois, and d'Argentiere, glittered in the sunbeam-like transparent glass. Immediately to our left, rose the gigantic Col de Balme, to the height of nearly 8000 feet above the level of the sea ; and, at the upper extremity of the valley, by the little glacier, and village de Tours, the infant stream of the Arve was seen to roll, having just emerged from its dark and icy source beyond them. It was a magnificent landscape. The *coup d'œil* was most grand and

imposing, but there was a melancholy feeling mingled with the gratification it inspired. I could not but reflect, that deeply as these scenes had interested me, I was about to leave them, in all probability, for ever; and though my acquaintance with them was of such recent date, yet they had become too much endeared to me, to be resigned without regret. I ought not to be ashamed or backward to acknowledge, that I am indebted to that wondrous vale for impressions of the grandeur and the condescension—the power and the skill of the Creator, of which I was before unconscious, and the remembrance of which I shall hope ever to cherish with emotions of reverence and gratitude. “Lo, these are parts of his ways—and how small a portion is heard of him; but the thunder of his power who can understand.”

Turning with regret from this last look on Chamonni, we proceeded on our way, and quickly entered the romantic valley of Valorsine. There is another route to Martigny over the Col de Balme, and that route is usually preferred on account of the fine views which it commands. It is also less rugged, though more steep, than that by which we travelled. But our guides assured us it was too early in the season to attempt the Col de Balme, and we were, therefore, content to pursue the more wild and intricate path of the *Tête Noire*, and the *Mauvais pas*.

On our entrance into the valley of Valorsine, we had to cross a small field of frozen snow, so imperfectly had the influence of the sun been felt in that

elevated region at this advanced season of the year. It was rather a formidable undertaking; for while in some places it was sufficiently hard to bear the tread of the mules, in others the beasts sunk up to their middle at every plunge. The guides advised us in this case to let the mules choose their own path, and we were much amused to observe the method which they adopted to ascertain the best. They put their noses close to the surface, and following the indications of their smell, never failed to plant their feet upon the firmest spots.

You cannot well picture to yourself a more secluded and romantic vale than that into which we had now ascended. *Ascending* into a valley, may be a new form of expression to you, yet I assure you it is quite correct, for the valley of Valorsine is higher than the loftiest of the Cambrian mountains, and would, perhaps, surpass in elevation the proudest summits of the Grampian hills. In winter it must be a cold and desolate spot. The houses of the peasantry are raised on beams, to allow for the depth of the snow, which, notwithstanding this precaution, our guides assured us sometimes nearly covers them. How much they are exposed to the destructive influence of avalanches and rocks, dislodged by the fury of the elements from the overhanging cliffs that encompass them, is indicated by the curious barriers with which they have defended their little church. The route from Chamouni to Martigny is impracticable in winter. How forlorn and desolate must be the condition of these aerial villagers, during its long and dreary months! No

variety of colour or of sound to relieve the eye, or to gladden the ear—but nature lies all around them in her wildest forms, and ever clad in the same hoary mantle; while the storm fills them with apprehension and dread as it sweeps along the vale, or announces its work of desolation by the hollow murmurs, or the deeper thunder heard from the regions above them.

At the upper end of this valley we passed the frontiers of the Sardinian territory, and entered the canton of the Valais. The boundary is marked by a rude and ancient gateway, through which we passed. Here the path became extremely wild and difficult, climbing the face of the rocks, and running along the edge of the precipices in the most daring and fantastic style. To give you a minute detail of this singular and romantic route, would be utterly impossible, though every yard presented some new variety, and gave the Alpine scenes it traversed in fresh points of view to the delighted eye. Sometimes, however, fear predominated over every other feeling, and I would gladly have exchanged the grandeur of the scenery around me, for the most insipid country with a level road—nay,—lover as I am of the picturesque! even the Isle of Ely, and the Fens in Lincolnshire, at certain periods of that day's excursion, would have had charms for me.

It is no small thing, you must allow, to go down stairs upon the back of an obstinate mule, at any rate; much more when those stairs are steep and broken—not more than half a yard in breadth—with a tremendous cliff overhanging and threatening to.

crush you as you pass—and a frightful precipice on the other side, over which one of your feet swings, while you perpetually touch the cliff with the other. Yet, such were repeatedly the circumstances of our path, and often a long debate was held, whether to trust the steady animal in such slippery places, or sacrifice the ease of his back for the fancied greater security of our own feet. He, however, seemed perfectly indifferent to the choice we made, and whether encumbered with his burden, or suffered to go free, planted his foot with philosophic firmness, climbing up the steepest ascents, and passing along the most undefended ledges of the rocks, with a steadiness and perseverance that astonished us. Sometimes the path would wind most fearfully round the projecting angles of the rocks, and leave us exposed upon a point whence it was dreadful to look down into the gulf beneath, and where a violent gust of wind might have been attended with fatal consequences: while the way itself was so narrow and so rugged, as to appear more like the track of the chamois and the marmot, than a path for man. In these cases we deemed it most prudent to trust to our own skill in the management of the affair, by no means intending, however, to reflect upon that of our sagacious quadrupeds, who, had they been gifted with the faculty of speech, would probably have reproved us for our unnecessary fears, and condemned us for an injudicious choice. For their step is almost infallible—and when left entirely to themselves, they have seldom deceived the confidence, or betrayed the trust their

riders have reposed in them. But the difficulty is—where the crags overhang the path, and the body of the animal is thrown into perpetual contortions by climbing, descending, and turning incessantly,—to keep yourself at all erect upon his back, or preserve your balance true. This difficulty must have been especially felt by the ladies, who have not so good a seat as we, and whose faces were turned to the precipice, over which they looked down in terror on the abyss beneath. We found it necessary, long before the half of our journey was performed, to leave our own mules and attend to their safety. Each had a sturdy mountaineer at the head of her mule, and we endeavoured, as well as we could, to keep at their side between them and the precipices. But this was difficult and dangerous, and frequently quite impossible. Twice I saw my cousin M——, where the descent was steep and rugged, completely lose her seat upon the animal, and only regain it, and save herself from pitching over the precipice, by grasping the hair of the guide. I admire the patience and perseverance of the men; but for their civility, and readiness to assist, we should have fared badly with the female part of our charge that day. Having named the mules and the men with approbation, I must also celebrate the virtues of the *eau de vie*, and the wine of Chamouni, with which Mons. Crotet had taken care amply to supply us; for I have reason to believe, that at certain periods of that day's journey, neither men nor mules would have induced some of our party to stir a step further, but for their inspiring influence.

Thus we toiled, hour after hour, along the difficult and dangerous paths, attended by every circumstance that could heighten the effect, and complete the terrific grandeur of the scene. Innumerable cataracts assailed us with their din, some were seen streaming in the distance, and others were heard roaring at our feet, but concealed completely from our view in the depths of the abyss, or by the thick foliage that fringed its brink. Now and then our philosophy was tried by an Alpine bridge, the *reality* which our modern landscape gardeners love to imitate, or a mass of granite or of frozen snow that lay across the path, where it was hard to determine whether to pass over on our own feet or those of the mules. But all the dangers of the way seemed to meet their consummation, when about noon, turning abruptly to the right, we entered that part of the route emphatically called the *Mauvais pas*; there the path lies over a tremendous gulf, and is almost entirely supported by trunks of fir. The waters of the Trient are heard to roll impetuously in the glen beneath; while on the opposite side a vast rock rises perpendicularly to an amazing height, and casts its enormous shadow over the whole scene. I fancied I had then a fine illustration of the prophet's imagery, and felt how refreshing was "the shadow of a great rock, in a weary land."

From this place we soon reached Trient, a forlorn and cheerless village, composed of a few scattered huts in the midst of a mountain-defile, and, I should imagine, still higher than any human habitations we had yet passed. We had no sooner

reached the place than we threw ourselves involuntarily upon the grass, completely overcome with fatigue, and never I think was refreshment so seasonable, or repose so sweet. The guides allowed us but two hours for rest, and then the work of climbing began again. We had now to ascend a mountain called the Forcla, whose summit rose abruptly from the village of Trient, and which we attained by means of a tract cut in a zig-zag direction up its side. Our cavalcade made a very interesting figure, winding up this mountain staircase. As I brought up the rear I enjoyed the spectacle, and only required the pen of Walter Scott to depict the grouper as they traversed the mountain in different directions, and rose, one above another, before me.

At the summit of the Forcla we were about 7000 feet above the level of the sea, and the immediate valley into which we looked, could not be much less than two or three thousand feet deep, yet our path was perfectly undefended, and only wide enough to admit the passage of a single mule. Along this path the Empress Maria Louisa came. The men who conducted us, had been her guides on that occasion. They spoke highly of the courage and heroism which she displayed. They said she would not suffer them to hold the rein of her mule, or render her the least assistance, even in the most difficult places. She did not take the route by the *Mauvais pas*, however, but came over the Col de Balme. That path joins the one from Trient nearly at the summit of the Forcla.

From this spot, in an instant the whole of the canton of the Haut Valais, into which we were about to descend, burst upon our view. An extensive and fertile vale was seen far beneath us, stretching its variegated carpet, speckled with villages and farms, and watered by the windings of the Rhone, to the bases of majestic mountains, and the beams of the evening sun. The loftiest summits were covered with snow; the sides of the nearer mountains were clothed with fir.—Some travellers esteem this one of the finest views in Switzerland, from the vast variety which it embraces, from the soft and luxuriant scenery of the valley before, to the savage and terrific grandeur of the mountains behind. The descent was long and toilsome—steep and rugged—and was very far from yielding the relief it seemed to promise after the up-hill work of the morning.

As we advanced, the country began to assume another aspect. We knew by its appearance that we were returning to the haunts of men. Frightful precipices and hideous solitudes were exchanged for rich enclosures, luxuriant orchards, and scenes of rural happiness and sylvan beauty.

In the higher regions of the Forcla, we were much affected by the appearance of a maniac, who accosted us as we passed, with great mildness and respect. She was a female of a pleasing countenance and elegant form. She had wandered from the valleys beneath, and was pursued by her son. It seems he was under the necessity of using coercive measures to compel her return, for we saw him strike her. It was a horrid sight,—and her shrieks

rung in our ears for a considerable distance down the mountain, and have rung in mine frequently, since.

Even in these sequestered regions, monuments of superstition meet the eye. I stopped at a little oratoire erected in the descent from the Forcla, and copied the following inscription: it is a fair sample of what is found in similar places elsewhere.

*Nous François Fredric Ambiel Eveque de Sion, &c. accorderons 30 jours d'Indulgence a tous ceux qui reciterant devoement cinq pater, cinq Ave Devant cet 'oratoire. Donne, 7 Mai, 1763.**

* Indulgences originally included, not the remission of sins, but merely of penances; and they arose from the universally admitted principle, that the church had a right, upon sufficient considerations, to relax the severity of her own discipline, and to lessen, as she might see fit, the number of her penitentiary inflictions. The document granting such remission, or the grant itself in connexion with the document, was called an *indulgence*. The idea, however, was too well adapted to the corrupt propensities of the human heart, to remain long thus contracted in its application, for it was soon made to comprehend the remission of *sins* as well as *penances*—so that the perpetrator of crimes, thus privileged, was freed from all punishment whatever, either in this life or the next; and if his indulgence was plenary, might commit every abomination with impunity. We may gather the sentiments of the Romish church, upon this important subject, from one of their own writers, St. Thomas. He says, “There actually exists an immense treasure of *merit*, composed of the pious deeds and virtuous actions which the saints have performed, *beyond what is necessary* for their own salvation, and which are, therefore, applicable to the benefit of others; the guardian and dispenser of this precious treasure is the Roman pontiff; and, of consequence, he is empowered to assign to such as he thinks proper, a portion of this inexhaustible source of merit, suitable to their respective guilt, and sufficient to deliver them from the punishment due to their crimes.” Such is the horrible doctrine of the

Sion is the capital of the canton, and stands at the head of the valley, and, together with Martigny, is an interesting object in the landscape seen from the summit of the Forcla.

Martigny is a neat little town, embowered in orchards, and most delightfully situated in a nook of the mountains, formed by the elbow of the valley of the Rhone, where that river receives the impetuous torrent of the Dranse. Above it, to the north, on the summit of a perpendicular rock, stand the ruins of the castle of Bathia, an ecclesiastical fortress, once of considerable strength and importance.

At Martigny we entered upon the great road that passes over the Simplon into Italy. Buonaparte stayed two nights at our inn, when he made his celebrated passage of the Alps—and I slept in the room which he then occupied. The mistress of the inn told us that she served him with his coffee on that occasion. She had a vast deal to say about him, and we were much interested with her conversation, particularly, as it seemed to afford a specimen of the state of feeling in that neighbourhood,—at least in the circle in which she moved.

She did not hesitate to avow a strong attachment to Buonaparte. Her husband had served under

Roman Catholic Church. Who can wonder at the crimes that have polluted it? I should presume, however, that indulgences procured by such extra acts of devotion as those recommended to be performed at the oratoire above mentioned, apply merely to penances, &c. and are to be enjoyed in purgatory. Indulgences to sin, that free from every kind of punishment, I conceive are only to be got by purchase with money. It was against this system that the arm of Luther, in the hand of God, aimed the first deadly blow.

him, and fallen in battle; and when we expressed our astonishment, that she should like a man who had been the means of depriving her of her husband, she said with great emphasis, as though that were a sufficient consolation, "Oh! but he died for Buonaparte!" Every thing that Buonaparte had done, seemed to be, in her esteem, great and good. "But was he not a very bad man," we asked. "He had but one fault," she replied, "he was too ambitious." "But was he not a great tyrant—did he not aim at universal empire—did he not plunder and enslave every other country to aggrandize and enrich his own?" "Ah!" said she, "but *we* wanted for nothing—we had plenty of employment—we were strangers to poverty." And what the woman said was true enough, so far; for in public works, or in destructive wars, every man of talent and industry was sure to be employed; and you scarcely go a stage, in this part of the country, in which you do not meet with a road or a bridge, or some work of public utility, begun or completed by his orders. She told us she had got his picture, and if we liked she would fetch it. It was accordingly produced, and it proved to be a print of the death of General Duroc, where Buonaparte is represented in the tent of the general, and saying, as he grasps him by the hand, "General, there is another world, and we shall meet again." "Yes," the dying man replies, "there is another world, and we shall meet again, but that will not be for *thirty years to come*—till you have conquered all your foes, and fulfilled the hopes of France." Thus, I presume, they still cherish a hope, from the pro-

phetic saying of the dying general, that the fortunes of their exiled emperor may yet revive, and the days of his former glory return. It is probable, from the cheap form in which the print was executed, and the care with which this woman seemed to preserve it, that there are thousands of this picture amongst the lower classes of the population in Switzerland and France. I merely state the fact, and leave you to draw your own inference.

We had occasion, while at Martigny, to inquire for the surgeon and apothecary of the place. Not, I am happy to inform you, on account of any *serious* indisposition in any of our party—and more than this *negative* information I hope you will not expect. We found that he associated another honourable profession with that of the medical, being, also, the chief barber of the place; and that he occupied no less elevated a dwelling than the garret of the house immediately opposite to our inn. On this occasion, however, the disciple of *Æsculapius* had abandoned the duties of both these dignified callings, and was assisting to gather in the harvest somewhere in the neighbourhood of the town.

At Martigny we were regaled with the sight of our carriage, which we had been compelled to leave at Geneva, and which had come thus far to meet us. I know of no sight that could have been so gratifying to some of our party, who, I believe, as often as they recount the adventures of their lives, will not fail to place the tour to the glaciers of Savoy, and especially from the vale of Chamouni to Martigny, amongst the most toilsome and terrific.

There are no post horses in Switzerland. Sir S—— therefore agreed, when at Geneva, for four horses and a postillion to take us to Basle.

On leaving Martigny for Lausanne, we passed an immense chasm in the rock, through the deep gloom and obscurity of which the waters of the Trient find their passage from the higher regions to the Rhone; and not many hundred yards further, a branch of an impetuous mountain-torrent shoots over a tremendous precipice, and forms the beautiful cascade of the Pisse Vache. How, on the very frontiers of countries renowned for their refinement, and in a valley where all is beautiful and lovely, the most sublime and elegant cataract that the majestic scenery affords, can be degraded by so coarse an appellation, I am at a loss to determine. The fall is esteemed, altogether, the finest in the Alps. It is near the road, but no correct conception of its magnitude can be formed by merely viewing it from thence. A little hill, however, rises to the right, most happily placed, as if to show it to advantage, whence the finest view of it is attained, and there, indeed, the spectacle is truly grand.—Looking upward, the shining of the sun upon the foam contrasted with the blackness of the torrent which it covers, had a most sublime effect—for you will observe we then stood almost under the arch of the fall, and only saw the blackness of the volume of water, contrasted with the brightness of the day, and the golden hue of the foam that fringed it. The height has been variously stated, the probability is that it is from two to three hundred feet. We saw it to great advantage, as the

body of water was unusually large, though our guide informed us it was still inferior to what is sometimes witnessed. The sound and the spray that issued from it, produced an effect which I fancied could not be much unlike that of an action at sea. Its deep thunder, at intervals, resembled the roar of artillery, and the foam that ascended, rose in immense volumes from the troubled abyss, and floated over the valley like clouds of smoke. The prismatic colours played on the damp sward beneath us most fantastically, and every now and then presented the beautiful phenomenon of a double rainbow to our view. The scenery around was also most appropriate—comprising enough of bare and rugged rock in the cliffs to impart a character of grandeur, and enough of richness and luxuriance in the valley to relieve the eye, and give it objects upon which it may repose with pleasure, after the dizziness and fatigue inseparable from the view of such a spectacle.

From this most interesting spot the road lay through scenes of the highest cultivation and luxuriance,—meadows and corn fields, vineyards and orchards. The Rhone pursued its turbulent and rapid course on our right, and romantic mountains rose on either hand; while the hoary summit of the great St. Bernard terminated the sublime perspective to the south.

The valley closed upon us as we approached St. Maurice, a small town, with one long and narrow street, built upon the Rhone, and commanding the entrance of this mountain defile.—Immediately above it, the rocks overhang most fearfully; and far up, on

a ledge of one of them, is an edifice, once the abode of an anchorite, but now untenanted. We created no small stir in the town as we passed through it, and have reason to believe, from the curiosity we excited, that the eyes of its secluded inhabitants are not often regaled with such a goodly spectacle as our coach and four, with Mons. Crotet in his purple and gold.

The road is extremely narrow, and not a little dangerous, where it turns abruptly to the right, and crosses the Rhone by a bridge of a single arch, much admired for the elegance of its form and the vastness of its span, and remarkable as separating the canton of the Pays de Vaud from that of the Valais. Here the genius of Napoleon had also projected new improvements, and suggested the plan of widening the road by removing some of the houses in St. Maurice. Travellers have cause to regret, that his purpose was never carried into effect. We now left his great military road, which proceeds along the Savoy side of the lake of Geneva, and passed through a country far less wild and majestic, but possessing every character of pastoral and sylvan beauty, to Bex.

You can scarcely conceive how delightful such scenery appeared, after the wild and terrific objects with which our eyes had recently become familiar. How refreshing was the verdant meadow—the cooling shade—and the level road, after the continued glare of everlasting ice, and the intense fatigue of toiling along the face, or up the front of frightful precipices and craggy rocks.

We were much amused with the singular appearance of the immense straw hats worn by the women, who were busy in the hay fields, and now and then lifted up their beautiful and healthy countenances to peep at us, as we passed along,—and, indeed, it was little more than a peep that could be obtained from under such a vast projection as that which shaded their fair brows from the scorching heat of the noon-tide sun. Their hat very much resembles that of the Chinese, only that it is rendered still more curious, by a peak, with a kind of knob at the top of it, in which the crown terminates.

Bex is a small village, perfectly rural and pleasantly situated in the midst of orchards, gardens, and meadows. Immediately opposite the windows of the inn, the mountains are remarkably bold and imposing in their outline, and the peak of the Dent de Midi rises above them all in hoary and rugged grandeur. The effect was greatly heightened by a storm in the evening; and with somewhat mingled emotions of terror and delight, we saw the lightning leaping, as it were, from crag to crag, while the deep thunder murmured sullenly, or played its dread artillery amongst the hills.

The inn at Bex was by far the neatest, and the cleanest, with the most excellent provisions, and the best attendance we had met since leaving England. There was, indeed, an air of elegance about it—a taste and delicacy in the style of the furniture and the decorations of the rooms, never witnessed in the first hotels of our own country. The lace, the fringe, and the satin of the canopies, and

curtains of the couches—the variously figured papers of the rooms, exhibiting a boldness of outline, a correctness of expression, and a richness of colouring, which the first artists need not have blushed to own,—the airiness of the house, which had more the appearance of a villa rather than an inn—the sylvan beauty of the scenery around, and the grandeur of the more distant mountains, altogether produced something like the effect of a high wrought scene in an eastern tale—the work rather of enchantment than reality.

We asked the landlord if many travellers had passed this season. He said, not many: as the dismal accounts circulated in Paris and other parts of Europe, of the distress of the country, kept people away. Certainly, nothing can be more exaggerated than these reports have been. We expected, from what we heard in Paris, to have seen people perishing for want upon the public roads, and famine in every countenance we met: This, however, is far from having been the case. We have been rather struck, on the contrary, with the healthful appearance of the people. They certainly have suffered much; and we did not meet with that excessive vivacity and gayety, which under other circumstances, perhaps, we should have seen. But the general expression of the people can hardly require a stronger name than *sobriety*: it certainly does not amount to *sadness*, much less to *despair*.

We slept at Bex. Several carriages arrived in the course of the evening, and our landlord had cause to congratulate himself upon a larger company re-

posing beneath his roof that night, than he had entertained for many weeks before.

Not far from Bex, we passed, on the right, the road to the salt works, for which this neighbourhood is celebrated. We had not time to inspect them; and my inclination to do so was much diminished by the circumstance, that we have similar works in our own neighbourhood, while various intelligent travellers have given us ample accounts of these.*

Our road increased in interest as we advanced. On the left, not far from Aigle, we observed the majestic castle of St. Tryphon, crowning a majestic summit of an insulated rock. It is said to be built of marble. There are some celebrated quarries in its neighbourhood.

At length we arrived at the head of the lake of Geneva, by far the most interesting portion of this beautiful sheet of water. It is rendered so by nature and by the genius that has haunted and celebrated its scenery. The valley is

* A full account of them is given in Mr. Coxe's Travels, vol. II. p. 104—106. They are the only salt works in Switzerland, and furnish but one-twelfth of the annual consumption of the canton. Their net profit is about three hundred pounds. The quantity of rock salt annually delivered from the pits at Northwich, in Cheshire, is from fifty to sixty thousand tons, while not less than forty-five thousand tons are supplied from the brine pits. The total annual amount produced by the salt rocks and springs in Cheshire, is, therefore, about one hundred thousand tons, the duty upon which is so considerable, as to render the appointment of a special board of commissioners necessary for its management, independent of the excise and customs.

“I am

And wonderful, and deep, and hath a sound,
 And sense, and sight of sweetness : here the Rhone
 Hath spread himself a couch—the Alps have rear'd a throne.”

The mountains on the left of the valley are extremely wild and majestic ; and at their feet, close on the borders of the lake, is the little village of Meillerie, famous as the residence of Rousseau. This name, which I am well aware, would excite the eulogies of many a pen, and impart to the surrounding scenes, a charm more powerful than any their own romantic beauties could create, has, I must acknowledge, a far different influence upon me. I cannot but connect with it the pestilential principles—the blasphemous productions—and the deep sensuality, of the infidel that owned it. Who, that has any respect for the honour of revelation, or the happiness of mankind, but must regret, that ever so great a name was lent to so base a career, or that such lovely scenes should have been polluted by the breath of such depraved and prostituted genius.*

* The life and character of Rousseau are too well known to require either sketch or comment. Yet, defiled and degraded as he was by the dereliction of every moral, and the avowal of every infidel and licentious principle, Rousseau is the man, whom the Constituent Assembly held up to the imitation, and even adoration, of the French people—placed next to Voltaire, (*par nobile fratrum*) in the Pantheon—and who is still celebrated as one of the brightest ornaments their country has ever known. This is the man who could blasphemously declare, in a volume which developed his crimes, “No man can come to the throne of God and say, I am a better man than Rousseau,”—who could boast, in another of his

Here all is classic ground, for passing Villeneuve, a small town at the head of the lake, we presently arrived at the castle of Chillon, not less remarkable for the singularity of its situation, or the scenes of its history, than for the talent which has celebrated both. It literally stands in the lake, and is entered by a draw-bridge. Above it are lofty hills tracked by a mountain torrent, and beneath it, the waters of the lake, washing its massive walls, to the amazing depth of nearly a thousand feet. We alighted at its gate, and passing the draw-bridge, were conducted to its dark and cheerless dungeons. The associations and the feelings excited by the visit, were of the most melancholy and affecting kind. The transition was so sudden, and, indeed, unexpected,—for I knew not till the carriage stopped that we should alight—from all that was grand, and

pestilential productions, that he would one day say to the Supreme Arbiter, "Deign, in thy clemency, to judge a weak mortal; I have, it is true, done much ill upon earth, but I have published this writing,"—and who entered into eternity with a lie upon his tongue, exclaiming, "Eternal Being! the soul that I am now going to give free back, is as pure at this moment, as it was when it proceeded from thee: render it partaker of thy felicity." Never was there a more melancholy example of the infatuation and phrenzy, the audacity and effrontery in vice, by which the French school of infidel philosophy is distinguished. If the principles of such men were universally imbibed, every vestige of religion, morals, faith, and decency, would be banished from the world. Yet, the works of Rousseau and Voltaire,—whose common saying concerning the Redeemer was, "Crush the wretch,"—are the models upon which some of our British youth form their taste, and the sources whence they derive their principles. While such books occupy their studies, we need wonder at nothing that degrades their characters and pollutes their lives.

beautiful, and free—to the dampness and the darkness of those gloomy cells, that the effect was powerful. The pathetic tale of the prisoner of Chillon, was fresh in our remembrance, and the memorials of captivity and suffering yet remained. We saw the staples in the pillars to which the prisoners were confined, the pavement which the steps of the ill-fated Bonnivard had worn,* and the fatal beam by which, not unfrequently, the unhappy victims these vaults enclosed, were made to pass from a living sepulchre to that of death.

“Chillon, thy prison is a holy place
And thy sad floor an altar—for 'twas trod,
Until his very steps have left a trace
Worn as if thy cold pavement were a sod.
Bonnivard! May none those marks efface,
For they appeal from tyranny to God.”

Emerging from the dungeons of Chillon, we observed upon the lake, not many hundred yards from the shore, a little verdant islet, with two or three trees—the only one that breaks the surface of this magnificent sheet of water. The Empress Maria Louisa visited it, when exploring these scenes, and took a breakfast there. Perhaps, there are few regions that can surpass in loveliness and grandeur the view which we enjoyed on leaving the towers of

* Bonnivard, the prior of St. Victor, and the great assertor of the independence of Geneva, was found in the dungeons of Chillon, when the castle was wrested from the Duke of Savoy by the Bernese. He had been confined six years, and had worn the stones of his dungeon by his continual walking within its narrow limits.

Chillon. To the left, the Alps of Savoy, rising in a thousand fantastic forms, to a sublime elevation above the rock of Meillerie; to the right, the luxuriant vineyards and the pleasant villages of the Pays de Vaud, gently inclining to the margin of the lake; behind, a noble back ground of lofty and woody hills; and before, a placid surface of deep and transparent blue, stretching to a vast extent, with one lonely sail upon its bosom, and scarcely a breeze to disturb its repose.

As we passed through Clarens we were shown the chateau where Rousseau's Mama, or mistress, resided. At Vivey, a neat and pleasant town, delightfully situated on the border of the lake, we dined, and afterwards proceeded through a lovely country, with the lake, and the opposite mountains of Savoy, on our left, and vineyards, rising like so many terraces on our right, to Lausanne. It was too early in the season for the vineyards to have their full effect: too much of the sticks by which the vines were supported were yet visible, and I was rather inclined to consider them a deformity than an ornament in the picture.

Your's, &c.

LETTER XXII.

Morat.

MY DEAR ———

LAUSANNE is seated on the summits and the steep declivities of three hills that rise above the lake, and from various parts of the town and its environs, extensive views of that noble sheet of water and its surrounding scenery are obtained. It is nearly a mile from the town to the water's edge.

The town itself has little to recommend it. Its streets are narrow, crooked, steep, and miserably paved. We saw but few public edifices, that deserved particular notice. The cathedral is a venerable pile of gothic architecture, and approached by a series of flights of covered steps. Lausanne is the seat of government of the Pays de Vaud, and is at present the residence of the British ambassador, Sir Stratford Canning. We found the inhabitants deeply sympathizing with him in the loss which he had just sustained in the death of an amiable wife. The man who showed us the cathedral, pointed out, with great feeling, her recent grave. The melancholy event had happened but ten days before.

We spent the sabbath at Lausanne, and attended divine service in the cathedral. The minister was a young man, and the sermon, so far as I could un-

derstand it, most excellent ; but it was delivered with such rapidity, that I think the audience, for the most part, must have had some difficulty in following the preacher. The discourse was on the work and example of Christ, and had more in it of what constitutes the chief excellence of a sermon, "the truth as it is in Jesus," than I have heard since leaving England. The congregation was but small. The people appeared attentive and devout.

I cannot but confess, that it was an interesting circumstance to me to attend divine worship in a cathedral, and in the bosom almost of Popery ; yet, stripped of all its trappings and absurdities, and conducted with a seriousness and a simplicity which becomes the worship of the most high. I felt myself at home—for the form of service very much resembled that of the people amongst whom I minister. The preacher did use a liturgy, but it was short and concise : in every other respect the worship was conducted much in the manner of the protestant dissenters in England.

I found that they had several schools in Lausanne, that they had one upon the principle of Bell and Lancaster, and that they were very careful to give bibles and catechisms to the children. The blessings of education are universally enjoyed throughout the canton, and there are few states, perhaps, that exercise so much vigilance in the care of the rising generation. It is a small republic, with about 150,000 inhabitants. It was long a mere province of the canton of Bernè. The population of Lausanne is chiefly protestant.—

This is the case generally throughout the Pays de Vaud; but while the principles of protestantism prevail on one side the lake of Geneva, the demon of superstition and the image of the beast, are enthroned upon the heights that rise abruptly from the other, and shed their pestilential influence over the romantic regions beyond. It would have been strange, indeed, if the reformed religion had not spread in some directions through the immediate neighbourhood of its great champion, and the scenes that were honoured with his labours. But, alas! how small a portion of land, even here, does it possess, and over that portion, scanty as it is, how imperfectly and partially are its genuine spirit and principles diffused.

From the windows of our inn we enjoyed an uninterrupted view of the lake, and in the evening it presented a glorious spectacle, as the moon rose from behind the adjacent mountains, and shed a column of gold upon its placid waters. Not a breeze ruffled them—all was still and serene. The mighty forms of the mountains lay in masses of shadow upon the glassy surface, while the stars rose one by one in the azure firmament above, till the whole landscape seemed softened down to more than material beauty, and appeared like a type of paradise—a glowing picture of a lovely spot in some celestial clime! We were wrapped in silent admiration, when the tones of a guitar saluted us from the terrace of the garden, and, accompanied by a melodious voice, charmed us with some soft and simple German airs, that precisely harmonized with

the character of the scene, and completed the sensation of delight which had already been excited in the mind.

The population of Lausanne is about eight thousand. We were informed that vast numbers of English inhabit its neighbourhood. We met with none, however, in the streets. Here, as over all the continent, the sabbath terminated with the afternoon service, yet we did not observe that dissipation in the evening which prevailed in France.

There is a delightful promenade in the vicinity of the town commanding extensive views of the lake, with its bays and promontories—its surrounding Alps, and the distant ridges of the Jura. I was much struck with the loneliness of the lake. Though in the midst of a populous region, there was scarcely a sail upon its surface through the whole of yesterday, and we observed but one or two, during our ride of many miles along its margin. The length of this magnificent mirror of waters is nearly sixty miles,* and its greatest breadth from eleven to twelve. Its form is like that of the moon, between its first and second quarter; Savoy occupies its concave, and the Pays de Vaud its convex side. Its waters are of the deepest blue, and receive not less than forty tributary streams. Of these the Rhone is the principal; and this noble river is completely purified from its mountain-pollutions in its passage through it. I had

* Lord Byron writes, "I this day observed for some time the reflection of Mont Blanc, and Mont Argentiére, in the calm of the lake, which I was crossing in my boat. The distance of these mountains from their mirror is sixty miles.

occasion to remark the transparency of the atmosphere in the amazing distance to which we could distinctly see the castle of Chillon, which occupies a most advantageous position at the head of the lake. It is affirmed, and I believe with truth, that a town upon its banks illumined by the setting sun, may be seen to the distance of forty miles. But the lake of Geneva is a topic upon which so many have written, that I put your patience to an unnecessary trial by these crude remarks of my own. Equally unnecessary is it for me to remind you that this place was long the residence of Gibbon, the historian, and that the summer-house, in which he wrote the greater part of his history, is still standing; the library, too, which he used in that work, remained till recently in *statu quo*, but I believe it has lately been sold.

There appears to be a great imitation of French manners in this place, a circumstance which cannot be reckoned amongst the most favourable of its symptoms. Their simplicity of character has ever been considered the glory of the Swiss, but the refinement and elegance of the French nation, bring dissipation, intrigue, and infidelity in their train, and menace alike the interests of morality, of religion, and of liberty. I believe that few countries have been happier for the influence of French politics, and few individuals better for the principles of French education. Upon this ground, I cannot but regard the opening of the continent, and subsequent influx of British youth of both sexes to the seminaries of France and the societies of Paris, as a serious evil, and one obviously tending to a result which every

lover of his country must sincerely deprecate. For my own part, I think it becomes all parents and guardians to ponder well the probable results of the step they meditate, ere, for the sake of economy, they resign the youth committed to their care, to the influence of such a pestilential element, and the attraction of such a dangerous vortex: for Britain may well deplore the day when art, and cunning, and scepticism, shall be substituted for that ingenuousness of character, which is now the brightest ornament of her rising population.

We left Lausanne at an early hour, and reached this place about sun-set. The ascent from Lausanne was long and tedious, although we had an additional pair of horses to our carriage. But this circumstance I considered rather an advantage than otherwise, as it gave me more leisure to survey the scenery we were leaving behind. The outline of the Alps we exceedingly grand from the hill above Lausanne, and the lake looked lovelier than ever, because, perhaps, the view I was then taking of it was the last.

We breakfasted at Moudon, a town of great antiquity, situated in a delightful valley, watered by the Broze, and encompassed by well wooded and verdant hills. It was the capital of the canton, when the Pays de Vaud was under the dominion of the Dukes of Savoy. Our next stage was to Payerne, whose appearance was forlorn and desolate. It is a place of great antiquity, but of no trade or manufacture. It stands upon an extensive plain, and its inhabitants are chiefly occupied in the pursuits of agriculture.

In the market-place, is a rude statue, which I was informed was intended to represent the famous Tell, the great assertor of their independence. We met with a very civil and communicative man in our rambles through the streets, from whom we learned that they had neither Bible society nor Sunday school; but they had a free school, and were well supplied with bibles from the institution at Lausanne.

The country through which we have passed to-day reminded us strongly of our own. The haymakers were busy in the fields. The corn looked well, and promised an abundant harvest. The farm-houses and cottages had an air of neatness and of comfort, such as we had not witnessed either in France or Savoy, and scenes of cheerfulness and plenty reigned around.

Morat is a neat town built of stone. The houses of the principal streets are on arcades. It is pleasantly situated on the borders of a small lake, about six miles in length, and one and a half in breadth. The lake of Morat is separated from that of Neuchatel by a ridge of inconsiderable hills. These two lakes run parallel to each other, and the former pours its superabundant waters, by means of the Broze, into the latter. The lake of Neuchatel, however, surpasses that of Morat in extent, though not, perhaps, in beauty. It is thirty miles in length, and about three in breadth.

Morat is celebrated in the history of Switzerland, for a desperate battle fought in its neighbourhood, between the Swiss and Charles the Noble, Duke of Burgundy, in the year 1476. The vic

tory was decided in favour of the Swiss. The invading army was almost annihilated. The bones of the vanquished were collected and preserved in a square building near the town. There remain, however, but few at present ; the Burgundian troops in the service of France, have embraced the opportunity afforded by their more successful invasion, to remove, as far as possible, these memorials of their ancestors' defeat, while the Swiss themselves are charged with having violated these relics, by making a barter of the bones for the purpose of knife handles, for which their extreme whiteness have rendered them greatly in demand.

The German language is generally spoken at Morat. We here began to find the comfort of a servant who can speak most of the continental languages with fluency. We have been much amused with a debate between him and the landlord of the inn, the subject of which was, whether the English did really drink sugar in their tea. The landlord seemed hard to be convinced that we could be guilty of such extravagance. 'Twas well for us that we were provided with the tea, else there would have been no occasion for the debate. Our's, it must be observed, is not the best inn in the town, being already occupied by the magistrates from Bern, but is the second in rank, and certainly not to be celebrated for any thing but its darkness and its dirt. We have enjoyed a pleasant walk by the margin of the lake. To me there is something peculiarly interesting in the stillness and twilight of the evening—and amid such scenes the charm is doubly

powerful. How delightful, at such an hour, is the converse of a friend—and, if alone, how transporting that effort is of the mind by which it can surround itself with the society it loves, and hold communion with the absent, in defiance of the distance that intervenes. The luxury has frequently been mine in the course of this tour, and I enjoy it now. But like every thing sublunary it is transient. Adieu.

Your's, &c.

LETTER XXIII.

Basle.

MY DEAR —

I walked through a highly cultivated country from Morat to Gumenen, a little village, six miles distant, where we breakfasted, and had the good fortune to secure to ourselves the only two white loaves then in the place. It is pleasantly situated upon the Saane, a rapid river of considerable breadth, which is crossed by a wooden bridge of singular construction, with a tiled roof to shelter it from the weather. From this place we proceeded to Bern.

We entered the canton of Bern between Morat and Gumenen, and were immediately struck with the curious costume of the women. It is such that I should have supposed it greatly exaggerated if I had seen it only in a picture. The body of the gown, or *bodice*, if such it can be called, and the entire skirt, is black, or if it is not entirely black, it presents a small square of white upon the bosom, surrounded as it were by a deep black frame—the sleeve which issues from beneath it on either side is white and very full, giving them an appearance not very unlike that of a bishop in his lawn. I am aware of the temerity of the comparison, and yet I know not how to give you a better idea of the costume I am attempting to describe. The hair is suffered to

grow to its full length, and is plaited into two tails, or *queues*, which are tied with black riband, and literally reach down to their heels. But the head has the oddest appearance. It is about half covered, and that at the back of it, with a black cap, from the edge of which springs a sort of ornamental trimming, which at a distance has the appearance of lace; but I handled one at Gumenen, and found it nothing more nor less than black horse hair. This trimming rises perpendicularly from the cap to the extent of from three to six or seven inches, and looks like wings stretching from each side of the head, for it is so thrown back on the crown of the head, as not to be seen there in a front view. Now all this would have been well, (but certainly singular and grotesque enough to an English eye,) in a full dress or a holiday suit; but to see women working in the fields—beggars in the streets, and little children that could scarcely walk alone, thus adorned, was truly ridiculous. Yet, this dress prevails throughout the whole of the canton; we scarcely saw a woman on the road, or at her cottage door, or in the streets of Bern, who was not so attired. The costumes of Switzerland are almost as uniform as the dress of a charity school. In every individual that you meet the cut and colour are the same, especially with the females, so that when you have seen one woman of the canton, you have seen all. This is the case, more or less, in every canton, and each has a costume of its own. At Bern we were furnished with complete sets of the Swiss costumes,

represented in characteristic figures, by the pencil of M. Dinkel, a Swiss artist of great celebrity. He was represented to us by the vender of his productions as being now at the point of death, and one argument he employed to induce us to purchase, was, that his works would be greatly increased in value after his decease.

The approach to Bern is very pleasing; the country around is beautifully undulated and in the highest state of cultivation. The vicinity for a considerable distance indicated by its life and bustle, that we were approaching to a capital, and on entering the city by its beautiful trenches and noble gates, we found the streets crowded with people in their gayest attire—and filled with corn and cattle, and almost every article of commerce, it being market day. It is a magnificent city, and next to Paris, incomparably the finest we have yet seen on the continent. The houses are all built of stone, with arcades in the principal streets, and rows of well furnished shops. The town is abundantly supplied with fountains, and streams of water flow through the centre of the streets, which are wide, in deep and broad channels cut for their reception. From the great influx of people the city had a very gay appearance. The expression, the costume, the language,—all was perfectly new. I was greatly interested in my perambulations through it. It seemed to exhibit society under another aspect.—It had not the refinement of Paris, nor the dulness of Geneva, but appeared like the capital of an active and flourishing state.

There are many noble edifices in Bern. The cathedral is a magnificent pile of gothic architecture, occupying a bold elevation above the Aar. It possesses a remarkably fine organ, of enormous size, stretching to nearly the whole breadth of the church. They were preparing the choir, no longer disgraced by the splendid paraphernalia of popish worship, for the meeting of the Swiss Diet.

In the city of Bern, I was shocked by a spectacle of human degradation and wretchedness, such as I had never witnessed before. I was, of course, aware of the practice that prevails in many parts of the continent, of chaining criminals, like beasts, to carts, which they drag along the streets, for the purpose of collecting the filth and rubbish which is swept up and thrown in by other criminals of lighter delinquency and less heavily ironed: here I saw it, and it was, indeed, a most repulsive and humiliating sight. No doubt the hulks at Woolwich would exhibit as shocking a spectacle; but then it is not as here, obtruded upon one's eyes in the heart of the city, and where the mind is little prepared for such an affecting lesson. But it is common to the Bernese, and does not, of course, excite the same emotions in their minds as in those of strangers. Men, and even women, are doomed to this degrading punishment for years, and sometimes for life. I should hope that the diffusion of knowledge, and the advance of liberal sentiment, would sooner or later induce all civilized states to review their criminal codes, and make such revi-

sions as the experience of past ages, and the public voice seem to require.*

At our hotel in Bern we met with every thing in the highest style of elegance and comfort, and I could only regret that we had but a few hours to devote to a place that might have occupied and interested us several days. We there changed our driver, and procured a smart spirited fellow, with a fine set of horses, who has got us over the ground at a rate very superior to that of the miserable drone we left behind.

I know not that I ever passed so fine a road as that by which we left Bern to proceed to Soleure. It turns abruptly to the left, and climbs a hill im-

* Perhaps I ought to qualify what I have written above, and I prefer doing it by a note, rather than by any alteration of the original passage. The closing remark, though excited by what I saw in Bern, is intended to apply not so much to any foreign systems of punishment as to our own. The sanguinary character of the British code, and the abuses that exist in the system of police and the economy of our prisons, are notorious evils, and it is to be feared, more adapted to promote and increase, than diminish crimes. With respect to the practice above described in Bern, I am aware that Howard, and many enlightened philanthropists approve it, for the male convicts at least; the spectacle, however, when first beheld by a stranger must strike him as barbarous and disgusting. These men might be usefully employed without converting the streets of the city into scenes of punishment, and compelling the innocent inhabitants to be spectators. America has unquestionably the advantage of us in her method of treating criminals; and there are few states in Europe that might not be essentially benefited by adopting some of her principles. I rejoice that this subject is at present occupying much of the public attention, and hope, that when prejudice is a little more subdued, good will result from all that has been said and written about it.

mediately on leaving the gates of the city, and passes between rows of trees, with a gentle slope on either hand, covered with the freshest verdure and as smooth as the finest lawn. The bird's-eye views of the city, which we obtained as we ascended, were extremely interesting. We saw it in its length and breadth surrounded by the Aar, and laying in full perspective at our feet. But a far nobler scene was unfolded to the south-east, where an immense chain of Alps appeared like the outer boundaries of some new creation, to which their dreadful precipices, inaccessible peaks, and summits of untrodden snow for ever barred the approach of man. The average height of this chain is, perhaps, about twelve thousand feet, and the forms of the mountains that compose it are wild and fantastic beyond imagination. The purity of the atmosphere gave them a distinctness of outline, such as is rarely enjoyed in our own country, and such as I once realized in the ascent of Ben Lomond. The beams of the retiring sun gilded their lofty pinnacles, and imparted to their masses of spotless snow a brightness that seemed to have more of heaven in it than earth. Oh! if terrestrial scenes can appear so lovely, what must that purity and lustre be, of which they are only the dim shadows and imperfect emblems!

We slept last night at Soleure, and left it at six this morning. While the carriage was getting ready, I stepped into two of the churches, which were close by our inn. They were performing divine worship in both, though at such an early

hour, and one of them was nearly filled with people. The church of St. Ursus is esteemed the finest in Switzerland. Its architecture is Grecian, and the altar pieces and ornaments are in the highest style of Popish magnificence. Soleure is watered by the Aar, and its neighbourhood is remarkably pleasant. The land is chiefly pasturage, and the meadows are extremely rich. No wonder that their cattle in this part of Switzerland should be so fine. I saw some oxen in the market-place at Bern equal to any I ever saw in Leicestershire, and that would have satisfied the greatest connoisseur in beef, had he been upon the search for his Christmas dinner.

Our first stage from Soleure was to Balstall. It would be ungrateful to pass this little village without notice, for there, at breakfast, we had the best bread we have met with since leaving England, and this I assure you was no small luxury. A few miles before reaching Birstall the road turns abruptly to the left, and traverses a rocky pass, at the head of which, crowning an enormous rock, stands the ruined castle of Kluss. Issuing from the pass, we entered a spacious valley, the hills gently rising to the right clothed with forests of fir, and rocks towering abruptly to the left, to an amazing height. On the summit of one perpendicular crag, after passing Balstall, we observed the ruins of the castle of Falkenstein—and a few miles further, those of the castle of Wallenburg. These mouldering ruins too surely indicated what scenes in former ages were developed in these peaceful vales, when they were

made to ring with the clangour of arms, and were deluged with blood.

We dined at the little town of Liechstall, a poor and insignificant place, yet we entered it by towers that had once been strong, and it appeared to be like most of the continental towns, completely walled. After dinner we strolled about the town, and penetrated into the shop of a calico printer, who was busy at his work. He could speak nothing but German himself, but he soon introduced his brother, who spoke very good English. He told us he was a mathematical and surgical instrument maker. Twenty years ago he left England, where he had worked some time. He said he was much better off then than he was now, for he had very little work at present. But, notwithstanding this, he loved his country. He spoke very highly of the English, and called his children to see the *Messrs. Anglais*. He observed, the town in which he lived was a poor place; and very aptly compared it to a court in London. I inquired into the state of religion and education amongst them. He said they were all protestants. They had no Sunday schools, but they had daily schools gratis, to which the poor were obliged to send their children. They have no branch of the Bible society amongst them, but they are abundantly supplied with the holy scriptures from the society at Basle. The minister is very diligent in the discharge of his duty, and catechises the children when they have attained to the age of fifteen years.

About five miles from Liechstall, an abrupt turn of the road gave us the first view of the Rhine, with

the dark woods of the Black Forest occupying the rising ground on its opposite bank, and forming, in that direction, the frontiers of the Austrian territory. I could not but behold with the deepest interest this noble and impetuous torrent, associated as it is with the most important scenes and revolutions in the history of Europe, and oftener, perhaps, than any other, disturbed by the thunder of war and dyed with blood.

The windows of our hotel look out upon the Rhine, and the river washes the walls of the house. The stream rushes past with astonishing rapidity. Here is a permanent bridge, built in part only of stone. It consists of fourteen arches, and is six hundred feet in length. In the strongest part of the current it is of wood, and over the piles are placed enormous mill-stones, to prevent their being torn up from their sockets and hurried down the stream. The river divides the city into two parts, forming the large and small town. The city is surrounded by walls and ramparts, and is capable, it is said, of containing one hundred thousand inhabitants. Its present population, however, is stated at only sixteen thousand. In 1431 it was forty thousand. There are no craft or pleasure boats upon the river, the rapidity of the current forbidding them. We have just seen a boat start that appeared ill able to stand the fury of such a torrent. It went at a terrific rate, and was soon out of sight. In these frail and crazy barks, however, travellers are sometimes conveyed to Strasburg, a distance of eighty miles, which they accomplish in fifteen hours. It appeared

to me that the navigation was extremely perilous, for the river abounds with shoals and eddies,—the boat is of the rudest structure, composed of a few planks of deal, and often so rickety, that a man cannot stand erect in it, while it is navigated down the torrent by a single paddle.

There are some noble residences in Basle, which bespeak the opulence of their inhabitants; but the streets in general are narrow and intricate. The windows of the houses are for the most part defended by massive iron grating, which gives them the appearance of prisons, and throws an air of gloom over the whole place. We observed the same thing in other towns, but were peculiarly struck with it here. The cathedral is a venerable structure, but greatly disfigured by the red paint with which its whole exterior has been barbarously daubed. It will ever be remembered as the asylum in which the ashes of the great Erasmus repose. Behind the cathedral is a terrace commanding a noble prospect of the river, the city, and the adjacent country on the opposite bank of the Rhine.

The library at Basle is rich in the original manuscripts of the reformers; and connected with it is a suite of apartments, in which are preserved many original drawings and paintings of the famous Holbein, who was a native of this city, where may be traced the progress of his genius from the rudest efforts of his pencil to that perfection in the art, for which his name is so justly celebrated.

Basle is also the seat of an ancient university, connected with which are some of the most illustrious names in literature and science; and no student in

biblical criticism 'can fail to pronounce, amongst many others, that of a Wetstein and a Buxtorf, with grateful admiration.

The principal manufactures of Basle are ribands, stuffs, and paper. The Basilians claim the invention of the art of paper making and of printing as their own. Their claim to the honour of the last invention is, however, so slender, that the city of Basle is rarely mentioned in those controversies to which the subject has given rise. The only towns considered as having any right to contend for it are Meyence, Strasburg, and Harleim.

Basle is a protestant canton, and there is a great steadiness and sobriety amongst the people. Although remarkable for their love of liberty, they yet seem to be under the influence of an active and inquisitive police. The magistrates are extremely careful of the public comfort and the public morals, and, like the fathers of the state, forbid their children whatever is likely to injure either. We asked for white bread—the magistrates allowed nothing but brown, because of the failure of the last harvest. We asked for French or English newspapers—the magistrates did not allow any to enter the canton; we might read the German if we pleased. One of the party inquired if there was any theatre. No—was the reply—Government will allow no public amusement whatever since the last bad season, lest the people should spend that money upon shows and spectacles, which they want for bread. It would be better for the people if all Governments had an equal regard to the welfare of their subjects!

Your's, &c.

LETTER XXIV.

Kehl.

MY DEAR ———

WE are detained at this place, a small village on the German side of the Rhine, opposite Strasburg, being too late in our arrival to enter the city this evening. The gates are always closed at nine o'clock, and no one is permitted to pass after that time. This is a novel circumstance to an Englishman, who would not very calmly endure being shut out of one of his own towns at such an early hour. We thank God that the days of the curfew are over with us, and that we know nothing of that insecure and perturbed state of things which renders such precautions necessary. But we are not in England, and must, therefore, quietly submit.

We crossed the Rhine yesterday morning by the bridge at Basle, passed through the little city, and at the distance of about three miles on the road; left the canton of Basle, and entered Germany by the territories of the Grand Duke of Baden. We had the Rhine on our left, and the Black Forest, covering majestic hills, at some distance on our right; while a rich and luxuriant landscape smiled at every step. From the brow of a hill, about twelve miles from Basle, we obtained a glorious view of the windings of the river—the extensive and fertile valley through which it meanders—the dark undulations of

the forest—the towers and the spires of the city in the distance—and the whole line of Alps in the back ground, rising in hoary grandeur, and glittering in the beams of the noon-day sun.

Here we left the Rhine; the road takes a direction towards the Black Forest, and skirts the edge of it, all the way to Fribourg. The route to Vienna lies through the heart of this forest. It was formerly, and is still, much infested by wolves, and at certain periods, especially in the severity of winter, travelling through it is not altogether unaccompanied with danger. You may, perhaps, have heard of a remarkable instance of self-devotion, related of the servant of a German Baron, who was passing through this forest, and pursued by wolves. For a while they kept a-head of their ravenous pursuers, but the servant perceiving them gaining ground, and assured at length that escape was utterly impossible, told the postillion to stop—commended his wife and children to his master's protection, and then calmly gave himself up to be devoured—thus saving the life of his master at the expense of his own.

Happily, however, we saw no wolves—and the only inconvenience we suffered, was a detention of some hours at a filthy post-house. The postillion and the horses were all in the hay-field, and the wary landlady, was sagacious enough not to send for them, till she had got the price of a dinner out of the pockets of her guests. This circumstance delayed our arrival in Fribourg three hours, and it was just dusk when we entered the town.

Fribourg is a fine old town, famous for its minster,

and its university. The minster is a noble pile of gothic architecture, most highly wrought, and of fine proportion. The workmanship of the tower and steeple is exquisite. The church is said to be after the model of that at Strasburg, and one of the finest ecclesiastical edifices in Germany.

We took up our quarters at the Moor, and had reason to be well satisfied with the civility and intelligence of our landlord. His appearance, moreover, was very prepossessing to us citizens of London, for he had all the protuberance and self-complacent air of a perfect cit, and might have been transported in *statu quo*, to a Lord Mayor's feast, or a fishmonger's dinner, without any chance of his foreign extraction being discovered, if he but kept his own counsel, and simply addressed himself to the matter in hand.

He told us, that at the time of the invasion of France by the allied armies, nearly a million of men passed through Fribourg. At that time, a malignant fever raged in the town, and carried off from thirty to forty a day. Nevertheless, the Emperor Alexander visited the hospital in person: "as for me," said the landlord, shrugging up his shoulders with wonderful effect, "I did not dare to do it, for fear of catching the fever."

In the album of the hotel, we saw many illustrious names, and amongst others, that of Gustavus Adolphus, the *ci-devant* king of Sweden, who passed the 29th, 30th, and 31st of July, 1813, in that inn. The landlord assured us that the handwriting was his
•WR.

We did not leave Fribourg till noon to-day, having met with interesting objects to detain us. Before breakfast we visited the cathedral. The gates were open, and many were engaged in their morning devotions before the several altars. The interior of the church is spacious and magnificent, and abounds with sculptures and paintings of the richest kind. We were particularly struck with a representation of the last supper, quite novel in its plan. In a small recess, or chapel, in one of the aisles of the church, an ordinary table is placed, covered with white linen, and the Redeemer and the twelve apostles are seated round it, in figures of marble, as large as life. The expression of the countenances is admirably given, especially that of John, who leans on the bosom of Christ—and Judas, who sits the last in the groupe, and whose hand grasps the bag. The whole has a very fine and imposing effect, and comes nearer to life than any thing I have yet seen. This church is also very rich in painted glass.

We should have staid longer in the cathedral, but our walking about seemed to disturb the devotions of the devotees, and being warned to depart by the sour looks, and savage mutterings of a fierce old man, who appeared to be particularly annoyed by the presence of us heretics, in so holy a place, we deemed it prudent to take the hint.

From the cathedral we proceeded to the library. It contains about 70,000 volumes. It possesses no manuscripts, but many of the books are extremely rare and valuable, consisting chiefly of Polyglots—the Fathers—*Editiones principes* of the classics,

&c. &c. I observed the Polyglot of Cardinal Ximenes. This library belongs to the university, in which there are, at present, about four hundred students. These give a literary air to the town. I never saw so many young men, passing through the streets with books under their arms, as at Fribourg. There is, also, a very excellent collection of anatomical preparations, which we saw. The number is small, but the subjects are well preserved and judiciously arranged.

After breakfast we were gratified by a visit to the convent and the monastery. The convent is situated at the outskirts of the town. We were permitted to see the interior of it, and were highly pleased with the accomplished manners, and polite attention of the superior, who accompanied us through the apartments, and explained the economy of the institution. There are but twelve nuns at present in the convent, and three lay sisters; the latter perform the domestic duties of the house. Four of the nuns are employed in teaching a girl's school kept within the walls of the convent. The number of scholars is about four hundred; the labours of the nuns are entirely gratuitous. We visited the several classes, and the nuns to whose charge they were committed, with great readiness exhibited specimens of their work, which the ladies assured us did all the parties concerned the greatest credit. The rest of the sisters occupy themselves in needle-work. We were admitted to the cell of one. It was a neat and commodious chamber. The furniture of the room was simple, but sufficient, and

I observed a small collection of books. The nun seemed very happy, and was busy at her work. The superior spoke excellent French, all the rest could speak no language but German. She could also understand a little English, a circumstance of which she informed us, with the utmost delicacy of feeling, lest, as she observed, we should make remarks we might not wish any but our own party to hear.

She told us that all the useless convents had been abolished by Joseph II., but that such religious establishments as rendered themselves serviceable to society were permitted to remain. We inquired by what means the institution was supported. She said they had funds, but they were so scanty, that they were obliged occasionally to solicit aid from Government, which was readily granted them. She appeared much pleased when she discovered that we were English, and spoke very highly of our country. She asked how long we had been travelling, and observed, "it must be a fine thing to go abroad and see the world as you do,"—and yet there was nothing in her countenance that betrayed dissatisfaction with her calm and sequestered lot. On the contrary, there was an air of mild and placid cheerfulness about her, with an expression that indicated virtues and dispositions, that might sweeten a better state than that of celibacy and solitude.

She kindly showed us the chapel of the convent. It is remarkable for possessing the skeleton of one St. Felician, an early martyr of the church. It lies in a glass case over one of the altars, and is most

splendidly arrayed in satin and velvet, adorned with jewels and lace. It is not easy to conceive what a curious figure a skeleton's head cuts, looking out from the midst of such finery. It affords, however, a striking emblem of that world, with its pleasures and allurements, which these nuns profess to have forsaken. Its external appearance is splendid and fascinating, but in reality it is all rottenness and deformity. As Henry Kirke White said of those academic honours, which he purchased with his life, we may truly say of the world, "*It is a death's head, under a mask of beauty.*"

The bones of this famous martyr, who was a bishop, were presented to the convent. The apparel and decorations are the workmanship of the nuns. The lamp which was found burning in his sepulchre, is still unextinguished by his side. Near the altar of the saint, we observed many little arms and legs, and other members of the human body modelled in wax, and laid in rows upon shelves. We inquired the meaning of the collection. The nun informed us that they were offerings to the saint, in consequence of miraculous cures effected by his mediation. If any person had a disease in the arm or leg, &c. he brought the representation of the diseased limb in wax, and presented it at the shrine of the saint, who interceded for him, and he was immediately healed. I thought, from her manner of telling the story, that the nun herself had not much faith in it. Indeed, she appeared to be a woman of an enlarged and liberal mind, whose heart would freely open to the light of truth, if from

any quarter it should beam upon her. We left her with regret, and shall long remember the nun of Fribourg—the politeness of her manners—the soundness of her understanding, and the sweetness of her disposition.

From the convent we proceeded to the monastery of the Capuchin friars. The monks are all old men, and with their bald heads, long beards, sandalled feet, and coarse brown coat and cowl, bound round the middle with a piece of rope, from which was suspended the rosary and cross, were to me, who had never seen a monk before, most venerable and interesting objects. One of them only could speak French. He told us that he took the habit of a monk when but twenty years old, and though he is now eighty-three, yet he still appeared a strong and hearty man, and spoke with all the fire and energy of youth. “At the time of the French revolution,” said he, “when this country was a part of Alsace, they wanted to abolish this monastery, and offered to provide for the monks if they would abjure the monastic life and become curates. But, no,” said the old man, the fire of indignation flashing from his eyes, “I disdained the proposal—I had taken the vow to my God, and I resolved to perform it—preferring to live in poverty and upon alms, rather than forsake the life to which I was devoted.” Of what use to society he had been during his long life, however, he did not tell us; neither did he say wherein consisted the wisdom or the piety of taking such a vow. He told us that they were not permitted to receive any new fathers into the monaste-

LETTER XXV.

Mayence.

MY DEAR ———

IMMEDIATELY on leaving Kehl, we crossed the Rhine by the bridge of boats, and again entered France. We passed on our left the beautiful monument erected by Napoleon to the memory of General Dessaix. It is the work of Ohmacht, a German artist, from a design of Weinbrenner. At Strasburg, which is about three miles from the banks of the Rhine, the principal object of attraction is the cathedral. It is certainly one of the finest buildings the continent can boast. Its workmanship is most exquisite, and its whole appearance truly sublime. The stone is of a dark red, which gives it a sombre character. The front is exceedingly magnificent, notwithstanding the circumstance that it was designed for two spires and possesses only one. The spire is the highest in Europe, being four hundred and ninety-four feet from the ground: yet it is extremely light and elegant. Mr. H——, Mrs. F——, and myself, ascended within eighteen feet of the highest accessible point—the other eighteen feet of honour we did not think it wise to purchase at the peril of our lives; for, from the place where we stood, the steps to the highest pinnacle are entirely undefended, that it must be madness in one, not well prac-

tised in the art of climbing, to attempt ascending them on the thin pinnacle of a spire, then nearly five hundred feet from the earth. The ascent to the point *we* reached was extremely difficult, and not, I think, altogether without danger, for the spire is composed entirely of open work, wrought in stone, bound together with bars of iron; and we had to squeeze through a narrow cork-screw kind of staircase, that winds round the gothic pinnacles, which rise almost like bundles of reeds, gradually lengthened towards the centre to form the spire. The descent was by far the most formidable part of this expedition, and I was not a little pleased and thankful when it was safely accomplished. My ambition led me to the top of the highest spire in Europe, but, like most elevations, it was giddy and hazardous; and in this instance, as in many others, by no means repaid the toil of reaching it, for the view into the street below is too terrific to impart any thing like pleasure, while that of the surrounding country is flat and uninteresting, except to the north, and not any more extensive than what is obtained from the leads of the tower beneath, which is not more than half its height, and the ascent to which is perfectly safe and easy. The principal objects are the windings of the Rhine and the buildings of the city. At the time of the passing of the allied armies through the continent there were sixty thousand men in the neighbourhood of Strasburg, thirty in Kehl, and thirty in the plains in the vicinity of the town.

On the leads above mentioned, men constantly

live, whose business it is to keep a watch over the city, and to give the earliest alarm of fire. They are furnished with long poles, from which a flag is hung by day and a lantern by night. So soon as a fire is seen, they sound the tocsin and rouse the inhabitants, whose eyes are immediately turned to the tower of the church, and the direction in which the flag or lantern is pointed, and the quantity of the pole which is put out, shows them at once the direction and distance of the fire. To secure the watchfulness of the men, they are compelled to strike the quarters upon the clock, which of course keeps one of them constantly awake, and on the look out. These excellent precautions seem to have arisen from the circumstance that the interior of the cathedral was almost entirely consumed by fire about fifty years ago.

The interior of the cathedral is spacious and plain, but exceedingly rich in painted glass. It is surrounded by little chapels. Service was performing at the high altar, and at several of the inferior altars, and there were many people engaged in their devotions. The organ is remarkably elegant, and curiously placed over one of the aisles.

From the cathedral we went to the church of St. Thomas, to see the monument erected by Louis XV. to the memory of the great General, Count Saxe. It is a noble effort of the art of sculpture. The General is represented descending to his tomb, Death is holding the lid of it open for his reception—while the Genius of France, in the utmost agony, puts forth one hand to arrest the Count,

and with the other she strives to thrust away Death. Hercules stands leaning on the other end of the sarcophagus, with an expression of the deepest, but most dignified grief.

From Strasburg we proceeded along a flat and insipid, though highly cultivated country, to Lauterbourg, on leaving which we entered a portion of the Bavarian territories. This was indicated by the demand for our passports, and the change of the postillion's costume to light blue. We now drove for several miles through a fine wood, the openings in which towards the Rhine gave us occasional views of the high lands on the opposite bank of the river, though we saw not the river itself, until we reached the vicinity of Spire.

All along from Strasburg to Spire the harvest looked well, though in some places a little beat down by the heavy thunder showers with which we have recently been visited. The potato, the Indian corn, and the vine, each attracted our attention as we passed along. They seem to flourish exceedingly in this genial clime. We spent a sabbath at Spire in retirement and quietude. We repaired to the churches, but service was performed in the German language, of which none of us, I believe, understood enough to derive any edification from what we heard. I was present in the afternoon at one of the churches, when the minister catechised the children, and was much pleased with the seriousness and earnestness of his manner. He appeared to be deeply interested in the improvement of his catechumens, and to take great pains in their in-

struction. They read a chapter of the new testament, each one reading a verse, and the question of the minister arose out of the verses as they were read. This was in a Lutheran church. We afterwards went to the Catholic chapel, and there we heard a country congregation, not chant, but *bawl* the vespers. There was more of the ludicrous in the scene than I could endure, and I quickly left them, and returned to the solitude of my own apartment to reflect on the happy sabbath you was spending in England—that land of sabbaths and of bibles—dearer to me than ever—since I have learned the value of its privileges by their loss! At Spire there is little to interest a stranger, except an old cathedral of curious architecture, now fast sinking to decay.

On leaving Spire, we passed through a flat, but luxuriant country to Mannheim. There we crossed the Rhine by a bridge of boats, and entered again the territories of the Grand Duke of Baden. At Mannheim is a palace of the Grand Duke, and from the Bavarian side of the Rhine, as we approached the city, we had a fine view of the chateau, the gardens of which are laid out in the style of an English pleasure-ground, and occupy a space of many acres between the back front of the palace and the river. Mannheim is a very fine city. Its streets are wide, and cross each other at right angles. The houses are all white and clean in their appearance, being built either of stone, or covered with a composition imitating it. The style of building is extremely good; the streets are clean, and the city

throughout has a light and cheerful appearance. We found excellent quarters, great civility, and a good English breakfast, at the good English sign, "*Le mouton.*"

After breakfast we walked to see the chateau and its gardens. The gardens are extensive and well laid out. The chateau is an immense pile of building, chiefly of a red kind of stone, intermixed with a whiter sort, which, when near, has by no means a pleasing effect. The palace is not very unlike that of Hampton Court in its external appearance. The interior is very magnificent: but with the exception of a suite of rooms fitted up in the modern style for the reception of the Duke on his late marriage, is much neglected, and seems bordering at least upon decay,—while the rotten window frames in the principal front, and the stillness and solitude that reign in the grass-grown courts, give it an air of desolation and gloom. The apartments prepared for the Duke and Dutchess on their marriage are, however, furnished with more taste and elegance than we have witnessed in any palace on the continent—and the state bed, which was the bridal couch, is the most costly and beautiful piece of workmanship that can be conceived. The whole of the furniture is white satin and muslin, most delicately embroidered with flowers. The state apartments beneath are fine, and the ball-room, which is lined with the richest marble, particularly so. There are some good paintings, by the best masters, in the picture gallery,—Rubens, Raphael, Teniers, Poussin, Titian, &c. &c.—and casts from the most celebrated an-

tiques, in the chambers appropriated to models—the Venus, Lagoon, and Apollo are there. There is also a small collection of choice engravings. We had not time to see the *ci-devant* church of the Jesuits, which is said to be well worthy the traveler's attention.

Leaving Mannheim, we crossed the Necker, which empties itself into the Rhine at Mannheim, by another bridge of boats, and passing along a very heavy road of deep sand for some miles, came up with the fertile hills, which run along this side of the Rhine, at the distance of a few miles from the river, and entered on the beautiful tract of country, called the Bergstrasse, which is said to be the richest and most picturesque in Germany. We passed through Weinheim, and left Heidelberg on our right. For many miles the road lay along the foot of hills clothed almost to their summits with luxuriant vineyards, and crowned with forests, from the midst of which, here and there, ruined castles were seen to emerge in gloomy grandeur. On the left was a level country, rich in corn fields and orchards, stretching to the Rhine, and bounded on the line of the horizon, with the extensive forests which skirt the banks of that river.

About five P. M. we arrived at Darmstadt, the capital and residence of the Grand Duke of Hesse Darmstadt, whose dominions we entered immediately on leaving Baden.

Darmstadt is a small but elegant city. It appears to be in its infancy, and has very much the air of a fashionable watering place in England. The houses

are all of stone, and in a beautiful style of architecture. The high street leads from the chateau through the centre of the city, and is terminated by a fine avenue of trees in a park, to which it opens. The chateau is a spacious and elegant building. We had not time to view the interior.

Leaving Darmstadt, we passed over extensive plains of corn, skirted by distant woods, and through several villages, that seemed the abodes of peace and comfort, and within a mile or two of Frankfort, rose through the midst of a forest of stately trees to the brow of a hill, whence the busy scenes of the city, and the beauties of its surrounding country, dimly met the eye amid the gloom of the twilight.

Frankfort is at present restored to its pristine state of independence. Buonaparte gave to its citizens a Grand Duke ; but they have got rid of him, and are now a free city, governed by a Burgomaster of their own choosing, and in possession of the liberties their ancestors enjoyed.

Frankfort is a large, irregularly built town seated on the Mein, extremely populous and busy—the population is about fifty thousand souls. It is, perhaps, the chief commercial city on the continent, and merchants from all parts of Europe and Asia send agents to transact business at its annual fair. The cathedral is only interesting from its antiquity, its monuments, and the circumstance that the Emperors of Germany used to be crowned in it. Otherwise it has no attractions. It is mean as a building, very dirty, and much neglected in the interior—while externally, it is surrounded by shops and shambles, by

which it is completely hidden and disgraced. Many of the houses are spacious, and have the appearance of the abodes of wealthy merchants.—There are great multitudes of Jews in the city.* I had the good fortune in my rambles to find out the Rag-fair of the place.

A very interesting ceremony took place in Frankfort the evening of our arrival. The first cart laden with the produce of the present harvest, and adorned with garlands, entered the city, preceded by the children of the different schools singing hymns. On its arrival before the principal Lutheran church, the minister came out and delivered an appropriate discourse, calculated to excite the gratitude of the people to Him who had crowned the year with his goodness. They seem to have suffered more severely from the failure of the last harvest, on the continent, than we did in England.

At Frankfort is the *Bibliothèque du Conseil au Roemer*, a library which contains 120,000 vols. and a great number of MSS. and early printed books.

* There are about ten thousand Jews in Frankfort. Their residence was formerly restricted to a particular part of the town, which was enclosed with walls, so that they could at any time be imprisoned in their own dwellings by locking the gates. So thickly were they then crowded together, that in seven houses which happened to be burnt down, there were found to have dwelt twelve hundred individuals. The established religion is Lutheran; but toleration has been very slow in its progress in Frankfort. Not more than twenty-five years ago, the Calvinists were obliged to go to a village on the opposite side of the Mein to enjoy public worship in tranquillity. They have now two handsome places of worship within the city.

There are also many private collections of books, pictures, antiques; coins, insects, &c. well worth the attention of the curious, but which we had not time to see. A Bible Society was instituted there last year.

Not far from Frankfort we crossed the boundary line of that free state, which includes a few villages round the city, and entered the territories of the Grand Duke of Nassau. The first place we passed was Hochheim—where the famous wine, well known by the name of *hock*, is made. The vines grow upon an eminence near the Mein, which flows by the village. From thence the country was flat and insipid, till a long and gentle ascent brought us to the brow of a hill, and gave us a grand view of the venerable towers of Mayence, with the windings of the Rhine and the Mein. The latter river empties its waters into the Rhine before the walls of Mayence.

We passed through the garrison of Cassel, opposite to Mayence, and had the honour to be received by the military with presented arms and beating of drums. An honour you will say quite out of my way. You are right—I ought not to have said *we*—the honour was intended for another in whose society I have the honour to travel.

Your's, &c.

LETTER XXVI.

Cologne.

MY DEAR ———

WE embarked yesterday morning on board a boat, or packet, which is here called a *coche d'eau*, and sailed, or rather floated down the Rhine to this place. The river runs at the rate of six miles an hour. But before I leave Mayence I must say something about that ancient, and, on many accounts, interesting city.

Mayence was formerly the first electorate of the German empire. It was also an archbishopric, and the archbishop and the elector were the same person. It was the privilege of the elector of Mayence to crown the emperors. It is now a bishopric simply, and the capital of Mont-Tonnerre. It was a Roman station, and the first town was built by Drusus Germanicus (*Magontiacum*). One of the archbishops was Boniface, our countryman.—His monument is in the cathedral.

The cathedral, called "*Le Dôme*," is a most venerable pile, and is remarkably rich in ancient monuments; amongst others it contains the tomb of Fastrada, wife of Charlemagne. Its architecture is plain.

We were much interested with the man who showed us the cathedral. He was a Tyrolese, and had borne a commission in the army of France. He

told us that he was not always poor, but he had lost his all in the revolution. He said he was at the taking of Corsica. The family of Buonaparte, including young Napoleon, then a boy, fell into his hands, and was carried by him into France. He told us that he had saved the life of the two sons of the Duke of Conde, and twice he had saved the life of the Bishop of Mayence, who was deposed at the period of the revolution, but was now restored by the pope to his ecclesiastical functions and dignity. The old man spoke of him with the greatest feeling—almost with tears.

The collegiate church of St. Stephen is a very ancient edifice. It stands upon an elevated site. We ascended to the top of its tower, and enjoyed a fine view of the city, the opposite fort of Cassel, the Rhine, the Mein, and the surrounding country.

It was in this city that the art of printing with metal types was invented in the fifteenth century. The house in which the first press was established was not long since standing in the street of the Cordonniers. At present, however, it is entirely destroyed. We stood upon its ruins, and took a relic from its foundation. The French, with their characteristic levity of disposition, began to build a theatre upon the spot. A few pillars in part erected are standing, the monuments of their indifference and folly. Our guide at the cathedral expressed his opinion of the French in rather strong terms: he said the Germans at Mayence hated the French as they hate the devil! How much that is, however, I do not pretend to say.

There are some interesting Roman antiquities in this place. We saw one which is on the ramparts. It is a solitary tower, the remains of a fortification built by Drusus. There are also the ruins of a Roman aqueduct in the neighbourhood, which we saw from the top of St. Stephen's.

There is in Mayence a gallery of paintings, and a library of ninety thousand volumes. In the library are preserved some relics taken from the house in which printing was invented, and illustrative of the earliest efforts of that art.

The voyage usually made by travellers down the Rhine, commences at Mayence and terminates at Cologne. Coblenz is exactly half way. About four miles from Mayence, at Biberich, on the right bank of the river, is the noble palace of the Grand Duke of Nassau. It is close on the water's edge, and has a delightful garden. Not long after leaving the chateau, the Grand Duke passed us in his state barge. About twenty miles from Mayence, at Bingen, on the left bank of the river, the Nahe empties itself into the Rhine, and forms, in that direction, the boundary of the newly-acquired Prussian territories. Thence all on the left as far as Cologne, is Prussia. From Bingen the scenery of the Rhine is extremely grand and romantic. The river, broad and rapid, winds round the bases of abrupt and lofty mountains. At every turn you seem to be enclosed by the hills on the bosom of a fresh lake, and each, as it rapidly succeeds the other, has its own peculiar features of majesty and beauty.— Towns and cities, venerable for their antiquity.

and peaceful villages and hamlets, skirt its banks. Almost every town you pass has its ruined castle, frowning on a proud eminence above it—embosomed in delicious woods, or seated on the rugged brow of some projecting rock. Desolated abbeys and cathedrals, the remains of the purest age of gothic architecture, are profusely scattered over the varied scene—and it requires, amid such interesting relics, no great effort of the imagination, to conceive the stream as you pass along, haunted by the heroes and the ecclesiastics of former times.

We dined yesterday at Caub, a village on the right bank of the river. While we were at dinner, a poor half-starved dog came in to take what chance or compassion might throw in his way. Our pity soon became his advocate, and a plate plentifully supplied with bones and bread was the result of its pleading in his behalf. The door of the room was open, and in the course of the meal, turning that way, I observed a poor meagre, ragged boy looking wistfully at the bones which the dog was rapidly devouring. I never saw the intense anxiety of hunger so depicted in a human countenance before—or met with such an illustration of the feelings of the prodigal, who would fain have filled his belly with the husks that the swine did eat. The look was eloquent—who could resist its power. I beckoned him into the room, and put into his eager hand a lump of bread and a mutton chop. He was leaving the room, when an old man, who had witnessed our bounty to the lad, rushed in. At his appearance I put out my arm to repel his sollicita-

tion, crying out, we shall have all the town to dine if we go on at this rate. The poor old man immediately turned away—he made no complaint—he uttered no exclamation—but I could see the pangs of hunger in his countenance, and the tear started in his eye. This was more than I could bear—and touched to the very heart, I tasted an exquisite luxury in seeing this poor wretch depart with the smile of gratitude upon his lips.

We disembarked at Coblenz about seven in the evening. Coblenz is at present under the Prussian government. It formerly belonged to Trêves, and was annexed by Buonaparte to France. The government of Prussia is entirely military, which does not exactly suit the taste of the people. Every man, whatever be his rank, is obliged to serve one year in the army. It is an important place, and the king is strengthening its fortifications. On the opposite rock, which rises almost perpendicularly from the Rhine to the height of eight hundred feet, is the celebrated fortress of Ehrenbreitstein. The view from it is considered the finest on the banks of the Rhine. The connexion with that side of the river is by a flying bridge.

The population of Coblenz is about 10,000. It has no buildings or institutions particularly worthy of attention, and no manufactory, but one of japan ware. From the failure of the last harvest, the sufferings of the people here were very great. The landlord of our inn, (the black eagle,) a most intelligent and obliging man, and who spoke English remarkably well—mentioned a district in the mountains, where the people lived during

the whole winter upon nothing but frozen potatoes; and of these they had but a scanty pittance, as the greater part of the crop was never got, being buried in the snow. The poor were relieved by the bounty of the rich. The Prussian General Gneisenau, whom he called *Blucher's head*, from the circumstance that he laid the plans which Blucher executed, was then commanding in Coblenz, and he told us, to the honour of the General, that at that time he had a service of plate just arrived from Paris, which he immediately consecrated to the relief of the distressed.* Labour is very cheap, a franc and a half per day, is the ordinary wages.

The people here are catholic. Education is general. The schools are obliged to educate the children of the poor, gratis; so that there are very few who cannot read and write.

We embarked again upon the Rhine, at Coblenz, this morning at seven o'clock, and landed here about half past six this evening. We took our provisions with us on board the boat, in consequence of which we experienced no delay. The Rhine was by no means so interesting to-day as yesterday. The scenery is less bold and romantic; and, at Bonn, two-thirds of the distance from Coblenz, we lost the hills altogether, and the country became flat, and not a little insipid, after the grand features we had left behind. From Coblenz the reaches of the river became longer, and more expanded—the

* I rejoice to add that the king of Prussia has since rewarded the benevolent General, by a present of another service of plate, more valuable than that which he so generously devoted.

islands more numerous, and the hills on either side more fertile and luxuriant. Before reaching Bon, we passed the seven mountains, and particularly marked the ruins of the castle of Drachenfels, that crown the nearest and most abrupt of the seven, which rises almost perpendicularly from the water's edge to the height of about 1500 feet. This rock is almost entirely bare and very rugged—the rest are beautifully adorned with wood, and some of them are considerably higher. There are many curious and interesting traditions amongst the people in the neighbourhood, respecting these ruined castles of the Rhine. Some of them are related in the guide which we have with us, and none are more interesting than that of Drachenfels.

The view of Cologne from the Rhine is very imposing from its numerous spires and public edifices. In its bay you have the first sight of any thing like shipping and commerce. It also has a flying bridge like Coblenz. It is a place of great antiquity, and is the *oppidum ubiorum* of the Romans. In more modern times it was one of the first cities in Germany, but it is now under the government of Prussia, and is fallen much into decay. Though it stands upon eight times as much ground as Coblenz, it has but four times its number of inhabitants—there are 8,800 houses. There are at present manufactories of ribands, lace, and stockings.

The antiquities of Cologne are many and interesting. The cathedral, called the Dôme, is in an unfinished state, but as far as it is built, it is a most sublime structure—and if it should ever be com-

pleted, according to the original plan, it will unquestionably be one of the noblest edifices in Europe; and perhaps the largest and most stately of its cathedrals. It is in truth, as our guide calls it—*Un des plus beaux morceaux de l'ancienne architecture Allemande*. Its foundations were laid in 1248, by Archbishop Conrad, of Hochstaden. The nave is supported by a quadruple colonnade of one hundred columns. These columns are immense, yet their appearance is light and elegant. The chancel is complete and used for worship. It is fitted up in the richest style, and hung with tapestry. Its altar is most splendid, and it has a great profusion of painted glass in its windows. The roof is immensely high, and suggests to the beholder what, when completed, must be the elevation of the towers to bear any proportion to such a roof. The towers were to have been five hundred feet high. One, however, is not more than twenty-one from the ground, and the other not half the intended elevation. The monuments in the choir are innumerable and most magnificent.

There is a library connected with the cathedral, and a chamber, called the *chambre d'or*, which contains many sacred utensils and sacerdotal garments of immense value, which were saved from the ruin of the revolution, and restored to the church in 1804.

The church of St. Mary, or Capitole, is not less remarkable than the Dôme. It was in the chapitre of this church that the unfortunate Maria de Medicis, wife of Henry IV. and mother of Louis XIII. ended

her days in misery, after having been banished from France by the intrigues of Richelieu.

In the church of the Minorites, is the tomb of the celebrated Duns Scotus: the monks possess his MSS. to the amount of fourteen volumes folio.

Indeed, there would be no end to putting down the churches that are and have been in this city. At one period there were no less than two hundred and twelve.

Your's, &c.,

LETTER XXVII.

Aix la Chapelle.

MY DEAR ———

BEFORE leaving Cologne, we repaired to the church of St. Pierre, to see the celebrated painting of the martyrdom of St. Peter, over the altar. It is esteemed one of the finest works of Rubens, and was painted by that great master, as a present to his parish church—for in this parish he was born, and in this church he was baptized. It is a sublime effort of the pencil. I am no connoisseur—but I must confess that I never experienced such emotions at the sight of a picture before. The writhing of the body in agony—the distention of every muscle—the anguish of the countenance—the nerve of the executioner, who is about to nail the last limb, (the left arm) to the cross—are all so forcibly depicted, that the illusion is too much for a spectator of sensibility, and you soon begin to feel as though it were the reality upon which you gaze. This picture was taken by Buonaparte to swell the treasures of the Louvre. It has been restored to its place about fourteen months. On the back of the frame, which turns upon a pivot, another canvass is stretched, upon which a copy is painted, that usually appears at the altar piece, and many persons seeing this, go away with the impression that they have beheld the original. The original, however,

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Once we again repaired to the cathedral,
the paintings in a better light than the pre-
g evening afforded. There is one enclosed in
gilding doors richly gilt, very ancient, and certainly
finely executed for its age. It is a representation of
St. Ursula and her nuns—the virgin and her child,
&c. and the Society de Mori. The painter was
Philippe Kolf, in 1411.

But the most wonderful exhibition this church
contains is that of the Mausoleum of the wise men,
whom they call three in number and kings in dig-
nity, who came to pay their homage at the feet of
the infant Jesus. Their bones were presented, ac-
cording to our guide, by Frederic I. of the House
of Hohenstaufen, to the Archbishop of Cologne, by

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 lued with gems, cameos, and
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 its former splendour;
 are glass, and some of its
 it looks nearly as well and
 as before. But the most remark-
 a reflecting mind, the most affecting
 connected with these relics is, the ado-
 that is paid them. There are actually Lita-
 mes composed in Latin respecting them, abounding
 in prayers addressed expressly to them,—and amongst
 others, a petition, which, if the intercessions of these
 saints had much avail, would ever have withheld
 from us the privilege of approaching their shrine,
 for it asks them to “keep all pertinacious heretics
 from that province.” These Litanies are sold near
 the cathedral, and warranted to have touched the
 holy relics, and whosoever recites them devoutly in
 the church, is promised three hundred and nine days
 of indulgence. Recited out of the church they
 have far less virtue, for such an act of devotion en-
 titles to no more than two hundred and three.—
 There are also engravings of the kings which have
 touched the sacred bones, and one of these I cer-
 tainly should have purchased, for they cure head-
 aches, and perform sundry other desirable services.

is carefully concealed from injury by folding doors, and is only unlocked and turned to the spectator when expressly desired.

In viewing this picture I was astonished at one circumstance—namely—the composure with which the young man who exhibited it brought us up to the high altar, and removed the sacred articles from it, that he might turn round the picture, although divine service was performing, and a priest officiating at an inferior altar, close at his elbow. And all this for heretics too!—But it was for money—the oil which consecrates and hallows every thing!

From the church we went to look at the house in which Rubens was born. There are no paintings of the artist in it—nor are there any of his descendants in the city. There are some paintings of Le Brun in the house, which are said to be very fine.

From thence we again repaired to the cathedral, to view the paintings in a better light than the preceding evening afforded. There is one enclosed in folding doors richly gilt, very ancient, and certainly finely executed for its age. It is a representation of St. Ursula and her nuns—the virgin and her child, &c. and the Society de Mori. The painter was Philippe Kolf, in 1411.

But the most wonderful exhibition this church contains is that of the Mausoleum of the wise men, whom they call three in number and kings in dignity, who came to pay their homage at the feet of the infant Jesus. Their bones were presented, according to our guide, by Frederic I. of the House of Hohenstaufen, to the Archbishop of Cologne, by

whose care they were adorned with crowns and various ornaments, studded with gems, cameos, and divers precious stones, and deposited in a chest of massive silver, gilt. The sanctity of these relics, however, did not protect the shrine from sacrilege at the time of the French revolution, at which period it lost much of its value. But by the zeal and piety of the good people at Cologne, it is restored to the appearance, at least, of its former splendour; and if some of the jewels are glass, and some of its cameos modern devices, it looks nearly as well and is quite as useful as before. But the most remarkable, and to a reflecting mind, the most affecting circumstance connected with these relics is, the adoration that is paid them. There are actually Litanies composed in Latin respecting them, abounding in prayers addressed expressly to them,—and amongst others, a petition, which, if the intercessions of these saints had much avail, would ever have withheld from us the privilege of approaching their shrine, for it asks them to “keep all pertinacious heretics from that province.” These Litanies are sold near the cathedral, and warranted to have touched the holy relics, and whosoever recites them devoutly in the church, is promised three hundred and nine days of indulgence. Recited out of the church they have far less virtue, for such an act of devotion entitles to no more than two hundred and three.—There are also engravings of the kings which have touched the sacred bones, and one of these I certainly should have purchased, for they cure *head-aches*, and perform sundry other desirable services.

From thence we went to the church of the Minorites, and saw the tomb of the famous *Duns Scotus*; it is nothing but a mass of stone, without any inscription or date. It is behind the high altar. Here, too, they showed us, carefully preserved in a glass case, the remains of an infant, which they said was one of the children whom Herod killed in the hope of destroying Christ. The skeleton seems to be entire. It is covered with a sort of cloth, almost consumed by age, and studded with stones.


On leaving Cologne we travelled through a flat and sandy country, to this place, forty-five miles, where we did not arrive till ten o'clock at night. The best hotel in the place was full, and we were obliged to put up at one of a very inferior quality.

This morning we have visited the cathedral. The centre is octagonal, surrounded by an aisle, whose pillars support a corresponding gallery above. This church is interesting from the circumstance that it was built, all but the choir, by Charlemagne, and possesses the remains of that monarch. His body was embalmed immediately after his decease, and entombed sitting upright in a stone chair. It was discovered about three hundred years afterwards by Frederic Barbarossa, who caused the body to be interred in a vault in the centre of this church, and the chair, together with the steps which led down into the monarch's tomb, to be placed in the gallery above. In that chair, from the period of its removal, to the time of Charles V. the Emperors of Germany were crowned. On these occasions the railing of the gallery was removed, and a flight of

steps prepared from the area below to the imperial chair. Of course we did ourselves the honour of sitting in so illustrious a seat.

The ornamental parts of the church are comparatively of modern date. They were very splendid, but the major part were removed or destroyed at the time of Robespierre, particularly the thirty-nine pillars which surrounded the dome. The bronze railing was destined for the same fate, and was actually packed up in order to be removed to Paris, but it never went, and has since been replaced. The lead on the roof, however, was melted down for balls and shot for the revolutionary armies. We were shown, in a small chapel in the gallery, a fine painting by Rubens—the subject is, the taking down from the cross. They had another, but it was destroyed in the time of general ruin. The chair of Charlemagne was formerly covered with gold. At the revolution, anticipating that it would soon become a prey to the destroyers, they had the wisdom to strip it off and conceal it, and the disappointment occasioned by this circumstance, induced the soldiers to pour their heaviest vengeance on the edifice. The tomb of Charlemagne is nothing more than a plain stone let into the floor, with the name, “Carolo Magno,” in letters of brass.

All this was interesting, but the cream of the antiquities yet remained. We were conducted to the vestry, or robing place of the priests, where a young man, whose province it is to expose these wonders to the gaze of the credulous, threw open the curiously painted doors of an immense recess,



when in an instant we were dazzled with a profusion of gold and precious stones, wrought into various forms, to contain or emblazon the precious and sacred relics hereafter to be enumerated. First, then, a sort of tomb, worked after the gothic, in silver, gilt, and containing the garments of Charlemagne :—Then, another of similar metal and workmanship, containing the garments of the Virgin Mary. These tombs were extremely splendid, and the workmanship was most exquisite :—Then followed, a bone of Charlemagne's arm, incased in an immense arm and hand, of silver, gilt :—A piece of the real cross, enclosed in a silver cross, which was always worn by Charlemagne. They informed us that he brought the piece of the cross himself from Jerusalem, and gave it to this church.—The hunting horn of Charlemagne, and the sceptre of that monarch, solid silver, an immense length, but the exact length of his arm.

By all this our curiosity and credulity were pretty much exercised ; but we were struck perfectly dumb when we saw all these glories of antiquity utterly eclipsed by their successors. We were shown, 1. The girdle of Jesus Christ, brought by Charlemagne from Jerusalem, and with that monarch's seal annexed to it.—2. The girdle of the Virgin Mary, derived from the same quarter.—3. A bone of the Virgin Mary's father.—4. A bit of the cord with which Jesus Christ was bound when he was scourged.—5. A prickle from the crown of thorns.—6. A bit of the sponge with which they supplied the vinegar.—7. A bit of one of the nails by which he

was fastened to the cross,—And 8thly and lastly,—Same of the sweat which fell from him in the garden of Gethsemane. To this may be added,—a link of the chain with which Peter was chained at Rome—a bit of the bone of Simeon's arm, with which he embraced the infant Jesus—a rib of St. Stephen, and a tooth of St. Thomas!!!

All these things we saw, and all these wonders were gravely exhibited and propounded to us, for our edification and pious astonishment, by a worthy priest, who, with many more, was robing in the room for high mass, but who occasionally stepped aside to explain and narrate the story of these unparalleled wonders.

To be sure, this beat every thing—and after this I am prepared to believe whatever shall be related of the gross, the degrading, the besotting superstition of this deluded people. Yet, there was a Frenchman, a gentlemanly looking man, with an order of knighthood on his coat, who drank it all in with avidity, and seemed to relish and digest the whole. For my part, I thought of the sailor, who after his messmates had told some wonderful stories of what had been found in the bellies of whales and sharks, and such monsters, determined to outstrip them all, said, he had once been present at the catching of a fish, out of whose belly, when opened, there came a ship, with all its masts and rigging, and the whole of the crew!

The scene in the room was scarcely less curious than these wonders themselves. There were at least half a dozen priests at one time either robing or

praying. I observed that the priest kissed every garment before he put it on. Nor did those who were praying seem at all interrupted by the robing of their colleagues, or the bustle of the exhibition of the relics; but every now and then they stopped in their devotions to salute the comers and goers as they passed, and then proceeded again without any serious interruption to the process. High mass was performing, with a full choir—the assistance of the organ, &c. and four priests at the altar, when we left the church.

I was much struck with the manner of a poor country man, who came in with his blue frock and hob-nail shoes, and his rosary. He did not seem to know what to do,—first he bowed, then he kneeled, then he stood, then he crossed himself, and after riggling and shuffling about for a while, he turned away from the altar and went out, evidently dissatisfied with himself. Poor man—this is a hard service—if we had him in our adult school we would tell him of a milder master and teach him a better way.

Your's, &c.

LETTER XXVIII.

Brussels.

MY DEAR ———

I HAVE heard much of the vice of the continent, but never had such demonstrations of it as at Liege, where we spent last Sunday ; and I am sorry to say that Brussels is but little better. You will not, of course, expect that I should descend to particulars upon such a subject. Suffice it to say, that the vice which in other cities seeks the covert of the night, meets you here at noon-day, and is presented under circumstances of solicitation most oppressive and disgusting. Paris is purity itself, at least in its external demeanour, compared with these cities of the Netherlands.

Liege is a large, ancient, and irregularly built town. It is very pleasantly situated in a valley, watered by the Meuse, over which it has a venerable bridge of stone. Many of the houses are well built, and the neighbourhood is extremely populous. It is famous for its manufactories of cotton, and there is a great appearance of business in the place. It being Sunday, we witnessed the celebration of mass at the cathedral, which is rather a neat than a magnificent gothic edifice. Two regiments of soldiers, one of horse and one of foot, filled the body of the church. They were remarkably fine looking men, and their dress was extremely neat ; their band was in the organ-loft, and played during the greater part of the service. The whole ceremony appeared like any thing but religion and the worship of God. For, in the first place, not a single word that was said by the priest at the altar was

heard by the people. In the second place, if they had heard, they would not have understood a syllable, it being all in Latin. In the third place, the people seemed to be perfectly unconcerned in what was going on, and the officers walked up and down in conversation with each other, as though they were on a parade, rather than in a church, except indeed, when the little bell at the altar tinkled, to warn them that the sacramental cup was about to be elevated, and then, at the beat of the drum, all fell upon their knees, and——must I record it to their disgrace——officers and men, with a very few exceptions, burst into laughter.—Thus insulting the God of heaven, in what they call his temple, and with the most solemn service of their religion before their eyes.

In the afternoon I went again, and heard the vespers, and witnessed the solemnity of the repose of the host. The vespers were chanted by a full choir—and if the pealing organ—the melting tones of the human voice—the perfume of incense—and the magnificence and variety of sacred persons, with their utensils and their vestments can create devotion, they must be a very devout people.—But—why should I write any more—I am heartily sick of such mummary and trumpery.

Returning to our hotel in the evening, we observed, in a back street in the outskirts of the town, an altar prepared, with a large crucifix, adorned with flowers and surrounded with candles, and the street decorated with sundry other blasphemous emblems—mottos and sacred finery—as if preparing for some grand ceremony. We inquired the occasion, and were informed that there was to

be a *fête* in honour of Jesus Christ, and it was to begin at nine o'clock. We went: the whole of that part of the street was lighted up—the sides of the houses were covered with candles—the altar was a blaze of light, and chandeliers were suspended from lines over the middle of the street. In a room of a house on the opposite side of the street, was the orchestra, and there, by and by, the chanting in honour of Jesus Christ began. The audience consisted chiefly of ladies, with a description of whose quality I shall not defile my paper. We soon had enough of it. All hats were off, and a cry was raised for the removal of ours, but we happily escaped just in time to save our heads from the rough salutations which would probably have followed from our non-compliance with the general custom.

We saw a curious paper stuck up on the doors of some of the churches. I did not observe it myself till it was too dark distinctly to read the whole. Sir S——, however, assured me that he read it with great attention, and he could pledge his word that it was to the following effect.

There is a fast in the Romish church, called "The fast of forty hours," in imitation, I imagine, of the forty days' fasting of our Lord in the wilderness, in which Jesus Christ, in their language, remains forty hours upon the altar; when all good christians are to repair to the said altar, to praise and adore him.

The paper referred to this fast, which either had been recently observed in Liege, or else was nigh at hand. It was headed "PRAISE AND ADORE JESUS CHRIST," and began by setting forth

the great piety of the city of Liege in former times, insomuch that it was styled, "the eldest born of the church of Rome," and obtained many special privileges and indulgences from divers Popes. It then proceeded to state, that in those days of primitive piety, when Jesus Christ was thus exhibited on the altar, the crowds that repaired to pay their homage at his feet, were such, that many were squeezed to death by the pressure; but now Jesus Christ remained on the altar, *and no one came to adore him*. It then went on to state that some pious persons, moved with grief that Jesus Christ should be left thus alone, had conceived the idea of *paying* people to come and adore him—and the paper in question was, to entreat the alms of the faithful, for the defraying of this expense—urging it, as an inducement to liberality, that these devout persons, who were thus hired for the solemnity, should pray for those who piously contributed to the fund.

When I add to the above, that I saw a shop where they sell *eau de vie*, in other words, a *gin-shop*, with the sign of "THE NAME OF JESUS," written over the door, you will be able to form some idea of the piety of the city of Liege. Soldiers laughing at the sacrament—priests hiring people to adore the Saviour—and gin-shops dedicated to the name of Christ!

In perfect uniformity with this, the shops were on the Sunday all open—the streets were full of people, and business was going on as on any other day. In the opposite room in our hotel they were at cards all the afternoon, and there was a grand concert in the evening.

The country from Liege is rich, and in some parts

beautiful. The appearance of the road—the character and costume of the people, especially the men—the number of carts and waggons—and the life and animation that every where surrounded us, indicated that we were in a manufacturing country. I was struck with the resemblance which it bore to many parts of Lancashire.

We passed through Louvain, the ancient capital of the united provinces of the Low Countries. It appears to be a venerable and interesting city. We observed the Hotel de Ville, which is certainly the richest specimen of architecture we have met with in the course of our tour.

Approaching Brussels, we had on our right a view of Lacken, the beautiful country palace of the King of the Netherlands. It stands upon a rising ground, surrounded by a wood, except in the front, where a noble vista opens, the width of the edifice, and affords a charming view of the adjacent country.

The morning after our arrival in Brussels, Lieut. H—— and myself started in a cabriolet for Waterloo. On leaving Brussels we turned to the right, and soon entered the forest of Soignies, through which we continued to travel till we reached the village of Waterloo. The vistas are extremely fine, and if there were no other attractions to Waterloo, this circumstance would render it a ride well worthy the occupation of a leisure morning. We reached Mount St. Jean, which is about a mile and a half from Waterloo, (and at which place the battle was fought,) about ten. We breakfasted at a little auberge at the end of the village, and having obtained the famous Jean-Baptiste La Coste, who was Buonaparte's guide

on the memorable occasion of the battle, as our Cicerone, we proceeded to view the ground.

The high road through Waterloo to Charleroi passes directly across the centre of the scene of action. The first object that arrested our attention was a solitary tree, on a little elevation, and on a rising bank close on the right hand side of the road. This is called Wellington tree, from the circumstance that it was the station occupied by Lord Wellington—if he can be said to have had any station at all, for he was perpetually riding about, to animate his men, and during the whole of the day performed the service of a colonel to the respective regiments that needed the inspiration of his presence. But it was the rallying point for his staff, and there he was frequently himself. Just behind that tree, a cart path over the farm, crosses the road. It has a bank of about three feet in height on each side of it, and here our troops hid themselves from the fury of the enemy's fire, by lying down upon the ground till they were wanted. One officer, who was in this lane, was greatly alarmed and extremely restless. His comrades cried out to him, that if he was afraid, the best thing he could do would be to lie still—but he would lift up his head to see what was going on, and that instant a cannon ball carried it off. To the left of the road, a little beyond Wellington tree, are two other trees, the first about forty or fifty yards from the road, and the second about the same distance from the first. By the first, Gen. Picton fell, and by the second, Lord Uxbridge lost his leg—and still further to the left, in the valley, Colonel Ponsonby was killed.

Far to the left, in that direction, is the wood from which the Prussians sallied at four, under Bulow, and at seven, under Blucher, when Lord Wellington perceiving their approach made his final charge, and in ten minutes, as our guide expressed himself, the French were all in flight. Not many yards beyond Wellington tree, on the bank, close by the road side, Colonel Gordon, his aid-de-camp, received his mortal wound. A noble monument of black marble is now erecting on the spot, to perpetuate the memory of the event, by his sister and five brothers. From this monument you look down upon the farm-house of *La Haye Sainte*. It stands close to the right side of the road. There the Hanoverians of the German legion fought, till all their ammunition was exhausted, and then, to the amount of four hundred, they were put to the bayonet by the French. This seems to have been the only circumstance of omission with which Lord Wellington charged himself after the engagement. "We ought," said he, "to have made a hole in the wall at the back of the house, and have supplied them by that method with ammunition—but I could not think of every thing." The house and the barn face each other—the yard is between them, and they are connected at their gable ends by high walls—within this enclosure were the Hanoverians. Every where in the walls, and roofs, and timbers of the house and barn, are marks of the cannon and musketry, and on the walls of the barn, are still to be seen the stains of the blood that was spilt, when, their ammunition being exhausted, the poor

fellows were unable any longer to resist, and the French forcing their way into the enclosure, mowed them down like corn. We inquired for the old woman who remained uninjured in the cellar of the house during the whole of the action, but were told, that she was not there, as the family who then had the farm had since removed. At the top of the hill, about a quarter of a mile from the farm-house of *La Haye Sainte*, on the left hand side of the road, is the pot-house, called *La Belle Alliance*, and about half way between the farm-house and the Belle Alliance, where the high banks on either side the road defended him from the enemy's cannon, which passed over his head, was the principal station of Buonaparte during the greater part of the action, and where the guide said he remained five hours at one time. We halted, like exhausted heroes, for we were weary with wading in the mud, and drenched with rain, at the Belle Alliance. I took a glass of eau de vie, while we warmed ourselves by the fire which blazed on the hearth, in the miserable kitchen. The woman of the house told us she was there at the time of the battle, but that she fled to the woods during the heat of the action, and on her return, she found the house filled with the wounded. It was near this place that Wellington and Blucher met after the battle.

La Coste said, that Buonaparte spoke but little during the battle—and when the fate of the day was determined against him, he simply cried, "It is all over," and fled. He was as pale as death. La Coste was with him till four in the morning, when he was dismissed.

What most of all struck me, and must I think strike every body, is the narrow compass of ground in which two such large armies were engaged, and so terrible a slaughter took place. It was not, as La Coste observed, a battle, it was a *massacre*—and the Duke of Wellington is understood to consider it as by no means so just an exhibition of his skill in military tactics as many of his former engagements.

The field of Waterloo is now rich in waving corn, ripening for the sickle of the husbandman. What a scene must it have been when death was the reaper, and gathered in his thousands of sheaves to the garner of the grave! And what a scene will it be again, when the trump of the archangel shall awake the sleepers that repose beneath its clods, and the mighty armies, that day annihilated, shall start up to life upon the plain on which they fell! I never heard a sermon so impressive as the silence that reigned around me on the field of Waterloo. I could not but connect their everlasting destinies, with the thousands of the dead upon whose dust I trod. The eternity that seemed to open there upon my view, peopled with the spirits of the slain, was an awful scene. The bitterness of dying on the field of battle—the widow's cries—the orphan's tears—the agonies of surviving friendship—were all forgotten; I only saw the immortal soul hurried unprepared, and, perhaps, blaspheming, into the presence of its God! I shuddered at the contemplation, and felt how deadly a scourge, how bitter a curse, is war!

I shall not weary you with a description of this city, now as well known to Englishmen as any fashionable watering place on our own coast. The number of

English residents here is very considerable ; but I find that the great advance in the price of provisions has determined many to leave, and some are already returned to their own country. There is not much splendour in the court, and there is more of elegance than magnificence in the royal and public edifices at Brussels. Sir S—— was presented, and is to dine with the king.—His majesty works hard for the benefit of his people, and if a sincere desire to promote the interests of his subjects entitle him to popularity, he ought to be popular. But he is a Dutchman, and the Belgians do not like the Dutch, while the Dutch do not like his residing amongst the Belgians.

I was honoured with a kind note from the Duke of Kent, who is at present in Brussels, and enjoyed half an hour's conversation with his Royal Highness. The name of this prince I have long venerated, associated as it is with a liberal and enlightened mind, and connected with every noble and benevolent institution.

Brussels is, upon the whole, a fine city. We are in the best part of it, the *Place Royale*. You have soon seen every thing in it, however, and then it becomes insipid. For my part, I am quite tired of it already, and long for the hour when I shall set my face in earnest towards England. I wish to be again employed in the delightful, though arduous duties of my office, and look with blissful anticipation to those calm and happy hours, when in a domestic circle, which I now feel dearer to me than ever, I shall traverse again and again in narration, the lands I have visited, and the scenes I have explored. Till then, adieu.

Your's, &c.

LETTER XXIX.

Ramsgate.

MY DEAR ———

I have just landed at this place, and though nearly three hundred miles from Liverpool, I already feel at home. I rejoice to be once more in a land where I am not a foreigner—where there is no need of a passport, nor further dread of custom-house officers—and where the mind is relieved from the painful consciousness of being ever under the observance of a watchful police—in the midst of a people, who a few months ago were our mortal enemies, and who may, for aught I can tell, become so again. From the constant exhibition of a passport, and the observance of all those precautionary arrangements, to which in a foreign land one is obliged to conform, I have felt all along like a prisoner at large; and am of opinion that an Englishman ought to travel abroad, and submit to be examined, and have his name, and country, and profession, and destination, &c. all recorded for the inspection of the police at every town he passes,—fully to appreciate and enjoy the freedom of his native land.

I left our party at Brussels on Thursday evening, and came by the Diligence to Ghent, and from thence by the barge to Bruges and Ostend,—Having an hour to spare at Ghent, I repaired to

the cathedral. It is a spacious and venerable structure, simply majestic in the style of its architecture, and with little decoration but its paintings, which are esteemed remarkably fine. The pulpit is supported by a mass of exquisite marble sculpture, representing a man starting as from a dream at the call of the gospel, which is personified by a dignified figure, with a bible open on his bosom, at those words, to which he is significantly pointing, "Awake thou that sleepest, and arise from the dead, and Christ shall give thee light." The guide at the cathedral was a very civil, intelligent, and complaisant sort of fellow. He paid a compliment to my French, according to custom, at the expense of truth—and reminded me of a waiter in Paris, who said, in answer to a question put to him by an Englishman, "You speak excellent French, sir, but pardon me, I cannot understand you."

At Ostend I had the happiness to meet with Admiral F—— and Mr. C——, with whom I joined in the hire of a boat to carry us immediately to England. We have had rather a rough and tedious passage. We sailed from Ostend yesterday morning at four, and did not arrive here till one o'clock to-day. We had a very unpleasant altercation with the custom-house officers at Ostend, owing to our having gone on board the packet at midnight, a circumstance which they construed into a clandestine departure, but to which we were led altogether by the suggestions of the captain. For my part, I must confess, I did not much like the idea of leaving the country under such an imputation. We

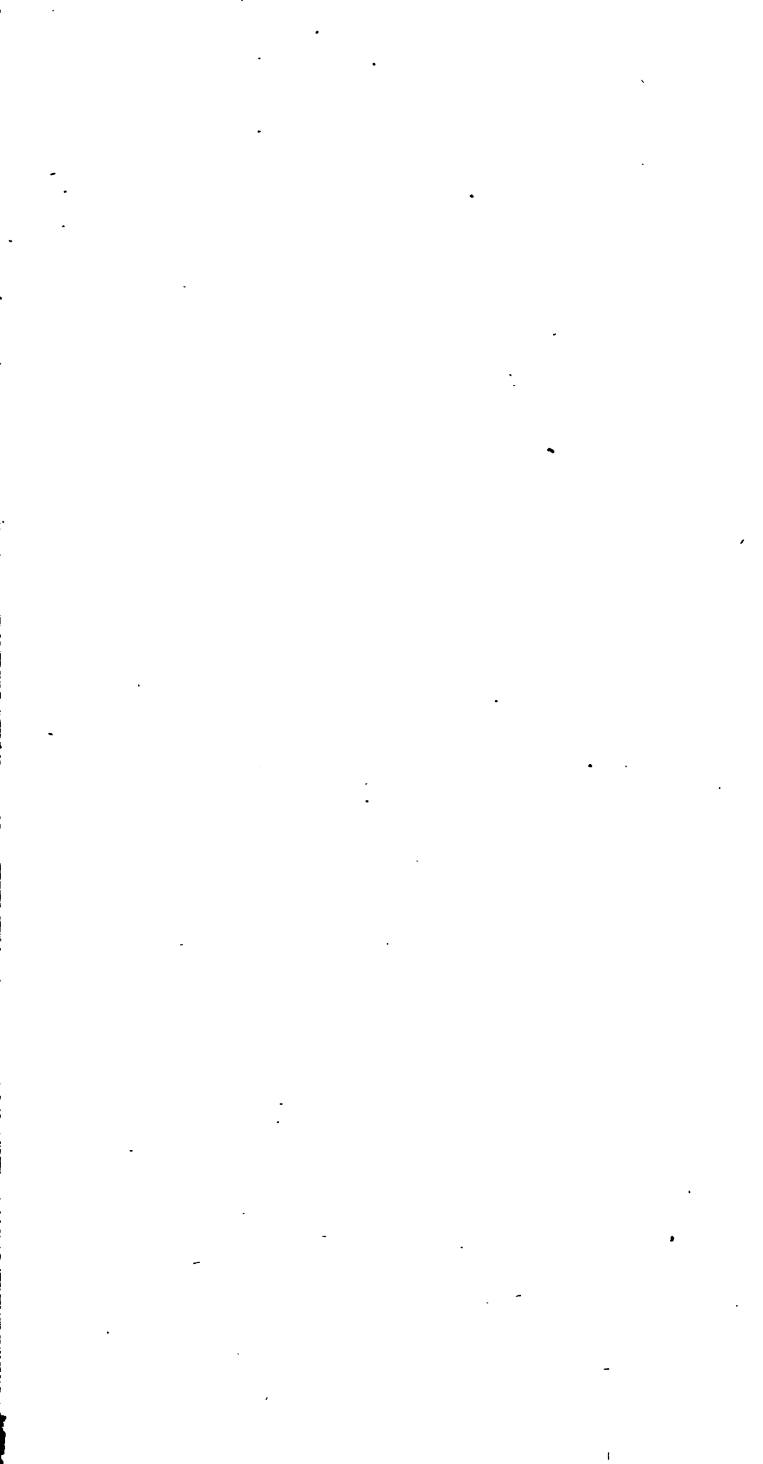
were obliged, however, quietly to submit to the re-examination of our trunk, and were not a little pleased when these troublesome visitors took their final leave. But all the little inconveniences of the tour are now forgotten, in gratitude to the kind providence which has protected me, and in the pleasure which the review of it does, and will long afford. I do not regret that I have seen a little of other countries, for I have thereby learned to prize more highly the privileges of my own.

I have, indeed, witnessed much to interest and please me both in the works of God and man. But I have also seen some things to grieve and to disgust me—and nothing that has tended in the least to weaken my attachment to my native land. I trust that I am not so censurably absorbed in the love of my own country, that I can allow no excellence to any other. But certainly I have seen no people more happy—no towns and cities more prosperous, than those of England. And if I have passed in some places, edifices more magnificent, and bolder scenery than any she can boast, yet no where have I beheld such neatness and comfort as, in many of her districts, distinguish the dwellings of the peasantry—nor such noble institutions for the instruction of the ignorant and the relief of the distressed. But it is in her religious advantages chiefly, that Britain surpasses every other land. It is by her sublime and hallowed associations for the diffusion of knowledge and the promulgation of the gospel through a benighted world, that she is most of all dignified

and adorned. This it is that has made her the wonder and admiration of the globe. Long may she continue to advance in this glorious cause, unappalled by the gigantic forms of misery and vice, that meet her in her benevolent career, and heedless of the scoffs of infidelity that pursue her, as she passes on. Amid the repose which mankind once more enjoy, let it be hers to cultivate the arts of peace. Let it be hers to proclaim in this joyous jubilee of the world, the acceptable year of the Lord. Let her pour the balm of the gospel into the wounds of bleeding nations. Let her plant the tree of life in every soil, that suffering kingdoms may repose beneath its shade, and feel the virtue of its healing leaves, till all the kindreds of the human family shall be bound together in one common bond of amity and love, and the warrior shall be a character unknown but in the page of history.

Your's, &c.

THE END.









JAN 25 1938

